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March 12, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

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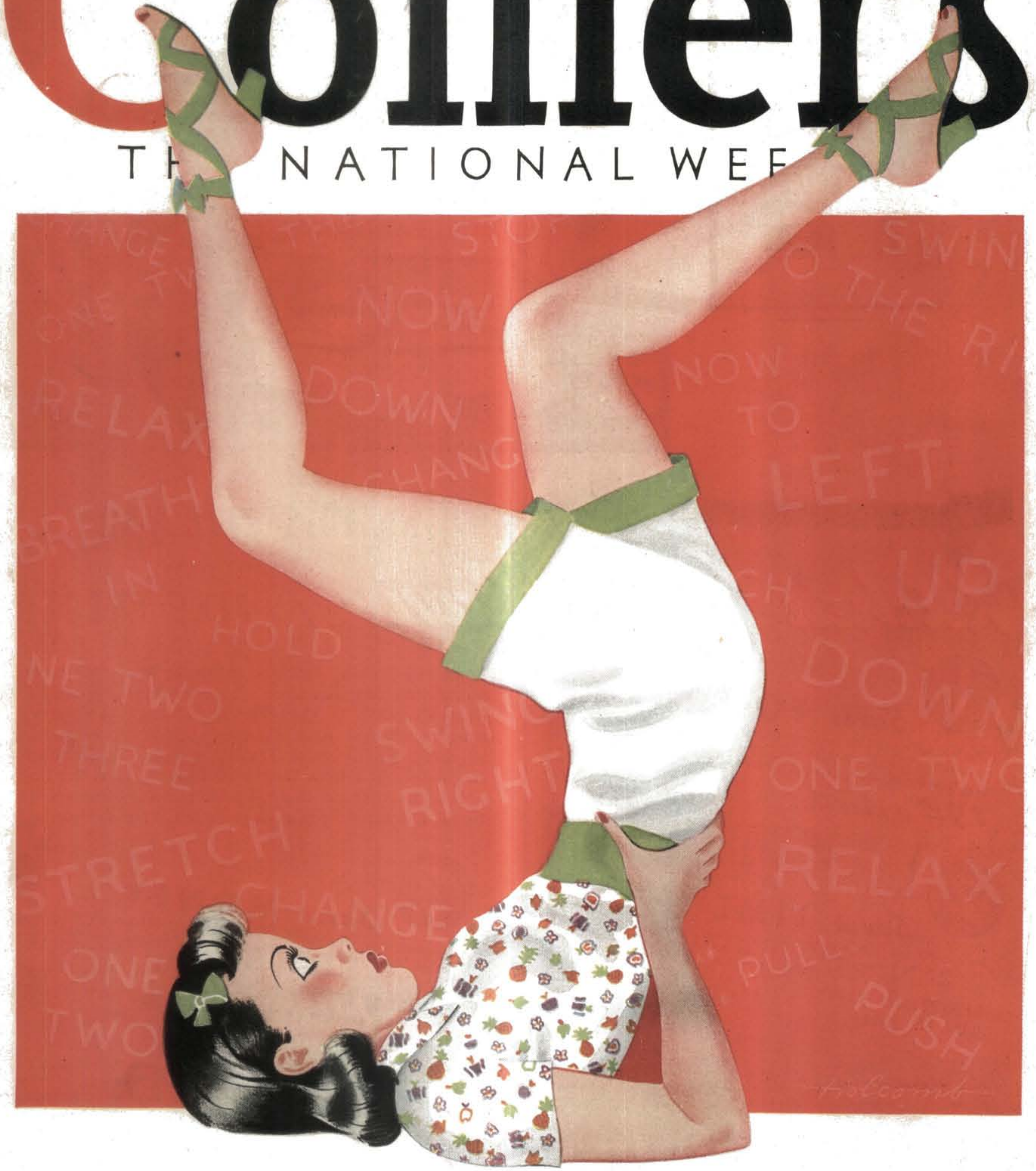
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Industry's All-America By Hugh S. Joh

12 1938

MEAT
STORA
INGHOUSE

NEW! A BIG COVERED MEAT-KEEPER

For the first time . . . a special place to keep meat! Conserves needed moisture at Safety Zone temperature! Keeps steaks, chops, roasts in prime condition for days longer . . .

Features like this give you . . .

Kitchen-proved Savings LIKE THESE:

From 102 Proving Kitchens in homes like yours come sensational new features . . . the covered all-porcelain Meat-Keeper . . . a glass-top Humidrawer . . . a Super-capacity Froster with improved equipment including 2½-quart Multi-service Tray . . . a *Zone* Temperature Regulator. And from these new features, plus the improved Economizer Sealed-in Mechanism come sensational Kitchen-proved savings in *food, time, money:*

1 *Saves* FOOD

Big food savings plus the low prices of the 1938 Westinghouse make it your budget's best friend. $1.07 on leftovers, $1.03 on quantity buying . . . these weekly average savings in 102 Proving Kitchens amount to

***$9.10 a month** . . Kitchen-proved*

2 *Saves* TIME

Ice cubes frozen in 56 minutes! That's average fastest time in 102 Westinghouse Proving Kitchens! Frozen desserts in 65 minutes! And a whole week's food shopping in one or two trips to the store!

SHOPPING TRIPS CUT IN HALF . . . *Kitchen-proved*

3 *Saves* MONEY

Operating cost amazingly low! Average, 62 cents a week less than previous methods of refrigeration in 102 Proving Kitchens! Only 4/5 of a kilowatt-hour daily average current consumption!

10 HOURS OUT OF 12
IT USES NO CURRENT AT ALL *Kitchen-proved*

Get Personal Proof— Your nearest Westinghouse dealer can give you facts and figures on Kitchen-proved Savings in homes like yours. Find his name in your classified telephone directory under "Refrigerators, Electric." Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

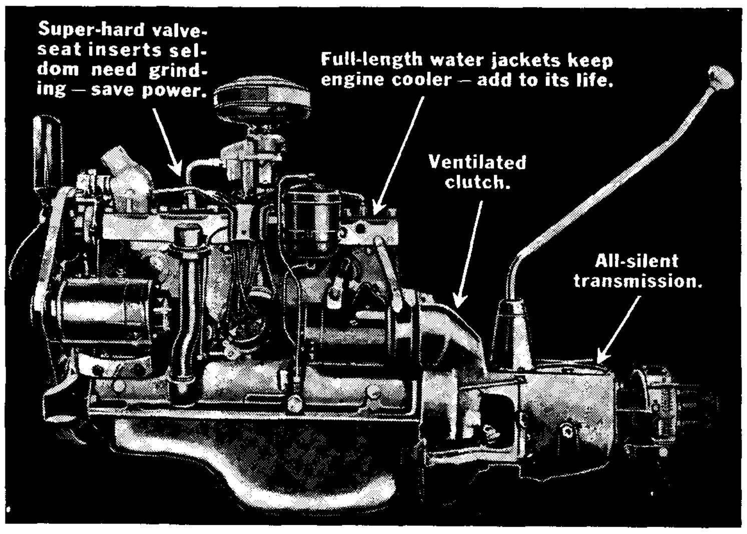
Westinghouse *Kitchen-proved* Refrigerator

EVERY HOUSE NEEDS WESTINGHOUSE

Buying Horses is an Art— Picking the Best Car is Easy

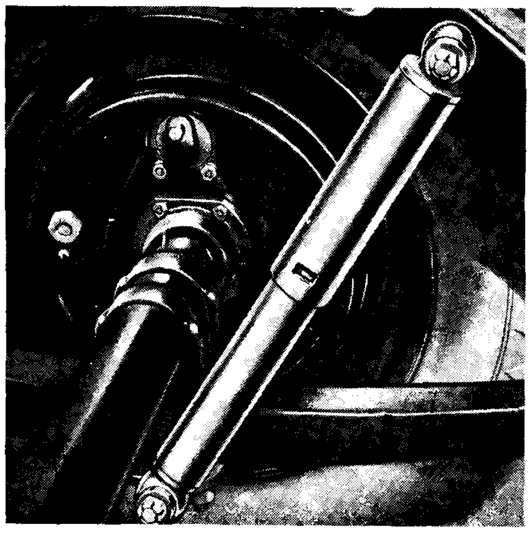
AND MOST HORSES COST LESS THAN EVEN A LOW-PRICED CAR. WHEN YOU BUY A CAR GET THE FACTS.

1 Expert Buys a Horse. He examines teeth, muscles, hoofs—tests its wind—before he decides. Your new motor car is a much more important purchase than a horse. You should certainly give as much or more thought to your selection.


Super-hard valve-seat inserts seldom need grinding—save power.
Full-length water jackets keep engine cooler—add to its life.
Ventilated clutch.
All-silent transmission.

2 Important Fundamentals make the Plymouth engine outstanding. It's an "L-head" Six—owners report 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas—lowest oil consumption. And the exclusive smoothness made possible by Floating Power engine mountings.

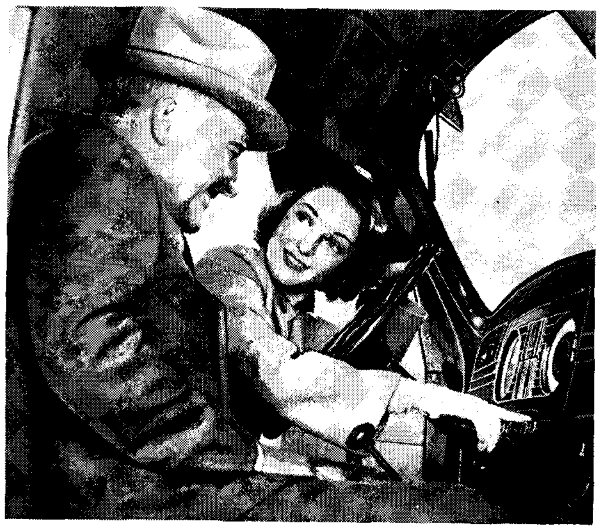
3 "Hushed Ride" describes what Plymouth's amazing new insulation gives you. Soundproofed like a radio studio.



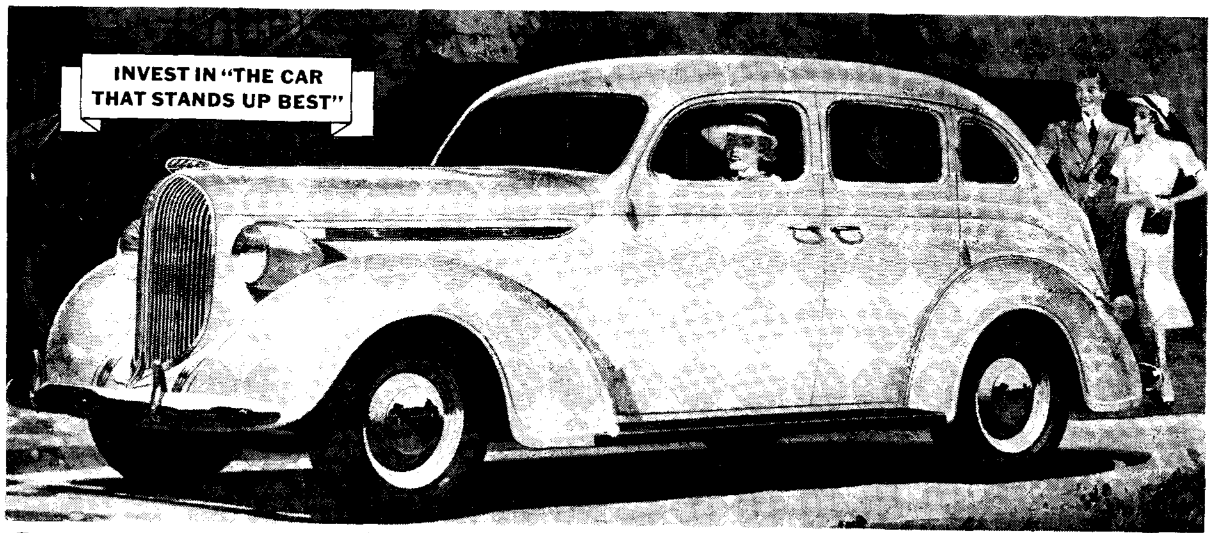
4 Bumps are Soaked up by these big, airplane type shock-absorbers—and long, tapered-leaf springs. Too, Plymouth's double-action hydraulic brakes are unmatched for safety.

5 You must see them to appreciate Plymouth's rich appointments ..."chair-height" seats...low, flat floors...extraordinary room. And underneath the body, "live" rubber mountings block out road noise, rumble and vibration. Important value differences!

6 Pistons with 4 Rings. *They're aluminum* alloy for best performance and long life. Four rings (instead of the usual 3) give higher compression...save money on gas and oil.



7 Faster Steering, Easier Handling—New driving pleasure. Handbrake is out of the floor, out of the way, easier to reach. Clutch requires less pressure. Instrument panel is easy to read and safety-styled.



8 Beautiful 1938 Plymouth. Model illustrated is the De Luxe 4-Door Sedan with trunk. It delivers in Detroit for only $815—other models as low as $645—including Federal taxes. State, local taxes not included. See your nearest Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION. Detroit, Mich.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURS., 9-10 P. M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME

GET MOST FOR LOW PRICE

Plymouth Builds Great Cars

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

March 12, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

OF COURSE if we'd been a crossword puzzler—not one of our accomplishments—we'd have known about the *anoa* years ago. We suspect, however, that we would have regarded this wild ox of the Celebes as a trifle remote from our immediate concerns. Not so Mr. Bangle.

With a faith that puts us to shame Mr. Bangle clung to the *anoa*. Bent over his books in a dingy New York office, he made it a symbol of adventure and the golden haze that hangs over far places. And he handed it on to the boy and the girl, who were finding life hard to take, as a watchword of courage. "The Dreamer" is by Martha Ostenso.

ONE of the best-named activities of the present administration is surplus removal. The title fits in two ways: the agency charged with this operation removes surplus food from the market, thereby raising the price of the remainder and simultaneously removing surplus change from the pockets of the consumer. This ingenious and far-reaching system is vividly described by John T. Flynn in "The Price of Applesauce."

"WHAT Do You Know?" With Mr. Dave Decker that question was no meaningless phrase; it was his stock in trade, the source of his livelihood. All he had to do was put it to the right people and his Broadway column almost ran itself. And then one day the right people stopped answering Mr. Decker's question. A pretty kettle of fish, demanding instant action. Aided by his boss' beautiful daughter and a heel named Naldi, Mr. Decker found the way out. Story by Jerome Weidman.

"HAMBURGER with onions and two bucks on War Admiral in the seventh." That's the sort of order you hear at Hollywood's drive-in restaurants. Cheerfully carried out, too, and by the most attractive attendants. "Don't Get Up" is their genial advice. And the service doesn't stop with food and drink and race-course bets. You can get shoes and groceries, liquor and movie shows. Almost anything. Jack Pollexfen takes you to see the newest developments.

THE story of little Janie and what she inadvertently did to two smart cops is told with dash and vigor by Thomas Walsh in "Hot Money."

RICHARD HOFFMAN, Jim Marshall, Jay Wilson, Harris Dickson, Lawrence G. Blochman, Kyle Crichton, J. P. Marquand, Freling Foster and others round out the issue. Don't say we didn't warn you.

This Week

FICTION

MARGERY SHARP
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CONSTANCE CASSADY
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SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL
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JACLAND MARMUR
Great Music. She said she'd never love a sailor. Page 22

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
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J. P. MARQUAND
Castle Sinister, Part V. Who's got the plans? Page 19

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KATHARINE ROBERTS
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KYLE CRICHTON
Vinegar Bill, the Ivory Scout. The baseball scout exchanges his false whiskers for a checkbook. Page 18

HARRIS DICKSON
Marse Jeff Davis, Part IV. The calm days before the war. Page 54

•

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. You've no idea. Page 6

EDITORIAL

We Still Need Experts. Page 70

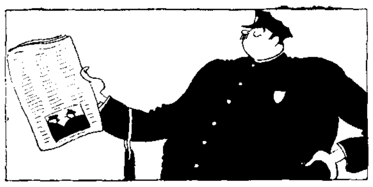
COVER D. B. HOLCOMB

Any Week

ANYWAY, we were almost accurate. A few weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Don Albors of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, informed us that they saw a sign on a roadhouse near Kearney, Nebraska, reading thus: 1733 Miles from Boston, under which somebody had scrawled, "Thank God." We are now informed by a deflating lady (and how they can do it, m'lad!) that the sign reads: 1733 Miles *TO* Boston—1733 Miles *TO* San Francisco. Moreover, says she, "The sign is fifteen feet above the roadway, which would make it difficult to reach with a bit of chalk." Anyway, there is a sign and there is The 1733 Club. Also, there's a town named Kearney.

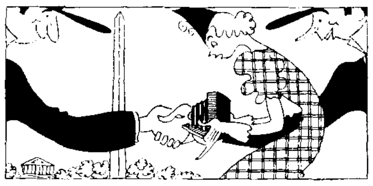
SO WE take another chance. When George O'Donnell of Beacon, New York, saw the Albors' report he hastened to tell us that in Hyde Park, New York, the home of one of our better-known countrymen, there is a sign: Saint James' Episcopal Church, the Church of the President. "In the still of the night," says Mr. O'Donnell, "somebody anxious to be a wag—probably a Republican—printed beneath: 'Used to Be God's.'"

TURNING to an even more pressing situation, we find Policeman Wilbur J. Haash of New York City struggling with his blood pressure. Says he: "I am one of the many dumb cops who read your magazine. I'm getting fed up with those cop cartoons you run, showing us as shapeless galoots. What's the matter? Did you get pinched once or twice or maybe touched up with a nightstick for something? Remember this: When you need us guys you won't think we're so funny. And speaking of shapes, I'll bet you're no God's gift to women."



AND from Mr. Nelson H. Brickham of Fort Collins, Colorado, we learn that local problems are getting more space in the papers than international crises. Fact is that Fort Collins is at the moment pretty excited about a bit of intelligence coming round the mountain from a Mr. Hillbilly. Says he in the Express-Courier: "One of the ladies up here has just finished a new quilt and you should see it She went and pieced together seven hundred tobacco sacks to make the top and it is a dinger. You ought to smell it."

A MRS. TUCKER of Indianapolis, Indiana, telephoned us, saying that she had often thought of writing, but (you know how it is) had been putting it off and putting it off. But, now that she was in New York visiting her daughter, she settled it by calling us up. "Can't there be a little more dignity in our government?" demanded Mrs. Tucker. We said we thought pretty well of the idea but would she be specific? "Well," said she, "do our public officials have to knock each other down every time somebody takes out a camera? You can't take a picture anywhere in Washington without having what you want to snap all cluttered up with politicians shaking hands with somebody."



"COMMISSARS, Russian ones, are human beings like us all," says Mr. Jesse Hess of Atlantic City, New Jersey. "Just because a man is smart enough to become a commissar is no reason why he should be given a bad name, especially in Jersey City. I know a commissar who couldn't be told from any ordinary Cabinet officer or member of Congress. In fact, he's a fine, patriotic man even if he is a Russian. In addition, he is a gentleman."

"JUST a few lines," writes Mr. Paul H. Elveness of Oslo, Norway, "to let you know that we like magazine in Norway to. But you had an artickle in January first by V. G. Heiser M. D., Travellers Aid, which we in Norway cannot pass by because in Norway all milk is pasteurized and water you can safely drink. But there is a lot of good things in your paper. . . . I don't like the Japanese myself. The retail price of Collier's here in Oslo is 40 öre but mostly of the Norwegian magazines cost only 30 öre. Why can't you sell at same? I hope you excuse my english because I never learns it properly."

WE'VE had a warning from Mr. P. Moffet of Little Rock, Arkansas. Mr. Moffet seems to think that we have some vain notion of "limiting the rights of women." We never even considered anything so rash. Says Mr. Moffet somewhat sententiously: "Let me tell you something, smart guy. Women don't need no advice from you. Ask your wife. She's got her rights."

AND ours too. W. D.

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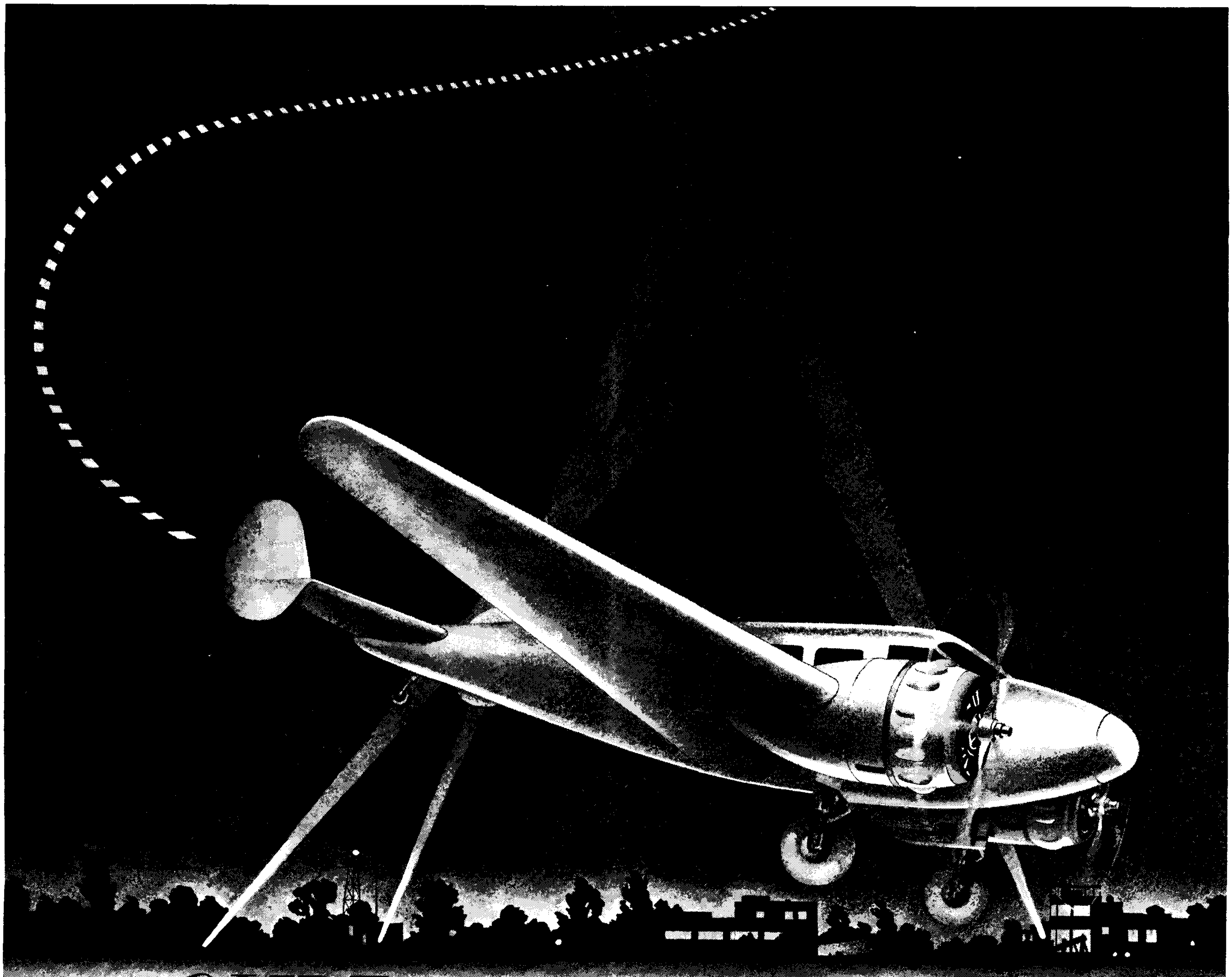


GLIDE...for a Happy Landing

Have you ever watched a plane get down to earth? At the controls is a pilot who skillfully guides it into a smooth and gradual descent. He *glides* to a "happy landing".

Every husband and father is "at the controls" of his family's financial future. If your dependents should some day have to "get down to earth" — learn to live on less because they must go along without your active support — will they experience the shock of a sudden descent, or will your skill and forethought allow them to *glide* to a new income level?

Through a special John Hancock plan of life insurance, it is possible, even if your means are not large, to supply enough money for a few years to permit your family to make the change in living standards easily and by degrees, not painfully and all at once. Because this plan does a big job at comparatively small cost, it will interest you, whether your estate is large or small, whether you have much or little life insurance.

(*To cite just one example, a man who is thirty-five today can for about $6.50 a month provide a readjustment income of $100 a month for the first year, $75 the second year, $50 the third year and $35 the fourth*).

Ask your John Hancock representative about our readjustment plan. He is skilled in making life insurance do what you want it to. Or if you prefer, we will mail you a special booklet which explains the readjustment plan in detail.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

GUY W. COX, President

DEPARTMENT C3
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., Boston, Mass.

Please mail me a copy of your booklet describing the readjustment plan.

Name..
Address..
City........................State...............

JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Honors go to the Sampler!

Whitman's Sampler

The Thing To Do . . . give Whitman's Chocolates

IN FINE CANDY, the honors go to Whitman's Sampler. This famous cross-stitch package brings you luscious fruit centers; crisp nut centers; melt-in-the-mouth mints and creams; expensive Arabian dates stuffed with toasted almonds and chocolate coated; enticing honey nougat—all these and many others, every one a top honor in fine candy, with the quality that has been a Whitman tradition for 96 years. Choose the Sampler—at the nearby dealer's now!

Whitman's Sampler
Chocolates & Confections
Whitman's
Fairhill Chocolates

The SAMPLER — $1.50

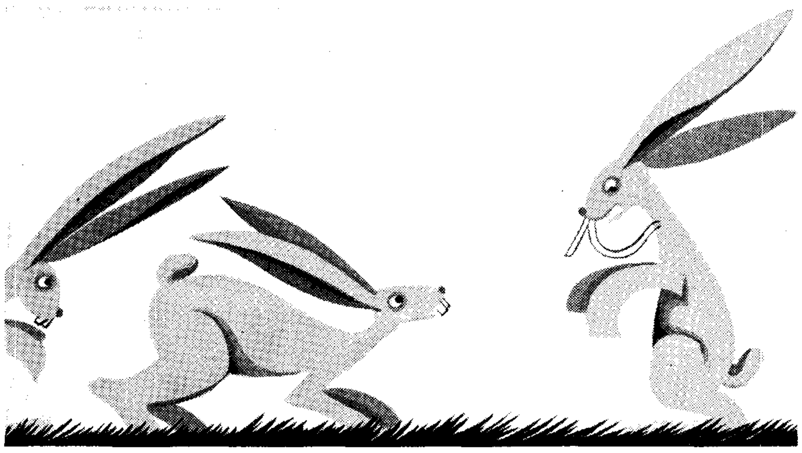
Hailed everywhere as the finest box of candy in the United States. The 17-ounce Sampler has 100 pieces, 42 different confections, $1.50. Also in 2, 3, 5 lb. sizes.

The FAIRHILL — $1.00

Outstanding box of candy at its price, with tempting caramels, creams, nut, nougat, marshmallow and crisp centers—1 lb., $1.00—also 25c, 50c, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 sizes.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster



The front teeth of the rabbit grow so rapidly that they have to be worn down regularly by gnawing on some hard substance. When a tooth does not meet its upper or lower companion, therefore, the animal cannot wear it down and serious trouble is likely to ensue. Some years ago a wild rabbit was discovered with a tooth that had grown out so far in a curved direction that it had entered the animal's neck.

One of the longest "runs" of fire apparatus on record occurred in February, 1904, when the New York Fire Department rushed nine engine companies and one hook-and-ladder company, on flatcars, to the great fire in Baltimore, a distance of 180 miles.—*By Nathan Wells, Albany, New York.*

Professional photographers state that, theoretically, perfect daylight is the light received from a uniform north sky at 45 degrees north latitude, one thousand feet above sea level, just after a heavy rainfall at midday on June 21.—*By Philip S. Schmidt, East Cleveland, Ohio.*

Mirror writers, or those who write backward, are not the only ones who do things in a reverse manner. Some persons transpose parts of words, such as saying mintpepper for peppermint. Others have to read each sentence backward to understand it fully.

Although Man o' War, famous American race horse, has been in retirement for nearly eighteen years, approximately 1,000 persons a week still visit him, in fair weather, at Faraway Farm near Lexington, Kentucky. On the day after the 1937 Derby about 3,000 admirers dropped in to pay their respects.

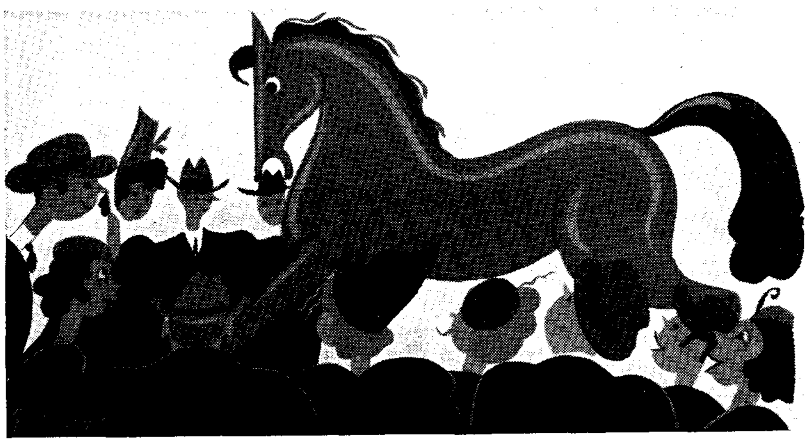
Joseph Grimaldi (1779-1837) is still considered the greatest clown of all time. London-born of Italian parents, he standardized the dress and the general routine of clowns, who have, since his time, been known as Joeys. His memoirs were edited by Charles Dickens and his costumes are today among the most valued treasures of the London Museum.

The French Legion of Honor, which rewards distinguished services rendered in military and civil life, had numerous restrictions on eligibility until 1914. Since then, with many such rules removed, the order has grown until it now has a membership of 155,000 men and women. Formerly, too, the President of France used to kiss those promoted to higher grades, but this task became so arduous it had to be abolished.

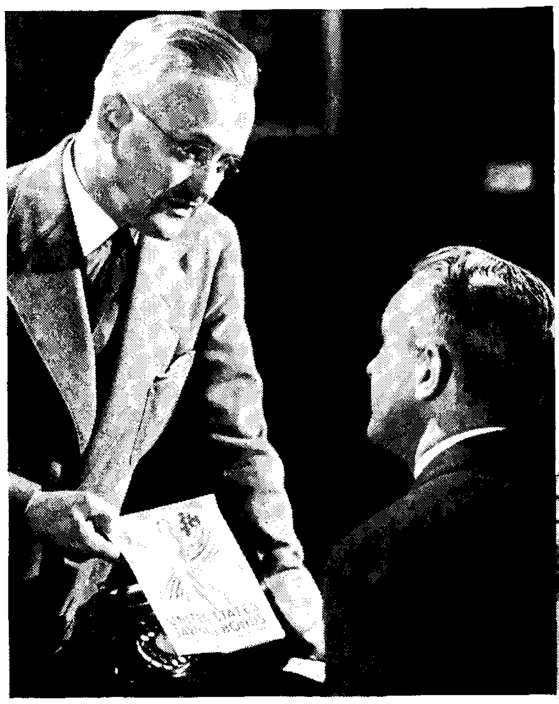
Symphony orchestras in the United States fail to make expenses year after year. An analysis of the cost and income of nearly 1,100 concerts given during a recent season showed that, for every $1,000 expended, only $659 was received from subscriptions and single tickets, the other $341 having come from contributions, maintenance funds and income from endowments.

When a judge charges a jury at the end of a trial in Great Britain, he first lays down the principles of the laws that apply to the case and then discusses each fact, his views and finally his own decision, ending with the earnest suggestion that the jury bring in the same verdict, which is usually done. One such charge required twenty court days.—*By Charles Hoban, Jr., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



HERE'S A *Systematic Savings* PLAN TO FIT YOUR PURPOSE...



AN ASSET THAT CANNOT SHRINK IN DOLLAR VALUE AND INCREASES 33⅓% IN 10 YEARS

Individuals, partnerships, business concerns, banks, lodges, associations, find in Savings Bonds assurance that their investment never will be worth less than they paid for it.

TO EDUCATE CHILDREN

Savings Bonds are a convenient means of anticipating future college expenses. Each $750 invested now will provide $1,000 in 10 years.

TWO MAY OWN A SAVINGS BOND

Savings Bonds may be issued in the names of two (but not more than two) coowners, and either person can redeem them.

United States Savings Bonds are issued in five convenient denominations to fit any savings program. These bonds increase in value at the end of the first year and each six months thereafter for nine additional years, when the increase is *one* dollar for every *three* invested. In the meantime, the bonds may be redeemed at the option of the owner at any time after sixty days from issue date.

FOR THE FUTURE HOME

...Regular purchases of Savings Bonds are a practical way to accumulate a fund for building or buying a home.

FUTURE SECURITY...

Example: By investing $37.50 each month you can provide $50 a month starting in 10 years, continuing for as many months as you buy bonds.

HOW *Systematic Savings* GROW WHEN INVESTED IN SAVINGS BONDS

By purchasing a United States Savings Bond each month you can provide yourself with a monthly return beginning in 10 years, for as many months as you buy bonds.

AMOUNT YOU INVEST Each Month for as Many Months as Bonds are Purchased	PAYABLE EACH MONTH Starting in 10 Years for as Many Months as You Invest
$18.75	$25.00
$37.50	$50.00
$75.00	$100.00
$93.75	$125.00
$187.50	$250.00
$375.00	$500.00

A Regular Purchase Plan is offered by the Treasury Department to facilitate systematic purchases. You will be reminded to save regularly, at intervals selected by you. Check coupon at right for full details.

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

DIRECT OBLIGATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

FOR SALE AT POST OFFICES OR, IF YOU PREFER, ORDER BY MAIL

TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, DEPARTMENT C-23, WASHINGTON, D. C.

☐ Please send me without obligation, your Regular Purchase Plan and forms for my consideration and optional use.

☐ Send me the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft or money order.

NUMBER
.... **$25** United States Savings Bonds at **$18.75** $...........
.... **$50** United States Savings Bonds at **$37.50** $...........
.... **$100** United States Savings Bonds at **$75.00** $...........
.... **$500** United States Savings Bonds at **$375.00** $...........
.........**$1000** United States Savings Bonds at **$750.00** $...........
Total $...........

It is understood that not more than $10,000 (Maturity Value) of these bonds issued during each or any calendar year (January 1st to December 31st) may be held by any one person.

Register in the name of and send to
Name {Miss / Mrs. / Mr.} ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________ State ____________

Make all remittances payable to Treasurer of the United States.

Long Distance rates STEP DOWN EVERY EVENING AND ALL DAY SUNDAY

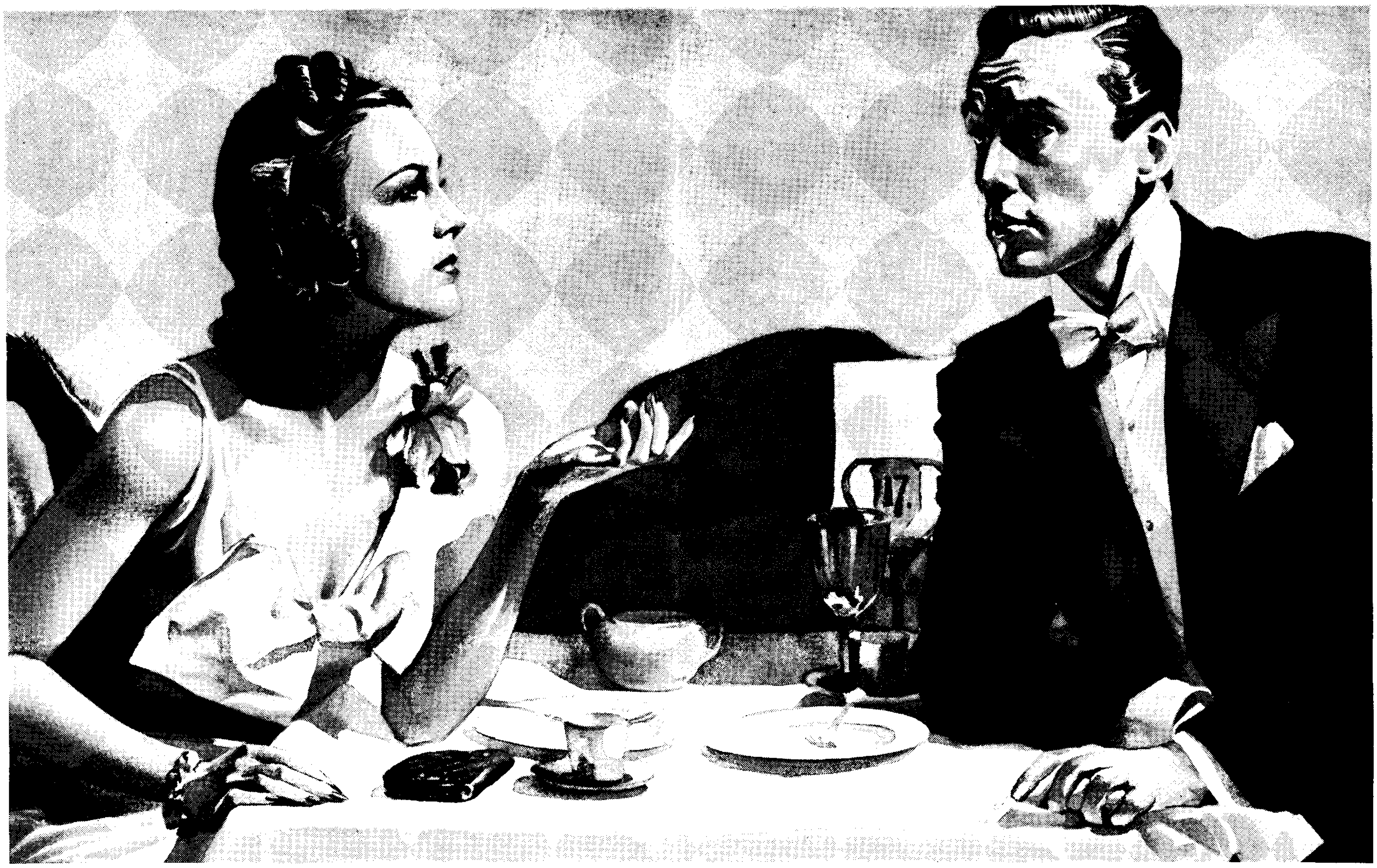
In the evening, after the day's duties are done . . . on Sunday, when the week's worries are over . . . these are especially pleasant times to bring far friends near and link scattered families by telephone.

Long Distance rates step way down after seven in the evening and all day Sunday. It takes little time and little money to talk to some one it would take hours and dollars to visit. Go there and back by telephone. Call after $even or on $unday—and $ave.

HERE'S HOW LITTLE IT COSTS TO TELEPHONE!

BETWEEN THESE POINTS		AT NIGHT AND ON SUNDAY ★
BALTIMORE, MD.	PHILADELPHIA, PA.	$.35
CHICAGO, ILL.	INDIANAPOLIS, IND.	.45
LANSING, MICH.	WHEELING, W. VA.	.60
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.	NEW ORLEANS, LA.	.70
ATLANTA, GA.	KANSAS CITY, MO.	1.20
SEATTLE, WASH.	DENVER, COLO.	1.80
LOS ANGELES, CAL.	DES MOINES, IOWA	2.50
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH	WASHINGTON, D. C.	3.25
BOSTON, MASS.	SPOKANE, WASH.	4.00

★ 3-minute station-to-station rates . . . in effect from 7 P.M. to 4:30 A.M. every night and all day on Sunday.



"I'm going to the Riviera instead," she said. "I hope you don't object?" "Yes," said Alistair slowly, "I'm afraid I do"

Table 17

By Margery Sharp

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Fate spends ten shillings on a rainy Friday night—and is amused

THERE were not really seventeen tables in the Lafayette restaurant; really there were only nine, but the proprietor had once picked up half a dozen secondhand menu holders with metal number plates attached and Seventeen was included along with Two, Three, Five, Six and Eight. It found a place, logically enough, on the table that should have been number nine—the little table for two, in the alcove, where couples who had sat from seven o'clock till midnight sometimes left as much as a shilling tip.

Since anything over sixpence, at Lafayette's, was a windfall, Georges the headwaiter always gave that table his special attention; he put the best silver on it, and the cleanest cloth, and folded its napkins into floral shapes. But he never made more than a shilling an evening—until the unique, the astonishing occasion when he came in for six-and-ten.

This remarkable sum was contributed by three sets of diners—two couples and a solitary man. As long as he lived Georges never forgot that rainy Friday night; and oddly enough, none of the five people he had served ever forgot it either.

The first pair arrived so early that Georges, seeing them hesitate on the threshold, thought for a moment that they were daunted simply by the place's emptiness. He took a quick step forward: the procedure in such cases was to take away the man's hat with all possible speed, and the door boy was plainly overawed. Even as he advanced, however, he saw that he had been mistaken; the couple before him were in evening dress (a rare sight at Lafayette's) and their faces registered not so much bashfulness as disapprobation. "Can we possibly eat *here?*" they were thinking—or at any rate the girl was; and her companion knew it. Georges quickened his pace, switched on an extra couple of lights in passing, and in record time had the young man's hat hanging from a peg.

"That seems to settle it," said the young man—just as they all did.

The girl shrugged. She was very young, and very pretty, and would have been prettier still but for the blankness of her expression. Celia Page did not mean to look blank, she meant to look poised; but as has been already said, she was very young.

Georges shepherded them down the room—they were obviously a pair for Table 17—and stood attentive while Miss Page shrugged herself out of her cloak and the young man studied the menu. His pleasant, plain face was so serious as to be almost glum; there was very little of the party spirit about either of them.

"What would you like to eat, Celia?"

"What *is* there?" inquired Miss Page.

"Table d'hôte, two-and-six, very good indeed," put in Georges rapidly. But his manner lacked its usual aplomb; he felt almost certain that to such blasé loveliness a table d'hôte at half-a-crown would make little appeal. And he was right. Miss Page nodded indeed, but with the air of one unable to face a choice of evils.

"And to drink?"

Miss Page held out her hand for the wine list, considered it carefully, and sighed.

"Vichy water, please. . . ."

SHE was behaving very badly indeed. Georges knew it, and the young man Alistair knew it; and as he sat there in silence it occurred to him, not for the first time, that he was a fool to trouble about her. She was pretty, but so were dozens of other girls, and apart from her work of dress-designing no one could call her intelligent. Indeed, she was sometimes downright silly: she could never make her own mind up, and if nobody else made it up for her she would go about looking for what she called an omen. Once, in the early days of their acquaintance, she had been offered a new job, at almost double the salary but with a less well-established firm, and Alistair spent a whole afternoon trying to bring her to a decision. At last—"We'll go out to tea," said Celia, "and if we see a horse in Oxford Street I'll stay where I am. It'll be an omen." And in Oxford Street they met a mounted policeman, so Celia quite happily turned the offer down. . . .

"She's a perfect idiot," thought Alistair French gloomily, "so I suppose I must be in love." Aloud, seeing her still sulky and distrait, he made the expected apology.

"I'm afraid this place isn't really up to your mark. It's so long since I've been here—"

"That's all right, darling. I can stand anything once."

Alistair was annoyed. He had seats for the theater afterward, and his salary was five pounds a week.

"A month ago," he said deliberately, "you'd have been perfectly happy here. It's wonderful what a difference two lunches at the Savoy make."

"Three!" corrected Celia quickly; and the next moment realized her error. No one who lunched at the Savoy regularly would ever think of keeping count. . . . She flushed scarlet with mortification, and as the color flooded her face, as her lips trembled, Alistair suddenly knew that he loved her indeed. She was, under that hard shell of sophistication, still such a perfect child. She was like a child pretending to be grown up, like a child straying alone, fearless and inquisitive, through an adult world. Against all reason, she made him feel protective.

"I'M SORRY," he said. "I don't think much of this place either, really. So please forgive me and be sensible, because I want to talk to you."

But Miss Page did not want to be sensible. Georges, as he served and removed the despised food, was aware of a certain lack of harmony at Table 17. The young man wanted to get down to good, earnest, heart-to-heart conversation; and the young lady was holding him off. She babbled about some dance she had been to, toyed with a little black silk bag, brought out a ten-shilling note and wanted to play golf. Georges, who came in at that moment, tried to look over her shoulder: there were two regular lunchers, Mr. Moss and Mr. Mazzini, who used to play in the same way—reading off the number of a bank note as though it were a score, and winning or losing a hole for each digit; but the matches ceased after Mr. Moss came into possession of a note numbered 113421. He kept it specially, and Mr. Mazzini lost his temper. . . .

Celia's note was numbered 112312.

"I've won fifteen shillings with it already," she said. "It's worth a fortune!"

Alistair looked at her somberly.

"I hate to hear you always talking about money," he stated. "Don't you want anything else?"

"Of course I do. I want a good time. That's what I want money *for*."

Alistair took a deep breath. There was something he had to say, and though the opening was not a particularly good one, he felt he had better take it.

"Talking of good times—have you settled about your holiday yet?"

On the other side of the table Celia stiffened. She folded the note carefully and replaced it in the pocketbook before answering.

"Certainly I have. I'm going on Mr. Johnson's yacht."

"You've quite decided?"

"I'm lunching with him tomorrow," replied Celia obliquely; and could not help adding: "At the Savoy."

"I'd thought," persisted Alistair, "that if you went down to your mother's, I could come and see you."

"Well, I'm not. I was only going there anyway because I'm so hard up. Now I'm going to the Riviera instead. I hope you don't object?"

"Yes," said Alistair slowly, "I'm afraid I do."

"And why?"

"Because," said Alistair, more slowly still, "employees shouldn't go to the Riviera on their bosses' yachts."

The little black bag slipped from Celia's fingers to her lap, and thence unheeded to the floor. Her cheeks flamed again.

"Mr. Johnson isn't my boss! He's simply a director of the firm!"

"Same thing. And if he were a decent chap he'd never have asked you."

"It's just because he *is* decent that he *has* asked me! He knows I need a good holiday and that I can't afford one. The trouble with you, my dear, is that you're about fifty years behind the times. Simply because Mr. Johnson's got a yacht you at once think— 'Ha! The wicked millionaire!' It's so—so hackneyed!"

"IF a thing's hackneyed," pointed out Alistair, "that's because it happens."

"And what do you suppose will happen to me?"

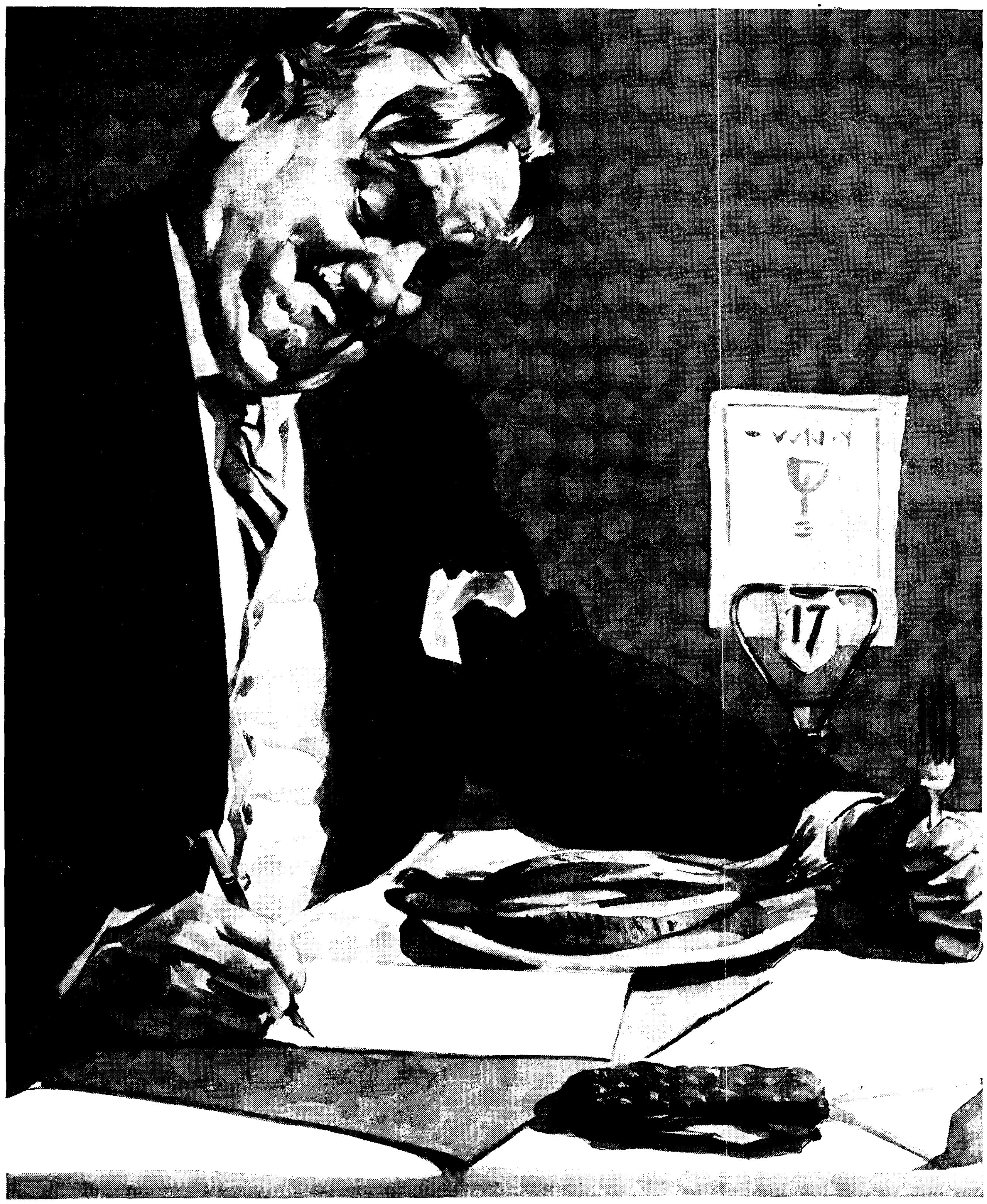
"I think that in any case you'll come back thoroughly unsettled and probably discontented as well. You'll have been living among rich people—because I suppose there's to be a party—"

"Of course there is. Mr. Johnson's told me all about them. I shall have the time of my life, and I'd be a fool not to go."

There was an unhappy silence—unhappy on both sides; for despite her show of assurance Celia was by no means so easy, so tranquilly decided, as she wished to appear. For the matter of that she was never really decided about anything: her occasional silliness, *her habit of shelving all responsibility* and putting everything on to chance, was due to a genuine and humble self-mistrust. She knew, in a vague way, that she hadn't the character, the quick intelligence, of some of her contemporaries, that she was always too prone to take the line of least resistance and be sorry afterward, and though Mr. Johnson was very nice—almost fatherly, in fact—there was no doubt that his manner, since she had provisionally accepted that invitation, had become slightly altered.

Till then he had asked her only to lunch; afterward he had asked her to dinner, and Celia, in a flurry she could not herself understand, hastily invented a visiting aunt. "I'm mad!" she told herself angrily. "It's going to be *perfectly marvelous—and if I don't like it* I can just come home." Then the thought crossed her mind that it might not be very easy to get home off a yacht; and its irrational result was to make her angrier with Alistair than before.

"You've missed your line, darling: you ought to be a Mrs. Tim writing warnings to young girls. *'Certainly not: have nothing to do with the man. If he speaks to you again, try straining back your hair and wearing pince-nez.'* I know you think he's a seducer in disguise."



Joseph Protheroe then settled down, a fork in his left hand and a pen in his right, to eat kippers and write a letter

"I don't know anything about him," said Alistair gloomily.

"Then you're simply being thoroughly unjust and intolerant and stupid. After all, I'm not a child. I'm quite capable of looking after myself."

"Are you?"

"Yes," said Miss Page.

But even as she spoke, she felt a misgiving. After all, *was* she? Other girls were—or said they were—so she supposed she was too; but she did wish Alistair wouldn't sit there with such a long face, spoiling, or trying to spoil, all her pleasure. It was queer that she couldn't dislike him for it; that the thought of a fortnight in the country, if enlivened by his visits, was not altogether unpleasant. Not to be compared, of course, with a fortnight off the Riviera, but still—bearable. "He's so safe!" thought Celia. "He'd always look after you. . . ."

Then she remembered that she didn't want to be looked after, that she was a modern young woman, free as air and out for a good time. A superlatively good time was now hers for the taking; and she would be a fool to let it go.

"If we don't make a move, we'll be late," she said, slipping into her cloak. "Is it going to be a good show?"

Alistair did not answer, but signaled Georges and paid the bill in silence. There was exactly half a crown change from his ten-shilling note, and he was too depressed to look for anything smaller. They thus left happiness behind if they took none out with them; for Georges bowed them from the restaurant with a face of astonished joy.

IT NOW happened, the time being twenty past eight, that every other table was filled while Table 17 remained empty; and Georges sincerely hoped that the next arrivals might be worthy of it. He fetched out clean napkins, and folded them into the shape of water lilies; straightened the cloth and rearranged the silverware. The effect, to his eye, was extremely good, and he had barely finished admiring it when the door opened again on a couple of slim young Cockneys with rain on their hats.

They stood, just as their predecessors had done, hesitating on the threshold; but not (as Georges saw at a glance) for the same reason. To Alistair and Miss Page, Lafayette's had seemed almost too shabby to patronize; the new arrivals were finding it almost too grand. They hadn't an atom of poise between them; the young man stood shifting his feet, the girl actually tugged at his sleeve in an effort to get him out again; but she reckoned without Georges. Georges was on them in a flash; it was a case, he knew, not so much for tact as for brute force. He whipped the young man's hat literally from his head: he bustled them up the room and had them seated at Table 17 before either could say a word.

"Not too late, are we?" asked the young man diffidently.

"Late, sir? Not at all. Open till midnight, sir."

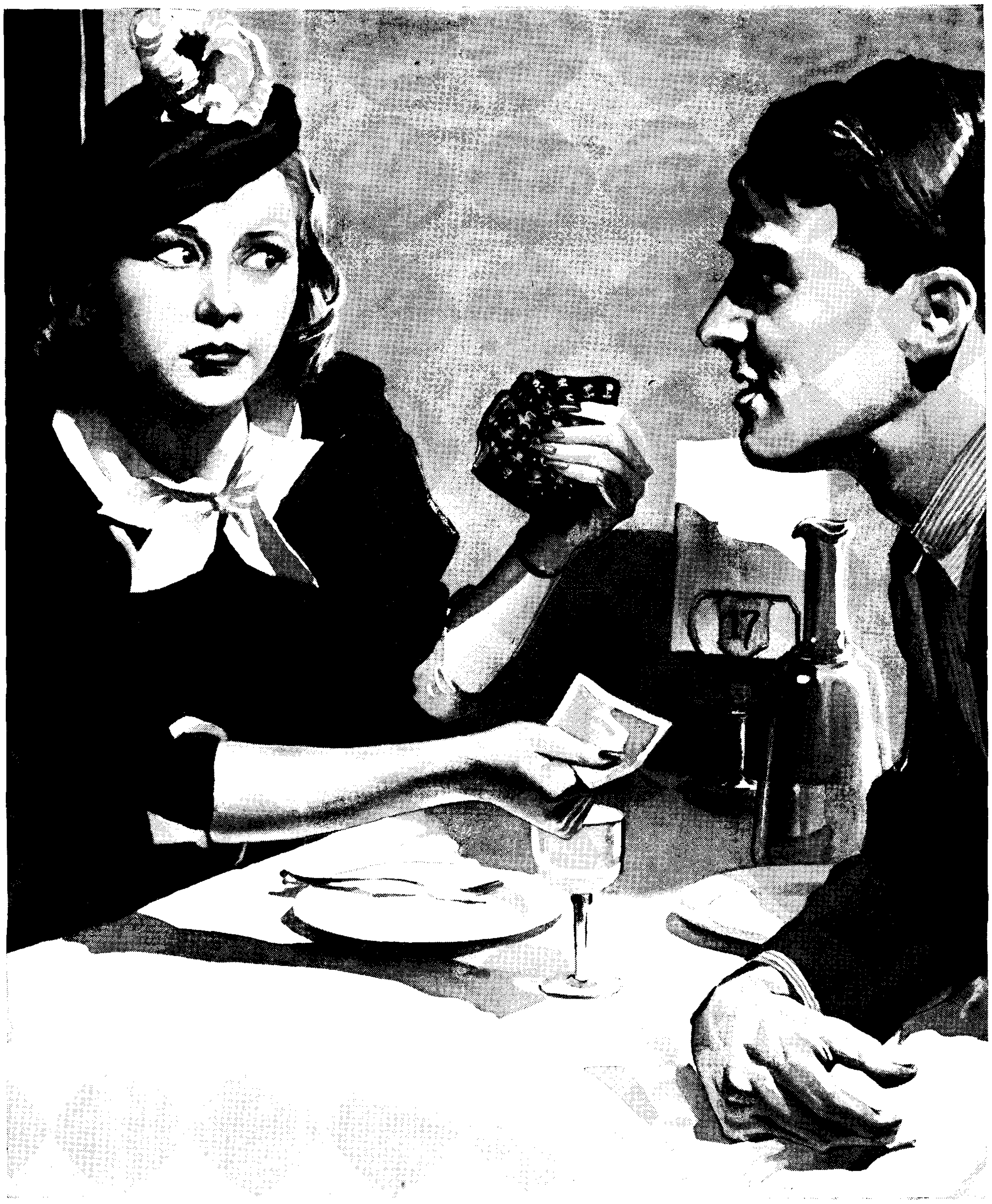
"We've been to a news film," murmured the girl—evidently feeling that some explanation was required for the fact of their dining at such an outrageous hour.

Georges smiled politely and presented the menu. He was confident that this time the table d'hôte would meet with proper appreciation, as indeed it did; but the wine list gave more trouble. Young Arthur Cross wasn't used to wine lists, and he studied it for so long that Georges found it advisable to come to his aid.

"Red or white, sir?"

"White," said Mr. Cross, staring fixedly at the Burgundies.

"We 'ave very nice vine blanc en carafe, at two-and-eleven, sir."



The next moment his Winnie had thoroughly astounded him. She had taken out the ten-shilling note

Willingly the young man allowed himself to be persuaded. He felt (and rightly) that he could not go far wrong for two-and-eleven, and the sum was at the same time large enough to make an impression on his Winnie. And Winnie was impressed even as he desired, sitting and marveling at him with eyes and mouth open.

"Arthur!" she gasped, as soon as they were, comparatively speaking, alone. "We ain't half going it!"

"And why not?" retorted Mr. Cross dashingly. "It's not every day we get engaged, is it?"

Under the table his hand sought hers. They had been holding hands for two hours already in the cinema—where they had sat the program through twice, unable to tear themselves away from the friendly dark; and they were not tired of it yet. They were still wonderful to each other: to Arthur, Winnie, with her cheap clothes and badly made-up face and shrill voice, was the most desirable being in all the world; and Winnie felt the same about Arthur. So they held hands, rapturously, until the arrival of the hors d'oeuvres necessitated a temporary breakaway.

"I still can't believe it," sighed Winnie, breaking her roll. "You know, Arthur—the way we met. Me hating whist drives anyway, and only going because Dad took the tickets, and you hating them just the same and only going to oblige your Mum. It seems just like Fate. . . ."

"IT WAS Fate all right," agreed Arthur solemnly. "Why, if it hadn't been for that whist drive we might never have met!"

The idea was so dreadful that they had to hold hands again at once.

"The minute I saw you," continued Winnie, "d'you know what I thought? I thought: 'There, now! If only I'd put on my taffeta!' "

"I wished I'd had my hair cut," confessed Arthur.

They were off. Lovingly, omitting no detail, they reconstructed for the fiftieth time the events of that momentous evening. It took them nearly twenty minutes to eat their hors d'oeuvres, and another ten to deal with the tomato soup. After that Georges speeded them up a little, but even so it was past ten o'clock before Winnie finished with the fruit salad and bent to pick up her fallen napkin. She stooped, felt about, and along with the napkin brought up one of the prettiest things she had ever seen.

"Look, Arthur, what some lady's dropped! Isn't it dinky?"

She held a small flat bag, made of black silk embroidered with tiny red roses. The inside—for it fell open in her hands—showed a white lining with two pockets. One held a comb, the other a mirror; and behind the mirror was tucked a ten-shilling note.

"I'll buy you one tomorrow," said Arthur, his eyes not on the bag but on Winnie's face.

(Continued on page 52)

Twelve Against the Gods

By Hugh S. Johnson

IT IS my opinion that, no matter what his title may be in any association—usually he has none—there is in nearly every industry some one man who by attainment and force of character is head of the table, no matter where he sits. There are less than a dozen men who have more influence in the guidance and temper of industry than all others and all trade associations combined. This is not at all by reason of financial control or sinister conspiracy. It is simply because by reason of judgment and experience they are looked to by their contemporaries for opinions and leadership.

This is the literal truth as I know from two very vivid experiences—first, as chief of a division of the general staff representing the Army's vast purchasing program on the War Industries Board industrial mobilization of 1918, and again more vividly in NRA. But the trouble about naming them is that none will agree with you. Sometimes if one of these industrial chieftains sets himself up as such—or permits it to be done by others—he ceases to be a bellwether and becomes just a shorn lamb. There is sinful pride in each industrial group. The really clever leader is frequently as bashful as a bride even while he remains quietly as dominating as a mother-in-law. There are a dozen or fewer men in industry who, if so minded, could lead it to any reasonable kind of co-operation with a sympathetic federal government.

This was particularly evident during the war. Production had become the price of victory. Industry was far more disorganized than now—far more a structure of jealous or even hostile and water-tight trade compartments. Complete co-operation seemed a hopeless task because there was neither an organization nor an apparent leadership for co-operation. It seemed like co-operating with a Kilkenny cat fight.

But somehow the vast experience and contact of the War Industries Board chairman with all strata of industry had informed him of the control centers in each. Somehow, either by getting several of them into a room together or by intense missionary work on recalcitrants separately, he finally devised a kind of piano keyboard on which he at last managed to produce almost any industrial harmony that the nation required.

There was behind all that the pressure of patriotism in war. I tried in the beginning of NRA to do the same thing I had seen done so successfully in 1918. For three or four months it worked, too—as well or even better—while the emergency seemed "worse than war." But toward the end, the emergency paled. The new co-operation among great leaders failed for reasons too complex and inconsequential to go into here. In the beginning it had worked well enough to prove my point. NRA would never have been attempted if I had not felt pretty sure that industry, influenced by its dozen bellwethers, was going to herd along with government. Its early spectacular success at least shows that the proposition in the first paragraph of this article is true.

At the Head of the Table

Who are these men? None will thank me for naming them but their modesty should not be permitted to obscure the truth.

There are great men in several of the steel companies. The natural leader used to be Judge Gary. Now it is Eugene Grace of Bethlehem. He is not head of the greatest company. There has been too rapid and recent a change there for good men, like Stettinius and Fairless, to find their place in the industry. Ernie Weir—one of the strongest—is an independent. Tom Girdler is a kind of Peck's Bad Boy. But Eugene Grace can do more to influence the American Iron and Steel Institute than any other man, if he isn't required to *seem* to be doing it.

In automobiles, there is the rest of the industry—and Henry Ford. Henry is like Kipling's cat, who walked by himself. He can't be counted here. He would have to be dealt with separately. But in the other 47 states, one man is the McTavish—or whoever it was who was head of the table wherever his chair happened to be. His name is Walter Chrysler. He couldn't boss around giants like Bill Knudsen or Alfred Sloan or Alvin McCauley—and he would never try. But not very much goes on in the industry as such until the boys find out what Walter thinks about it. Outside of Henry Ford, he knows more about automobiles and the industry that produces them than any living man and all his contemporaries recognize it.

To the extent that he permits details to come to him, in the vast petroleum industry, John D. Rockefeller could pretty nearly speak the last word. I don't mean to imply, and it positively must not be inferred—because it isn't true—that this is because of stock ownership in various Standard Oil companies which he and his father have largely given away—or of great financial power.

It is a little—perhaps ten per cent—because of the glamor of a name, but ninety per cent of it is because of respect for skill and, above all, because of the integrity of a life and the constant demonstration of a high and impartial purpose. If Mr. Rockefeller could be persuaded to act at all, he would be of greater value than any trade association—not only in the petroleum industry, but in half a dozen industries.

But he is shy and diffident and would scarcely subscribe to a word of this—although his contemporaries would. If he wouldn't act, we should then have to go back to consider how to bring the petroleum industry along. The first man is Walter Teagle. That also is not because he is head of Standard Oil of New Jersey. It is mostly because he is Walter Teagle—able, informed, simple, kindly and experienced—a mountain of a man physically, intellectually and morally.

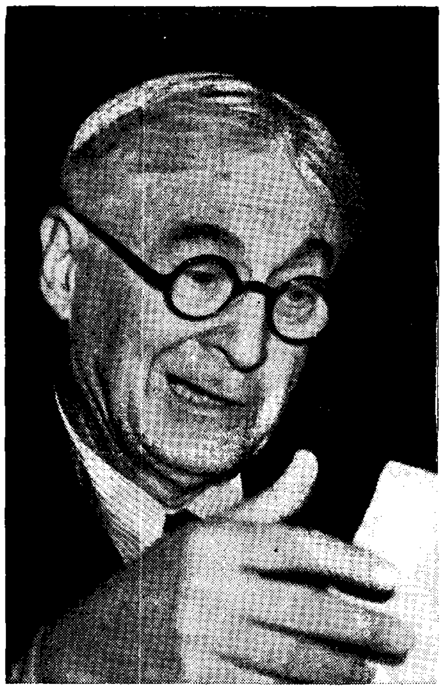
But you couldn't overlook Harry Sinclair—kicked all over the national lot, buffeted by fate and politics. His colleagues know he can take it—and survive. He is a good sportsman under all these bludgeonings—and he is boss of his own show, which is one big department of that industry. He will do his part. He couldn't be left out.

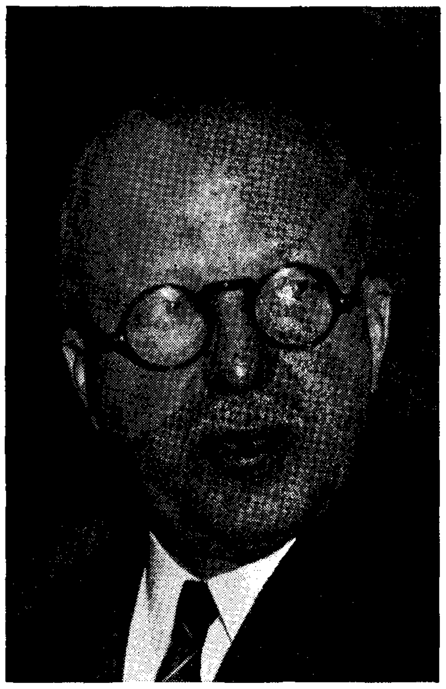
Leadership You Take for Granted

In the cotton textile industry, I can name a single man and know I am right because I saw him lead that industry, as a compact group, to the first great co-operation with government. His case is a beautiful illustration of my point that these cases I have taken are of personal leadership and not of wealth or ownership. George A. Sloan was then merely a salaried head of a trade association and while it seems an injustice to other public-spirited leaders not to mention them, any one of them would be quick to say that without his personal leadership that industry could never have acted as a unit and probably could not now.

It seems hardly to require expansion to say that Walter Gifford could speak for wire communications, David Sarnoff for radio, Owen Young and Gerard Swope for the electrical industry or Lammot du Pont for chemicals. These men stand out so prominently in their own fields that their leadership is taken for granted. Moreover, each of them has a tremendous influence far beyond his own group.

When you step outside these great


Bernard M. Baruch


Walter S. Gifford

David Sarnoff

John D. Rockefeller

Here's General Johnson's selection of industry's All-America. It is not Collier's. Do you agree with it? Collier's would like to see your choices and your reasons. Address: Industry's All-America, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Owen D. Young

Jackson E. Reynolds

Walter P. Chrysler

Lammot du Pont

Eugene G. Grace

Donald R. McLennan

James D. Francis

Lewis H. Brown

older and better-stabilized industries, the picking of bellwethers is not so simple. In the bituminous coal industry, which was, after great travail, brought along as a unit under NRA, the leadership was a group of four important operators—John D. A. Morrow, Charles O'Neil, James Francis and Ralph Taggart. My then famous four horsemen have now been reduced to three since Mr. Taggart has gone anthracite. Mr. Morrow, who is a Mellon man, may not be as co-operative as once he was—but I know from experience that the President could get this group together, without half trying—if he wanted to try.

Lumber as an industry has never been well compacted in a group under leadership. But if I had the present problem of trying to do something with the building materials group, I would turn at once to Lewis H. Brown, president of Johns-Manville Company. Personality, reputation, think-tank and energy—he is looming as a giant in his particular infant world.

Finance is important as a background. Winthrop Aldrich has had a clear vision of the necessity of a close co-operation between business and government—not in the old sense that government is going to co-operate with business but in the New Deal sense of vice versa. But if I had the job to do of trying to work out the thing that has got to be worked out to make our capitalist system safe, I would want Jackson Reynolds, president of the First National Bank of New York. If I could have supernumeraries, I would want E. E. Brown of the First National Bank of Chicago in on the deal.

Territorial representation counts for a great deal. The Ulysses of business outside of banking in Chicago is D. R. McLennan — an insurance man who dreads publicity but is, in my judgment, the most respected businessman in the Middle West. As an alternate for the group that centers on Chicago, I would pick Sewell Avery.

An End to Our Troubles

This kind of group needs leadership. The President, himself, led a similar one in early 1933—but the experience demonstrated that the drain on his time and efforts is too great to burden him with that again. Mr. Baruch led another most brilliantly in 1918. Mr. Owen Young could lead as well as any.

I said "twelve." Except for brilliant alternates, I find it difficult to stretch it that far. I find it also difficult to distinguish one "twelve" above another. There are so many of nearly equal merit. Perhaps I should name a second and third group. There is also this further consideration: The secondary contacts of these men and the tendency of any to help the others in a position of responsibility are such, except in a few cases of distinct rivalry, that if you have mistakenly picked a close second to a more meritorious first he will have the support of the better man. But I will wager this: If the group I am about to name could be induced to come to this Administration with a sincere and specific program in an effort to aid it to its aims with the least possible harm to business, and the greatest possible speed in advancing recovery, our trouble could be over tomorrow. Of course, it never could be done unless there was a desire to co-operate on both sides. I am assuming that with my fingers more tightly crossed with every passing day.

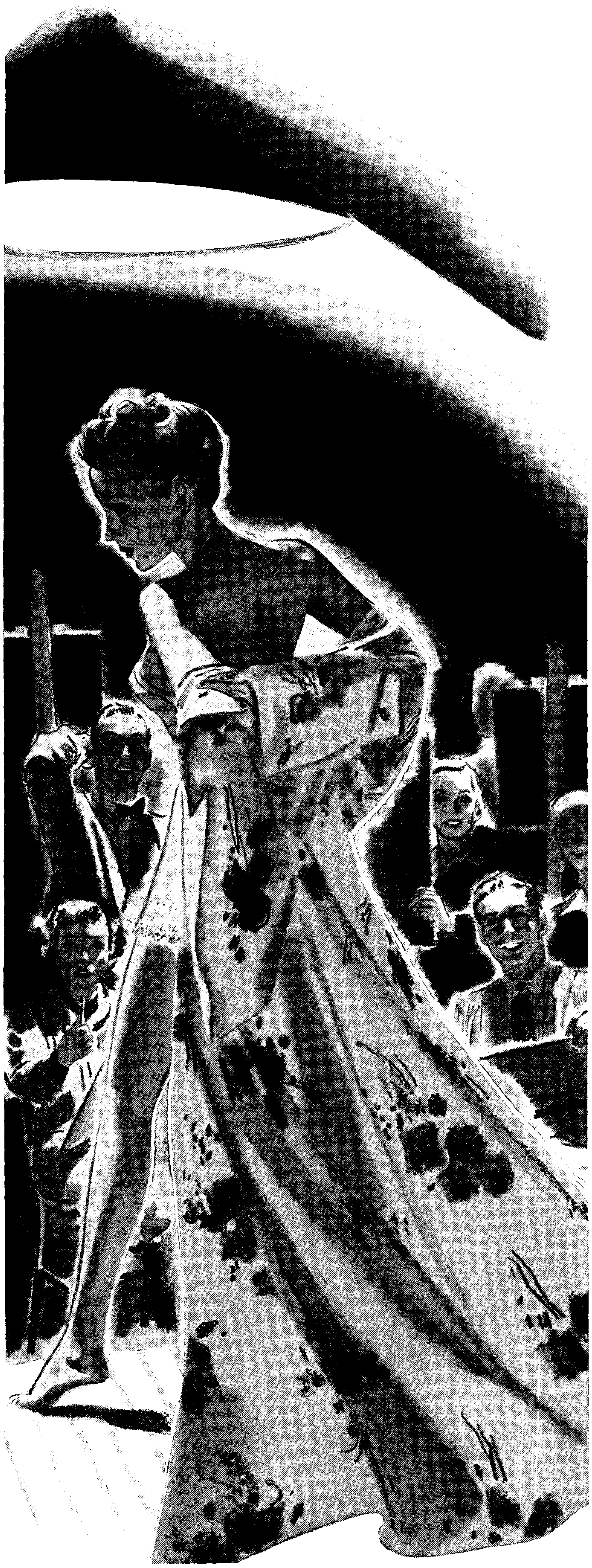
Here is my "first team": Eugene Grace, Walter Chrysler, John D. Rockefeller, Walter Gifford, David Sarnoff, Lammot du Pont, Owen Young, James Francis, Lewis Brown, Jackson Reynolds, D. R. McLennan, B. M. Baruch.

The more I think of it the surer I am that I could name at least three alternate unofficial business cabinets almost as potent and, with the aid of such men, equally serviceable. I am trying to illustrate a general principle with a concrete example rather than to lay down a rule.

What I said in the beginning is true. There are a dozen men—or less—in the United States who could do more to bring business into co-operation with government than all the trade associations, business pressure groups, or volunteer "advisers" in the country.

There is just no sense in the present prima donna petulance on both sides. Government is going to have a say in business in this country from now on and business is not going to control government—as in the high old days. Yet that need not result in the destruction of our economic system by the bungling control of amateur administrators if business will only learn to play the new game instead of bucking it. On the other hand, if business doesn't show how it can best be done by its own earnest co-operation, its government will be run by radicals who regard the whole business tribe as a bunch of high-binding bandits.

You can have experienced business advice in government—or you can have hostile Henry Wallaces, embittered David Cushman Coyles or dogmatic and theoretical Herman Oliphants. Business can take its choice, but in whatever co-operation ensues, business will do the co-operating.



The class, after a moment's silence, broke into a smother of laughter

Model for Life

By Constance Cassady

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

She knew nothing about art. He knew nothing about women. Result: Happiness

IT WAS now eight-thirty, and Chiltern had been staring into his empty coffee cup for fully ten minutes, trying to decide whether a whisky and soda would be effective in making the nine-o'clock class more endurable. He had already swallowed two cups of what Mr. Papadopoulos insisted was coffee, although his error had been repeatedly pointed out to him by certain of Chiltern's students.

He sat gazing moodily at the depressing pyramids of apples and oranges, at the thick white plates, at the broad, skeptical face of Mr. Papadopoulos himself, behind the counter.

"Well, how is business?" chirped Mr. P. conversationally.

"Business?" Chiltern was vague. "Oh—the art racket? Fine. Swell. Only trouble is, there are too darned many artists already. Market's glutted with 'em."

"Hi, Chiltern!"

He looked up sharply, almost annoyed at hearing the voice of Terry Hayes. Good kid—one of the best—but he wished Terry wouldn't persist in admiring him so patiently. It got in his hair, somehow.

"I STOPPED by your place," he was saying, "with the horse and buggy. Going to give you a lift downtown. You musta just left."

Mr. Papadopoulos leaned fatly across the counter. "You got my sign?" he inquired anxiously.

Terry began unwrapping his package. "Sure," he said. "Worked all night over it. Hand-lettered, mind you, and on the very best Bristol board."

Mr. P. held it up to a critical eye. "Yeah. Okay," he approved. "How much?"

Terry knitted his brows. "Say seventy-five cents—considering the Bristol board."

Mr. P. handed three quarters across the counter, and Terry, with a quick glance in Chiltern's direction, grabbed the money and made a sudden bolt for the door, almost upsetting a young person who was on her way in. "I'll open up the studio," he flung back over his shoulder.

"Let's see it," said Chiltern dryly, and Mr. P., with a certain pride, held up the placard, which was adorned with the inevitable slab of pastry, and beneath it the rather surprising words:

"OBBLE PIE SPATIAL"

"I guess he don' know how ta spell so good," said Mr. Papadopoulos, laughing tolerantly. "But it's a nice picture."

"Outstanding," Chiltern agreed, staring grimly at the subtle insult to the trusting Mr. P. Good old Terry. Always kidding around. Some day he, Chiltern, would twist his neck. Today, perhaps. He felt homicidal on Mondays.

Forgetting Terry, however (who had at least the inalienable right of youth to gaiety and optimism), he lapsed back into contemplation of his own situation, finding a morose pleasure in viewing himself from the outside—a tall, gaunt, brooding figure, slightly frayed at the cuffs, sitting among the apples and oranges in a third-rate beanery. He was, in fact, so agreeably occupied with his troubles that a very real resentment arose in him when he noticed that the girl who had just come into the Cozy Lunch—a slender, rather cheaply dressed individual — was approaching him timidly, but with a determined light in her eye that could mean only one thing: she was going to speak to him. She advanced gingerly, and sat down on the very edge of the next stool.

"Pardon me, but are you—the head of the art school in this building?" she demanded breathlessly.

Chiltern smiled. "Call it that if you like," he admitted. "At any rate, I'm the instructor, bookkeeper, dean of men and house mother. Do you," he added hopefully, "wish to enroll?"

"Oh, no," said the girl modestly. "I can't draw." ("Most of 'em can't," Chiltern put in.) "But I heard that sometimes you—hired models."

"Yes," said Chiltern, returning to gloom. "Yes, I use them occasionally." He looked her over without much interest. "Draped or undraped?" he asked, as a matter of formality.

The girl swallowed audibly. "Either," she said in a small voice.

Chiltern considered her. She was fidgeting on the edge of the stool. Not much assurance, he thought. She couldn't have been posing long. But she was young and well proportioned. The face was rather interesting—nice, oval and with that dark red hair—good to paint, only he never painted any more. Not that it mattered. Still, he'd been putting off the unpleasant task of calling somebody for the afternoon class.

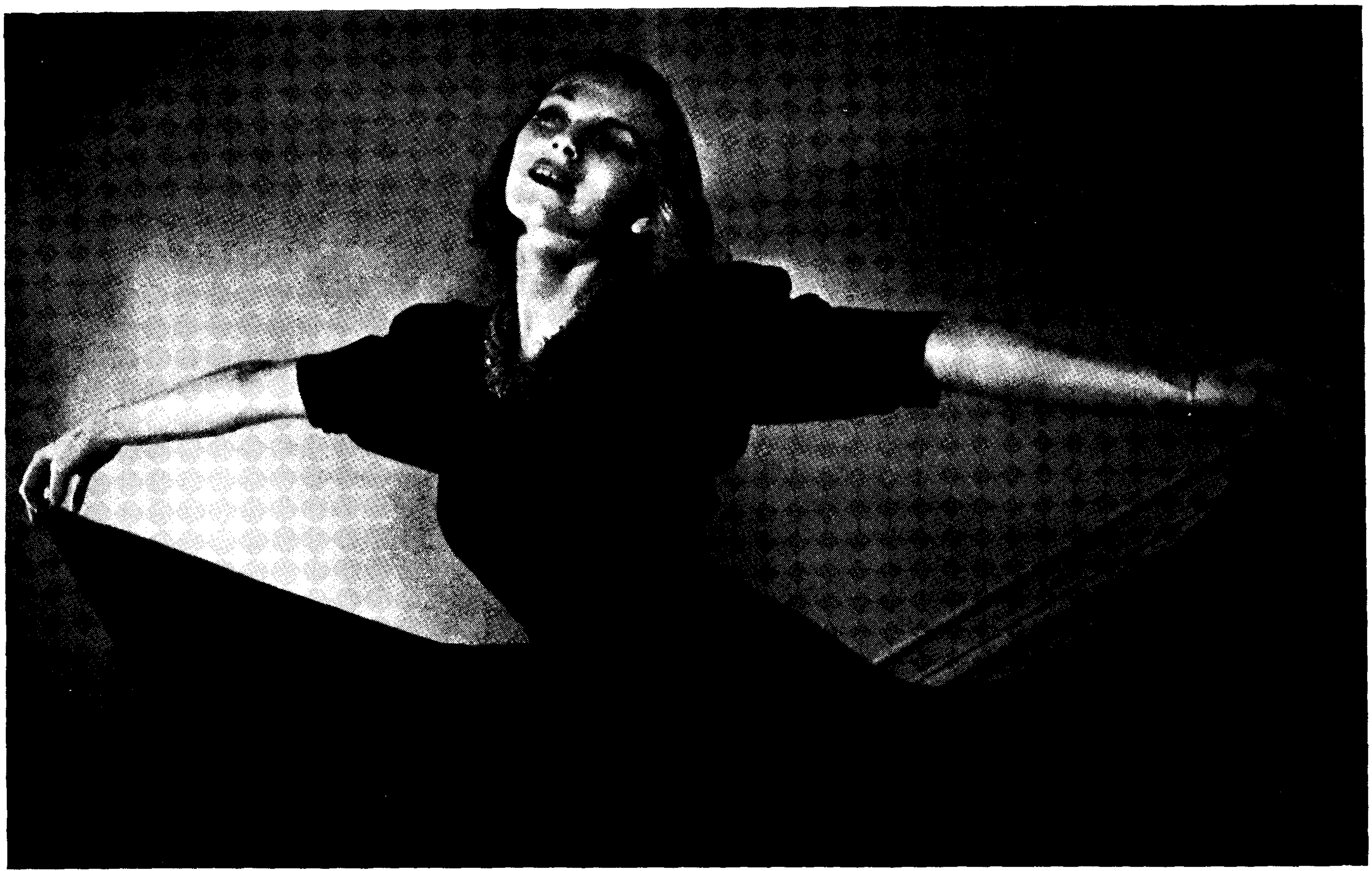
"Can you start this afternoon?" he asked.

THE girl fairly bounced with eagerness. "Oh, yes," she exclaimed.

"One to four," said Chiltern, bored. "Dollar an hour. Five minutes' rest every half hour. Figure class—same pose all week. Get there on time."

She said, "Thank you, Mr. Chiltern," as gratefully as if he had just handed her a million dollars. Good Lord, she must be broke. Well, so was he, to all intents and purposes. He realized, as she faded out of the door, that it was now too late for the whisky and soda. He'd have to escape later. Students, with eager or sleepy Monday-morning faces, were drifting past on their way upstairs to the studio. Wondering, no doubt, what the illustration pose would be. Expecting something glamorous, something thrilling—Marlene Dietrich or Clark Gable.

(Continued on page 45)



PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Vera Zorina, who spent her first twenty years learning to dance and is now reaping the rewards of her accomplishments

Industrious Butterfly

By Katharine Roberts

WHO is Zorina? Zorina is Brigitta. That is, she was until about three years ago. At that time the question was: Who is Brigitta? To be explicit, she was, and still is, Mrs. Hartwig's little girl. If you saw the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe arrive the season before last in any of the eighty cities it visited across these United States, Zorina is the girl who, seemingly Russian, stood in the midst of other excited Russians and, while clutching a make-up case and three coats with one hand, tried to pick her five suitcases and a bag of books out of the rest of the baggage and feed her pet pooch its morning cereal with the other.

They usually got in about eight A. M. and, having acquired the notion that breakfast food was good for a dog, she almost always descended from the train carrying a pan of it, still in the act of trying to convince the dog that she was right. As a rule, the leash tangled suitcases, girl, dog and cereal together in a neat bundle that could be delivered to a hotel and sorted out afterward. Zorina was one of the company's ballerinas.

If you have recently seen Samuel Goldwyn's new Follies, Zorina is the ballet girl who also has a major acting role. And if you see a new Broadway musical called I Married an Angel she is the alleged angel who, according to the dictates of the Messers Rodgers and Hart, pirouettes out of heaven into the earthly complications of a New York stage.

Prior to these hectic thirty-six months, if you happened to see a dancer in Europe or England who was called Brigitta—that's Zorina.

How to Meet a Dancer

The fact that, as Zorina, she took the first name of Vera is quite unimportant. Anyhow, she doesn't like it used. To make this all very clear, she is not Russian, but Norwegian, born in Berlin and educated in Paris, London and Venice. When asked what she considers her home town, she looks momentarily puzzled and finally decides it is Kristiansund, Norway, a little hamlet which is built on three islands with no bridges, twenty-five hours along the coast from Oslo. Anyhow, that's where the family came from and where she spent the summers in her early years. She is all of twenty now.

No matter which way you look at Zorina, the result is unique. My own first view of her, except across the stretches of the Metropolitan Opera House when she danced there, was as good a way as any to meet a dancer. I went into the lighted hallway of the apartment and a gray French poodle came bouncing out of the dusk of a room beyond, in which two shadowy people were apparently saying goodby. I stooped over to pat him and we were beginning to get acquainted when I saw a pair of brown silk legs coming into my vision range, so I went on patting the pup and noted that the approaching feet were narrower than most ballet feet, the ankles were slim and the legs went on up with none of that overmuscular development that sometimes makes ballet legs look as though they had the mumps. These brown silk underpinnings were sleek and streamlined. "So," I thought, "*this* is Zorina!" Then it occurred to me to wonder what kind of a face had been behind the make-up on the stage and I straightened up to see. Well, it might not launch a thousand ships—I wouldn't know about that—but it has certainly helped to launch some lovely contracts.

Born to Dance

Zorina's is probably the face that most of our illustrators have been looking for—oval, pale ivory, framed in a long bob of dark blond hair; slightly humorous, long, gray eyes; high cheekbones; a practically perfect nose, and a generous, well-shaped mouth. Zorina's career became immediately clarified. Whenever a producer sees those legs and that face, he automatically reaches for a contract and a fountain pen. Of course, the girl can dance.

She did it from the beginning. As nearly as one can gather, she leaped out of the cradle, landed "on the point," did a *pas seul,* playfully kicked her milk bottle out of the nurse's hand, and twirled across the room to find out how her mother was feeling. Little Zorina—that is, Brigitta—probably we'd better stop and straighten out the name question right now.

It seems that when she started dancing professionally, she simply used her own first name. Easy enough. She was fourteen when she became the dancing partner of Anton Dolin. As Brigitta she danced with him in Max Reinhardt's Tales of Hoffmann and in Midsummer Night's Dream, and one or two other things, and European critics recognized a bright new dancing star. She toured Europe and as Brigitta was hailed in all languages, including the Scandinavian. In Venice she danced with Serge Lifar, which is something.

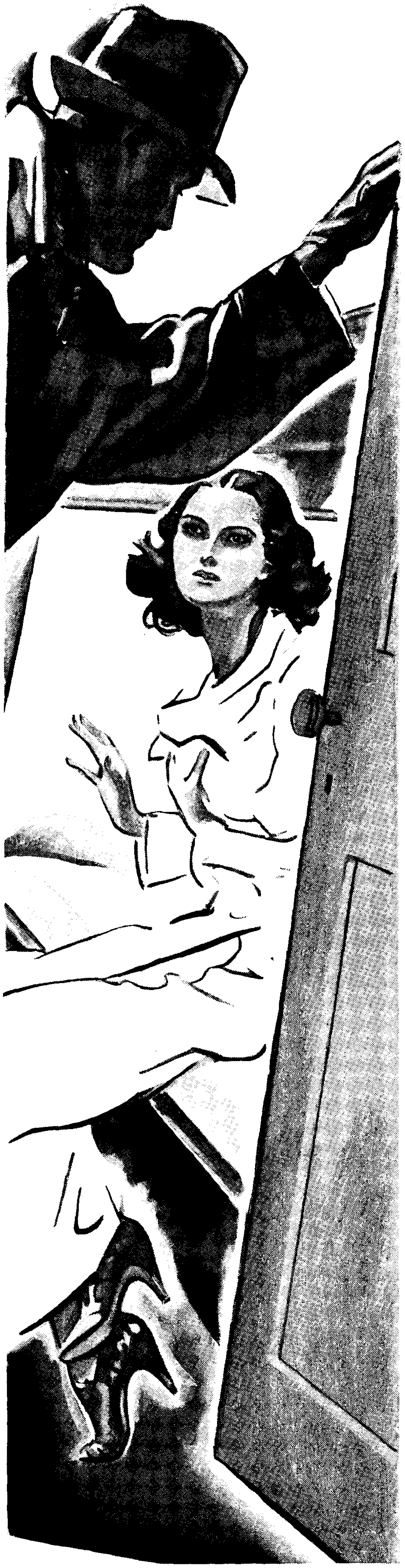
She had reached the ripe age of seventeen or thereabouts when Colonel de Basil and Leonide Massine of the Ballet Russe discovered her dancing on the

(Continued on page 31)

Sunset Voyage

By Lawrence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



"Close the door!" she said in a whisper. "And put out that light. Quick!"

The Story Thus Far:

ACCUSED during a senatorial investigation of being a Japanese agent, P. G. Bonner, a wealthy silk importer, dies under mysterious circumstances. Then, his funeral services over, his daughter, Dorothy, disappears. Ten days later, Glen Larkin, correspondent for the Seven Seas Newspaper Alliance, receives orders in San Francisco to take passage on the Kumo-maru, upon which (unknown to America) Dorothy Bonner is sailing.

When the boat goes through the Golden Gate, Larkin is aboard. Also, the girl. It soon becomes evident that the young correspondent has enemies about him. Someone breaks into his luggage, searches it. He suspects his cabin-mate, General Rodriguez, a Peruvian; but he has no evidence against the South American. Then an insolent young person—Charles Frayle—goes out of his way to be disagreeable. And Larkin feels sure that others on the ship are keeping a none too friendly eye on him.

One person—a mysterious, pale-faced young man who bears a striking resemblance to Dorothy Bonner—puzzles him. Apparently not on the passenger list, this young man invariably disappears, hides, whenever Larkin approaches him.

Someone attacks General Rodriguez with a razor, leaves him lying in his stateroom. Larkin enters, picks up the razor (lying beside the victim). As he does so, ship's officers and passengers come in, and Rodriguez (suddenly recovering consciousness and pointing at Larkin) exclaims: "Thees man ees robbing me!" But Captain Fujiwara, in command of the Kumo-maru, accepts Larkin's story and takes no action in the matter.

Beasley, head of the Seven Seas San Francisco bureau, sends Larkin a series of radio messages. All are badly jumbled—Larkin is unable to read them.

Meanwhile Charles Frayle and Dorothy Bonner are meeting frequently. They are in love, planning to marry on shipboard. It is Dorothy who tells Frayle of the attack on General Rodriguez. "He says," she whispers, "that whoever did it *stole his Pan-American vanadium contracts. Charlie, suppose* they found my copy on *you?* You'd better give it to me!"

Frayle slips a long envelope out of a pocket, hands it to the girl. "By the way," he says casually, "that delightful brother of yours, that dope-eater, is aboard—without a passport. . . ." Saying he is ill, Larkin leaves the dining saloon. Passing a stateroom, he pauses, raps. There is no response. He listens, hears faint sounds as though someone is laughing—or crying.

III

LARKIN reached for the knob, turned it softly. The door was locked. He heard footsteps behind him, released the knob, whirled just as the steward brushed past with some towels on his arm. The steward opened the door of Stateroom "F" across the passageway. A shrill voice called out:

"Who is it? What do you want?"

Through the open door Larkin had his first glimpse of Mr. Jeremy Hood. Mr. Hood was a thin, wrinkled little man sitting up tensely in his berth. A black, loosely knit sweater thrown about his narrow, bent shoulders gave him the appearance of an old lady in a shawl—all but his hair. Or rather his lack of hair, for his almost bald pate was covered with a mouse-colored fuzz. His drawn face was pale, not with the greenish, bilious pallor peculiar to seasickness, but with a dead, lackluster shade of gray. Only his eyes were alive—black, vitreous, searching eyes that seemed to snap at the steward.

"Bringing careen towers," explained the steward.

"I don't want any clean towels!" shrilled Mr. Hood. "I don't want *anything!* If I do, I'll ring. That's what the bell's for. Now get out! And stay out!"

"Very sorry," said the steward, backing into Larkin as he pulled the door shut. Larkin backed away, and in turn bumped into Willowby, who had just come out of the dining saloon. Willowby was tamping tobacco into a brier pipe with his thumb.

"I say, Larkin," said Willowby. "Are you really ill?"

"Sick as a dog," said Larkin.

"I've got just the thing for you," said Willowby.

"No brown paper on the stomach," said Larkin, "or cotton in the ears. And no lemons."

"No, no," Willowby smiled. "Drink?"

"Anything," said Larkin.

"Come along to my cabin, then."

Willowby's stateroom adjoined Larkin's, but was larger, Larkin noticed, as Willowby switched on the light. Having sole occupancy, Willowby had had the upper berth dismantled, and, in the weeks since the Kumo-maru had been tediously following the coast line of the two Americas, he had with heavy-handed masculine neatness created a sort of homey atmosphere. Larkin's glance was taking in the souvenirs of ports of call, arranged about the cabin—Mexican pottery, Indian baskets, carved hardwoods, painted clay statuettes—when he heard the key turn in the lock. He looked up, puzzled.

"I hope, Mr. Willowby," he said, "that your intentions are strictly honorable."

"I wanted to speak to you privately," murmured Willowby in a low voice. "It's about that wireless business."

"What about it?"

"Do you believe what the captain said, really, about the operator being incompetent? Because *some* people seem to be getting their messages through all right."

"Who, for instance?"

"General Rodriguez."

LARKIN sat down on the edge of the berth. "Are you sure of that?"

"Positive," Willowby asserted. "I saw the radiogram delivered to him on deck, about an hour before someone tried to kill him."

"Maybe it was garbled, like mine."

"I think not. Anyhow, the general made enough sense out of it to upset him considerably."

Larkin fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette, jammed it into his mouth, but did not light it. After a moment he said slowly:

"I think, Mr. Willowby, that this might be a good time for that drink you mentioned."

"Sorry, old man. I was almost forgetting." Willowby took a bottle from under the berth. "This is Chilean brandy," he said. "Very decent stuff, really. Better than you'll get on board. Their French cognac's made in Osaka. Never touch it. I shouldn't be having any of this, as a matter of fact. Bad for my neuralgia."

"Suffer from neuralgia, Mr. Willowby?"

"Awfully," said Willowby. "And the sea air's bad for it. Humid. Can't sleep nights, sometimes. However"—he raised his glass—"I can always take my medicine tomorrow. Old Doctor Bioki has a very decent remedy. A few drops of aconitine in a little water."

"This is better medicine," Larkin said, sniffing the brandy. "Down the hatch."

"Cheer-o!" said Willowby.

Larkin touched the glass to his lips. "Mellow, tonic and carminative," he said. He nodded toward a photograph stuck into the frame of the mirror above the washbasin. It was a picture of a blond young woman and a small, curly-headed child. "That your wife and offspring, Mr. Willowby?" he asked.

"Yes," said Willowby. "Handsome pair, aren't they?"

"Leave them behind in Valparaiso?"

"Oh, no. I've left Valparaiso for good. I sent Mrs. W. and the baby home to England for a visit, because we're going to be in the East for the next fifteen years, and I shan't be having leave for five. They're joining me in Manchuria. Or Manchukuo, if you'd rather."

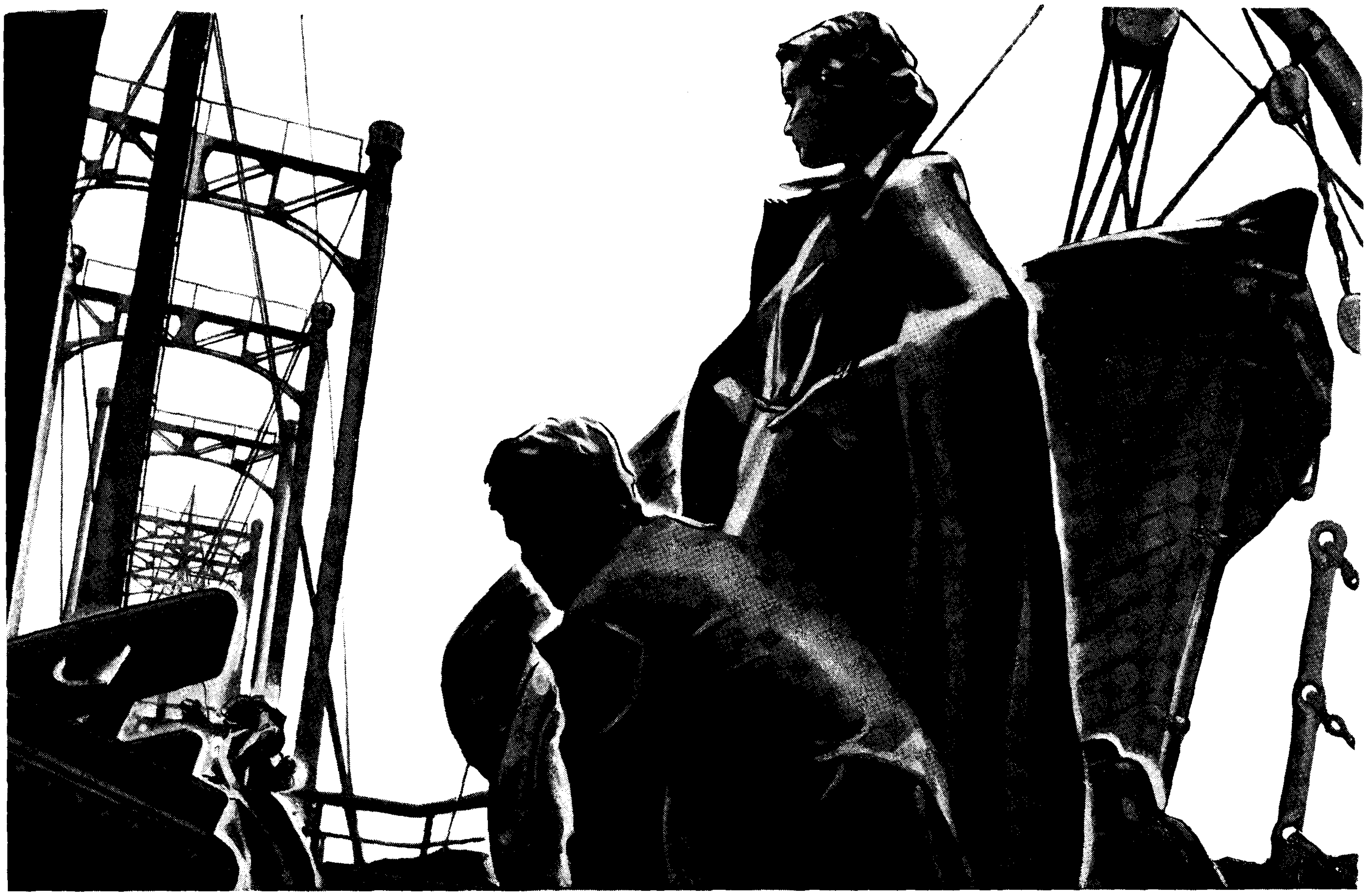
"I'm not particular," said Larkin. "You're bound for Mukden?"

"Hsinking. Or Changchun, if you'd rather. Advisory chemist to the Manchukuo War Ministry. Ruddy good contract, matter of fact. Bags of money. Sets me up for life."

"You were a chemist in Valparaiso?"

"Five years. Chilean Naval Arsenal. Not bad, but nothing like the new contract."

"Well, here's to Mrs. Willowby," said Larkin, draining his brandy.



Suddenly he backed away, crouched down by the stern of the lifeboat. Someone was approaching

"Thank you. And shall we drink to Mrs. Larkin?"

"Let's," said Larkin, extending his glass. "Wherever she may be."

Willowby set down the bottle. A grieved look pulled down the outer corners of his eyes. He said gravely: "I say, old man—I'm sorry."

"What are you sorry about?" asked Larkin. "Is the bottle empty?"

"No. Your . . . your wife. You speak as though she'd run off somewhere."

"I've never had a wife," said Larkin. "Not of my own. I'm toasting the future."

"Oh." Willowby picked up the bottle again. He said, "I notice you're quite friendly with that pretty dark-haired woman aboard. I think you should be warned. You know who she is, of course?"

"Dorothy Bonner?"

Willowby nodded. He took a folded newspaper from beneath a stack of books at the foot of the berth, handed it to Larkin.

"Recognize the photograph?" he asked.

LARKIN glanced at the story under Dorothy Bonner's picture. It was a rehash of all the clippings he had read, plus a bewildered news editor's effort to reconcile reports from three wire services to the effect that the girl had been seen at the same hour by an airport employee at Armonk, New York; a gasoline station attendant at Floresville, Texas, and a hotel clerk in Seattle, Washington.

"Looks like her, all right," Larkin commented. "I'd never have taken her for a desperate character. What do you suppose we ought to do—form a Passengers' Protective Committee?"

Willowby did not smile. He appeared to be thinking as he fingered his mustache. "You're joking, of course," he said, after a moment.

"Am I?"

"You may speak freely to me, you know," Willowby said. "While it's true that I'm to be in the employ, indirectly, of the Japanese, my job hasn't begun yet. Besides, I'm a great believer in the solidarity of race, particularly the Anglo-Saxon race. I believe the peace of the world depends upon Britain and America standing together."

"I doubt if Miss Bonner is a serious menace to the peace of the world," Larkin said.

"Don't you think she might be trying to worm herself into your confidence?"

"What for?" Larkin asked.

Willowby smiled knowingly. "Aren't you a detective?" he asked.

"No," Larkin laughed.

"That's odd," Willowby frowned. "Mr. Shima said there was a detective aboard."

"Who's Mr. Shima?"

"The distinguished-looking Japanese gentleman from Callao!"

"He's mistaken," said Larkin. "But this Chilean brandy is no mistake. It's delightfully warming. Shall we drink to Dorothy Bonner?"

Willowby gave a brief, genteel laugh.

"You're a sly fox," he said.

"And after that we'll drink to the Chilean Navy, the Peruvian Navy and the Manchurian War Ministry. *Salud y pesetas*, Mr. Willowby."

"You speak Spanish?"

"That's for Chile and Peru. Now what would one say in toasting Manchuria? Would it be *Banzai?*"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Willowby uneasily.

"It's high time we found out," said Larkin, reaching behind him to push the bell.

The white-coated steward knocked almost instantly—so quickly, in fact, that when he unlocked the door Larkin stared at him suspiciously, and said:

"Steward, we've been having a slight linguistic argument. What's the appropriate Japanese phrase to accompany the raising of a brimming goblet—thus? To drink a toast, in other words."

The steward understood the gesture. He said: "Japanese say '*Kampai!*' Means 'D'ry gurassu.'"

"Dry glass. Very expressive. Bottoms up, in other words. Well, *kampai*, Mr. Willowby."

"*Kampai*," said Willowby. The outer corners of his eyes drooped another fraction of an inch as he watched Larkin over the rim of his glass. Suddenly the color left his face. His eyes widened.

Larkin turned his head to follow Willowby's startled gaze, saw only his own reflection in the closed porthole.

"A twinge of neuralgia?" Larkin asked Willowby.

"Not precisely." Willowby was doing his best to compose his features into a smile. It turned out to be a forced, worried smile. "Imagination," he said. "Brandy, too, I fancy. But it gave me quite a start for a moment. I thought I saw Mrs. Greeve's stowaway looking in at the porthole. Silly of me. . . ."

"Did he look like Miss Bonner?" Larkin leaned forward eagerly.

"Naturally, he would, after that conversation at the dinner table. And after my just seeing Miss Bonner's photograph. Queer, the tricks a man's imagination can play. . . ."

Larkin put down his glass, stood up. "I think I'll see the skipper about this," he announced.

"I say, hadn't you better wait? Suppose this chap *is* a homicidal maniac, and is lurking outside somewhere?"

"I thought it was the brandy," said Larkin.

"Yes, of course." Willowby laughed sheepishly.

Larkin opened the door. "Thanks for the brandy," he said, "and thanks for the tip on the radio."

LARKIN went out on deck. The night was dark and starless. A stiff wind was blowing from the southwest, piling up seas on the port bow. Larkin lowered his head, plodded forward toward the part of the deck where he had last seen the man who looked like Dorothy Bonner. When he had taken a dozen steps he raised his head—and saw the man again.

The beam of the ship separated them, yet Larkin could see the man's face quite plainly. He appeared to be leaning out from behind the bow of a lifeboat. He was hatless. The eerie, green glow from the starboard running light streamed down full upon his features—Dorothy Bonner's features! The green light upon his face reminded Larkin unpleasantly of the face of a dead man he had once seen; a corpse dragged from the Seine on the fifteenth day.

But this man was no corpse. His lips were moving, as though he was talking to someone cut off from Larkin's view by a corner of the superstructure. Or to someone listening through an open porthole. His words were inaudible to Larkin, who, listening intently, heard nothing but the

(Continued on page 65)

Vinegar Bill, the Ivory Scout

By Kyle Crichton

They weep with delight when he gives them a smile and tremble with fear at his frown: The baseball scout

VALENTINO SARRA

ACME

THE old idea of a baseball scout was a sinister-looking gentleman with a handle-bars mustache who lurked in the rear of grandstands or hid behind the scoreboard and had the instincts of a ghoul. In brief, he was a body-snatcher. He lay in wait for young men who could knock the boards off the right-field fence and kidnaped these geniuses from under the eyes of other infamous figures.

Baseball has evolved from that into big business. This article is primarily about Bill Essick, the scout for the New York Yankees, but Bill will be the first to tell you that the chain system of baseball has taken most of the kick out of scouting. A good scout still has to find players, but he discovers them now when they are just emerging from the cradle. When a player gets with a chain such as the St. Louis Cardinals or the New York Giants or New York Yankees, he either rides straight up to the top or he eventually rides out into the alley. The days are gone when a class AA player (American Association or Pacific Coast League) was worth his weight in gold and the bidding went into the hundreds of thousands.

Just to get Mr. Essick fitted into this picture, we may tell you that he started at Knox College, Illinois, as a pitcher in 1903. He was studying to be a pianist and the records show that he played at commencement (meaning he was good) but he gave it up to go with Salt Lake in 1904. After that he was with Portland. On one of the team's trips, he was shaken out of his bed in the Russ Hotel in San Francisco by a quake that lasted twenty-eight seconds. That was the beginning of the San Francisco Fire. From Portland he was sold to Cincinnati along with Larry McLean, the catcher, and was there for years. Later he became a manager and ended up with Vernon in the Pacific Coast League. Then he went to work for the New York Yanks as scout.

On the Yankee team that blasted the Giants out of the World Series last year Bill was responsible for Gomez, Hoag, Di Maggio and Crosetti, and there was a heartache in every one for him. He talked Ed Barrow into giving San Francisco $50,000 for Frankie Crosetti, who for years looked like the *third* best shortstop on the Yanks. There was a great battle going on for the position between Bill Werber, Red Rolfe and Crosetti and it took two years before Frankie landed it permanently. During that period Mr. Essick had the pleasure of crossing his fingers and hoping that he hadn't made another bloomer.

For even the best of the boys make mistakes. The Giants, for example, possess the unenviable distinction of having turned down Joe Di Maggio. When Di Maggio first began to flash in the Coast League, the scouts were all after him and the price soared. Charles Graham of the San Francisco Seals, who has probably sold $1,000,000 worth of talent to the big leagues, knew he had a great prospect and was accustomed to getting big money. The bidding had just begun in a large manner when Joe went lame. Something had happened to his knee and there were many old baseball men who felt he would never play again. He made a few attempts to get back into the game but his leg seemed to get worse, and even rest on the bench didn't help. Everybody gave up on him but Vinegar Bill Essick.

"Give me an option on Di Maggio for $25,000 and let me see what I can do with him," said Mr. Essick.

That Di Maggio Business

That leg injury was one of the most fortunate things that ever happened to the Yankees, for Joe was worth $100,000 before the accident and would have brought that easily. Essick took Joe down to Dr. Spencer in Los Angeles, who found that he had adhesions from two Charley horses. He broke the adhesions in four treatments, sent a bill for $25 and Di Maggio was off on his great career.

In reality it was an even better bargain for the Yanks because there was a clause in the sales contract whereby the Yankees didn't have to pay for Joe if the leg turned bad again. To make sure it was all right Di Maggio stayed an extra year with San Francisco before reporting to New York. That year caused Essick a few gray hairs because Joe refused to report unless he got big-league money, even though playing on the West Coast. The Seals wouldn't give it, Joe declined to show up and the season was ready to start. Essick pleaded with Joe's brother, who was handling affairs. If Joe didn't start training soon, he wouldn't be in shape.

"Joe," said Joe's brother, "is always in shape. He can hit anything."

But for the first month of the season after he reported, Joe didn't hit at all. He was down around .210 and the hammers were out

(*Continued on page* 34)

Left: Bill Essick, New York Yankee scout (above), and Joe Gordon, one of his more recent finds. With Gordon is Yankee Manager Joe McCarthy

WIDE WORLD

Hank Greenberg, overlooked by New York scouts

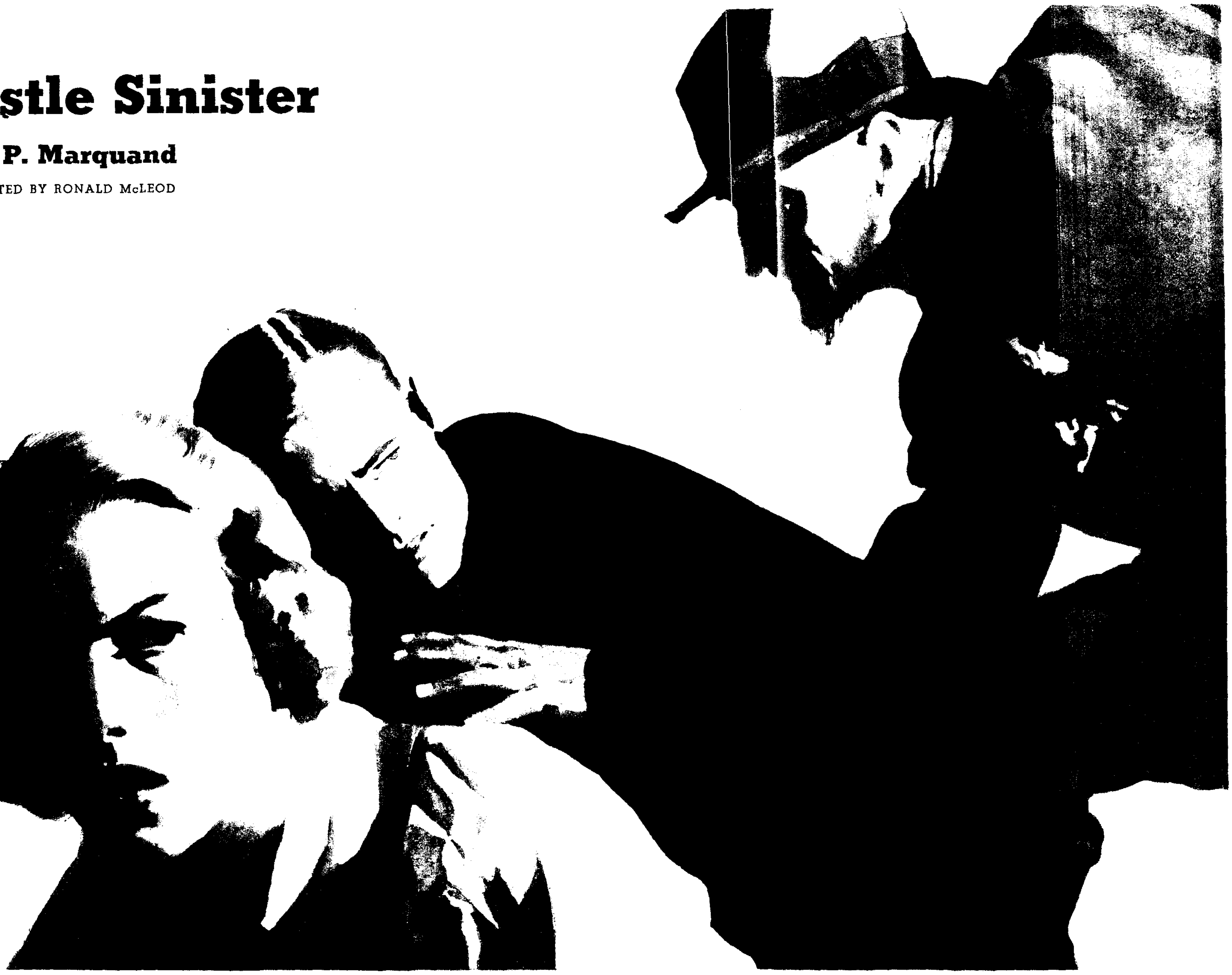
INTERNATIONAL

Tony Lazzeri (left), whose place will be filled by Joe Gordon, and Lefty Gomez, an Essick discovery

Castle Sinister

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



A quick slap of his left hand sent John Thorne falling sideways. "Get down," he whispered. "Get that dame down"

The Story Thus Far:

AT a Long Island horse show, John Thorne (whose knowledge of early Americana enables him to make a precarious living) sees a girl fall while taking a jump. He runs to her, asks her if she is hurt. She smiles, thanks him, remounts her horse and rides away. Her name, Thorne learns, is Doris Brooke.

Promised a permanent job, with a salary, if he will find an authentic Federalist dining room for the wealthy Godfrey Brindox's museum in New York, Thorne goes to the village of Southdown, on Cape Cod. Taking a room in an old inn, he makes arrangements for inspecting a curious old Federalist house—Lord Robert Budge's so-called "palace," built in the 1790's and still standing on lonely Smith Island. A fellow guest at the inn, a "Mr. Jacks" (who carries a pistol and goes on long nocturnal excursions alone), warns him to stay away from the island "for at least two days." Puzzled by the warning, Thorne does not alter his plans—he goes to Smith Island, finds the house, knocks.

A girl—Doris Brooke!—comes to the door. Seemingly terrified, she implores Thorne to go away. While Thorne is explaining his mission, a car roars up and a number of flashily dressed toughs leap out. Their leader, one Tom Gaffney, points a pistol at Thorne and forces him into the house. Shots, outside, interrupt their talk. A few minutes later, Thorne learns that one of the gang, "Dutchy" Ziegler, has been killed. . . . Alone with Doris Brooke (to whom Gaffney has given a pistol, with instructions to hold Thorne in the house), Thorne tells her something of the eccentric old Lord Robert Budge's history. Doris leaves for a moment.

While he is waiting, a man steps into the room: Mr. Jacks! "I'm from the Department of Justice," he announces. "Don't talk. Do as I say." He hands Thorne an envelope. "Here's a number—go back to Southdown and call it. Tell them you're speaking for No. 5. Tell them to send a plane. Tell them I'm onto Bugs Tonelli."

Gaffney comes in. Jacks produces an automatic, arrests him. As he does so, the girl slips out of the house. Thorne pursues her, through a heavy fog, catches her. She tells him that she knows nothing of Gaffney's machinations. She says that, acting for Gaffney (whom she had met at a speakeasy, and who had once done her a great favor), she had purchased the house and moved into it, "merely as a favor to Tom."

Doris Brooke is a lovely person—at least so Thorne thinks. She recalls their first meeting, at the horse show. As they walk through the fog, Thorne looks at her. "Mr. Brindox offered me a job if I would get him a Federalist dining room. . . . I don't know that I want that job."

V

WHY?" Doris asked.

"Because I've met you," John Thorne said. "It won't work, now I've met you."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because you've made it complicated," he said. "I'd rather take a chance with you than be sure with anybody else. Do you like early American furniture? Do you like old cupboards and pressed glass?"

"No," she said, "I don't."

"Do you like American crudes? It's a technical name for old cobblers' benches and milking stools and oxbows, all the things that used to be in the kitchen and the woodshed and the stable."

"No," she said, "I hate them."

John Thorne nodded gloomily.

"I was afraid you would," he said. "I make a living out of them. I fix them up so that they furnish apartments."

"Do you do dreadful things like that?" she asked. "Can't you think of anything better?"

"I knew it," John Thorne sighed. "I knew it. I was sure there'd be trouble, just as soon as ever we get off that island; and now I can't take the job that Mr. Brindox was going to give me. The world is stepping in."

"Why can't you?" she asked. "I don't see what you mean."

"Purely personal reasons," John Thorne said. "Well, never mind. Do you like Chippendale?"

"Yes," she answered, "English Chippendale."

"Do you really?" John Thorne said. "Well, that might be something."

"I don't understand you," she said impatiently. "I don't understand you at all. How can you talk about American crudes and Chippendales when a man was murdered right outside the house and Tom Gaffney's been arrested? Haven't you got any imagination? Haven't you got any sense of values? You act as though we were walking in the park. What under the sun makes you talk about Chippendales?"

"You asked me what I was thinking about, didn't you?" John Thorne said. "It might pay me to worry about Chippendales. I told you to forget about Mr. Gaffney just as quickly as you could."

"Well, you don't help me to," she said. "If you want to know the truth, I've never liked antique furniture or people who collected it. They're useless and parasitical. I've never liked old houses either."

"Don't," said John Thorne. "You don't know how you are hurting me."

"Don't be ridiculous," Miss Brooke snapped. "Is that your car?"

They were off the causeway and on the piece of upland and his roadster was standing just where he had left it.

"Suit yourself," John Thorne said. "That car was bought with American crudes." He opened the door and bowed. "Get in," he said. He took the key to the ignition from his pocket and got in beside her. "You're going to hear a lot about antiques where we're going," he said cheerfully. "Mr. and Mrs. Guffey who keep the Southdown Tavern are just crazy about antiques, and they love quaint old houses too. Mrs. Guffey wrote a piece about your home on the island. 'Rearing itself up against the ever-changing hues of the salt marsh, lies Smith Island, a veritable treasure-trove of memory, now embalmed in song and story.' "

He was turning the lock of the ignition when she gripped his arm.

"John," she whispered, "there's a man looking at us. There's a man by that old stone wall."

John Thorne saw him just as she finished speaking. There was a tumble-down stone wall that marked the lane where the car was standing, and a man was stepping over it, a black bedraggled figure in a dripping wet slouch hat. As he was climbing over the wall, John Thorne saw a second figure, shorter and stockier, standing in front of the car a

(Continued on page 38)

Yellow Jasmine

By Sidney Herschel Small

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWIS

Smithson was mild. Haskins was a go-getter. It took a Chinese war lord to make Persis understand both

THE pure lovely aquamarine of the sea was turning muddy brown, like chocolate sauce with cinnamon in it, Persis McIntyre thought.

Two men stood with her at the rail; both, like Persis, were dressed for shore. Shanghai was somewhere behind the land haze. Bill Smithson, lounging against the rail, had said so, and he'd crossed many times. He had been on the steamer since it had sailed from San Francisco; Persis had only met the other man, Jerry Haskins, when he had boarded the boat at Yokohama. But it was the latter who had his hand on Persis' sleeve, who looked at her and not over the water.

Persis, cheeks bright, knew that she was seeing the spreading flood that had swept down through China's chasms and across China's plains, past Shanghai, and out to soil the ocean. Shanghai. She'd have a few days there, and then she'd go on to staid Hong Kong and wild Macao; Saigon; Batavia, where a book said the Javanese used coconut and tamarind as flavoring; Singapore; Calcutta, with its stuffed pink quinces and perfect Darjeeling tea.

"Around the World in Eighty Meals" was the name of Persis' column.

The chances to write it, to go on this trip, had happened the way things took place in a newspaper office. Without warning. Instantly. The publisher had discovered that the salad he'd eaten, and criticized, had come from his own sheet's pages. The salad had been a concoction of prunes stuffed with Camembert and rolled in peanut butter, chopped raw cranberries, carrots and cabbage shredded together and mixed with honey-sweetened whipped cream, and a blushing gob of shrimp mayonnaise over all. The excuse offered the boss was that it was becoming increasingly difficult to invent new recipes, while the public insisted on something different.

Borneo salad. Why, the publisher growled, not even a native would eat such slop. Probably nobody in Borneo knew what a cranberry was, nor ate salad, which meant the Enterprise-Gazette was guilty of faking stories. The boss, retorting to a mild protest, admitted that the household page did need pepping up, and he'd come to that in a minute. Even so, recipes had to produce something eatable.

They should be original and delicious. Take a steak; had the paper ever told how steak could be served with black Brazilian beans? Never. Nor how trout were cooked in Finland? French chestnut soup with croutons? No. Had anyone thought to tell housewives just how the English could make a caper sauce so that boiled leg of mutton was fit to eat? Or the reason Russians added sour cream to baked potato? What a Genoese could do with tomato, anchovies, and a bit of garlic?

"Eating your way around the world," Persis had whispered. She'd been standing at the desk, waiting for the city editor to explain the angle he wanted on a story. She had whispered, but the publisher must have heard.

He stared at her. If Persis' knees trembled, she stood very straight, trying to appear taller. As everyone on the sheet knew, little McIntyre was never so pretty as when her chin was in the air. Her eyes were smoky gray like printer's ink on copy paper, her mouth like a slash from the city editor's red pencil. Even her hat looked defiant. If she were to be fired, and discharge in the city room could occur for less reason, she'd take it standing up.

Instead, the publisher chuckled, "You!" and Persis had followed him into his office. Persis, head whirling, listened to praise for the way she alone had grasped the innovation, listened next to instructions, warnings, to telephoned orders about transportation and expenses. When she left the office, she was Persis McIntyre, Exclusive to the Enterprise-Gazette, Copyright, and maybe her column would be syndicated. And that was the way things happened on a newspaper.

She didn't really need her city editor's advice to be ready to return when she reached Honolulu, since she realized she might be recalled as suddenly as she'd been given the assignment. But she was going to make good on it. If she were called back, it wouldn't be for failure to carry out the idea.

The first day out, a storm bore down out of Alaska, and only one other person had been at Persis' table. William Smithson. They'd become friends almost at once, although she'd sensed a reticence. The following day, after Persis had admitted defeat after trying to obtain the recipe for a green sauce involving chopped parsley, cooked peas and asparagus tips, he had volunteered to go with her to the Chinese chef. Just how he'd been given what the Asiatic refused her Persis didn't know; but there had been a lengthy conversation, and much laughing.

Smithson had been with her at Honolulu, where she'd learned some of the delicious things that could be done with pineapple. Yokohama had produced a way to cook mushrooms, noodles and chicken that was entirely new.

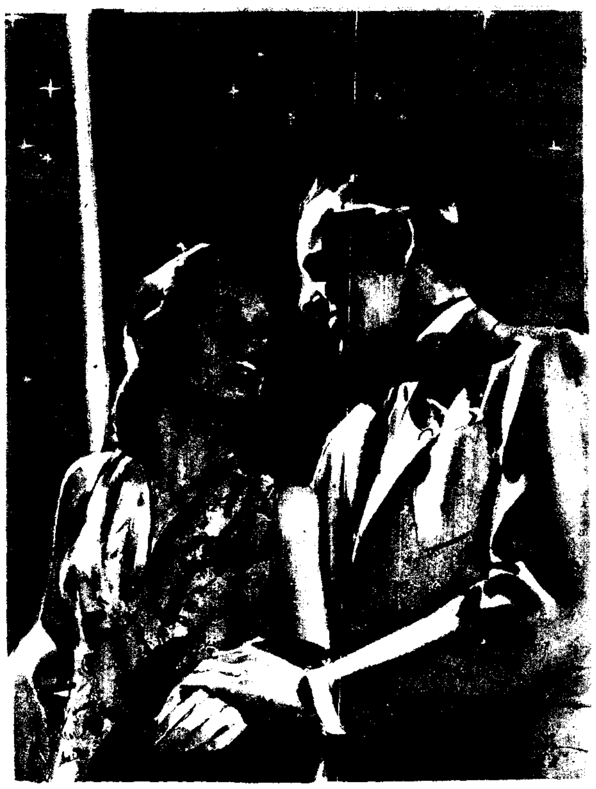
All they had talked about, really, had been food, or places to see, or commonplaces. Even moonlight on deck hadn't seemed to make any difference to the tall man. Unless you counted his hand over her own while stretched out in deck chairs.

NOW, completely aware of Haskins' fingers on her arm, Persis said, "I've got to find out how to make real chow mein in Shanghai."

"Why not *hong man ho si?*" Smithson asked. "Oysters and mushrooms."

Jerry Haskins laughed. "At some grubby Chink joint? The thing to do is to go up to the best hotel. Have the manager dig up what you want. We'll have dinner there, shall we? And look about afterward."

Persis glanced at Bill Smithson. After all, she'd been depending on him. What was he going to say? Had all this been fun for him, or didn't he give a darn if she trotted off with this new man?



Last night on deck had been silly. The perfume had done it. Made Haskins bold. It had proven more intoxicating than wine

"There are some good little places," was what he said. "I'll write down names for you." Then, perfectly calmly, he added, "Wish I could stay on a day in Shanghai. But I can't. I'm off to the interior as soon as we land." He looked up from the bowl of his pipe. "It's been fun, hasn't it?"

Persis said, "Yes." As Haskins' fingers tightened, she flushed hotly. It reminded her, was intended to remind her, of the previous night. She had gone on deck with Jerry after the dancing that followed the captain's dinner and there had been all the moonlight in the world, a bubbling silver wake, and the intoxication of strange foreign perfume.

She blamed Smithson really for the way she had lost her head, ceased to be a wise newspaper gal. First, Bill might have argued when Haskins had taken her off; second, Smithson shouldn't have given her the present before the captain's dinner.

A tiny bottle of perfume, it had been, pale yellow and seductive; and it, she believed, had been responsible for her lapse. Oh, last night on deck had been silly. The perfume had done it. Made Haskins bold. Done things to her. It had proven more intoxicating than wine. It made you think of peacocks at a well on a white-hot night, and flowers you'd never seen, and dancing girls; it almost made you wish that you were one, trying to bring happiness to a man.

Persis said, "What was that perfume, Bill, in case I want to get some more?"

"Jasmine," Smithson said. "You won't be able to buy it for some time. The variety of blossom used isn't too easy to obtain. Once it's really on the market, there'll be a hundred synthetic imitations. I think it's to be called Yellojazz. I'm glad you like it."

"Was that the stuff you had on last night?" Haskins asked. Before Persis could reply, he said, "You in the perfume business?" to the other man.

Smithson said, "Chemical Industries."

That, actually, was about as much as Persis herself had learned about him.

But Haskins was smiling. "Well, sir," he said, "I can see now why you're so interested in food. It didn't make sense before. I mean when Persis told me how you were up on food and fancy eating. When a man's mixed up in business which makes all of its appeal to women, he can't help getting the feminine viewpoint." He smiled more broadly. "Matter of fact, old man, we're in the same line, although at opposite ends of it. I'm with Consolidated Chemicals."

SMITHSON said without rancor, "You Consolidated people get them coming and going, don't you? Gases and gas masks."

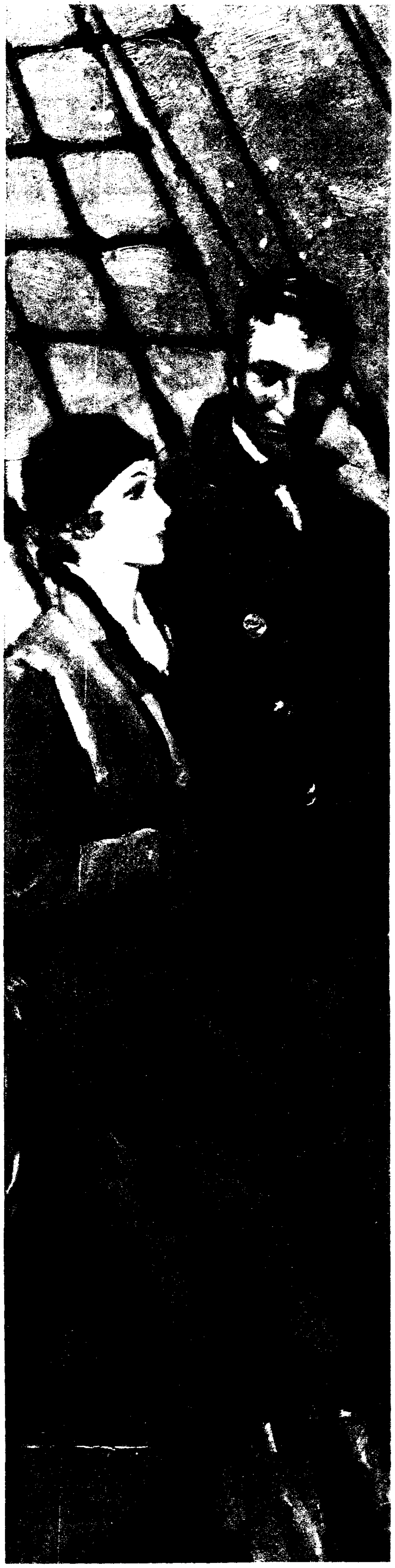
"We play fair. If we sell one type of gas to one side, we sell the proper masks to the other. That's more than some of our foreign competition can say."

Persis looked from one man to the other. They were both big, equally well-dressed. Now she was learning that fundamentally both were in the same business. Had they been reporters, she decided, Bill Smithson would ask for a story, and, failing to be told, would depart; Jerry Haskins would never allow himself to go away without one, although he might antagonize everyone connected with it. He was a go-getter. He might get into trouble, lose his job, never achieve the desk; but he'd get what he went after.

Last night had been proof of that. Laughter hadn't stopped his kisses, and Persis had warmed under them. He was . . . well, he was terribly masculine.

She could see how one man could sell munitions to officials and generals, and (Continued on page 61)

The general did not appear mellow. He stared at Persis, filled a bowl full of stolen Scotch and held it out to her



"Oh, Beth," he said, "is it really as bad as that?"

GREAT MUSIC

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

Wind-ship sailors always think they hear great music when the big gales blow. The story of Captain John Yancey and a girl named Bethel, who learned to hear it too

THE log of that voyage is in my possession: I think it is right that it should be. My father owned the ship and founded the Frunnel Line for the Western Ocean trade; and we had dinner in Captain Jack Yancey's cabin the night before she sailed from Atlantic Basin for Liverpool. And I heard the brass-throated men in an outward-bounder chanting, "Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter," as they mast-headed the yards in darkness. It is something to remember, that singing coming bell-like across the Buttermilk Channel on a clear and frosty night. Men no longer sing that way at their work these days. I often wonder why.

As I turn the leaves of that log now, the entries are simple and quiet. They seem most unnoteworthy. No one but a seaman or a seaman's wife would hesitate over them and properly interpret their meaning. *Ship Bethel*, the headings read in a stenciled hand. *Liverpool toward New York. January, 1901.* The pages rustle idly, and odd entries stand out—to someone who knows—as though they had been written in red ink. Yet they do seem so peaceful on the water-spotted leaves. *4 A.M. Heavy northwesterly gale still blows. Hurricane force with squalls of hail. Gear unhandy for ice. Dangerous sea. The ship will not wear.* And then an afterthought from the mind of a methodical man: *Require new swinging lamp for cabin.* Farther along there is this: *Ship beam-ended and taking breaking water clear across. She lies poorly. I fear for my spars.*

John Yancey required a new lamp for his cabin, and he feared for his spars. I can smile at that now. I can smile because I know the story of that passage down to its very end. And I have given a good part of my life toward understanding just what its obscure meaning was. Why shouldn't I? My name, too, is Bethel. I was named after that ship, though I didn't take pride in it at all till much later. For years I thought it an awful name to give a pretty girl. I used cleverly to say it was just Beth—and hope that in that way people would think it a cute shortening for Elizabeth, and not any such crazy name as Bethel to have every boy poking fun at. And I used to think a woman must be a good deal daft to go marry a seafaring man the way my mother did, and be reading Lloyd's reports and the weather charts to the children for most of her lonely life. That was something I knew *I* should never do. Father agreed with me thoroughly and said so quite often—and he took me that day in the horse-cars to West Street where his shipmaster was going to sign a crew for a Western Ocean voyage in the middle of wintertime.

IT WAS a strangely exciting place, that shipping office. It smelled stirringly of tar and hemp and wet manila rope and wax and men. From beyond the closed partition door came a strong, steady murmuring of deep masculine voices, and behind the little grilles, even in the forenoon, the Welsbach mantle lamps burned with a continuous hissing. You knew you were close to the sea in there: its rumor was strong. You could hear the sharp cry of North River tugs, the deep blare of an Old Country immigrant liner nosing up-channel to dockage, and now and again the haunting wail of a sailing ship's horn, fearful of the morning mist.

John Yancey came in presently, bringing with him—the way he always did—a stinging gust of outer air, colder and cleaner than anything you had ever managed to find for yourself out there. He never wore an overcoat: just a long-cut black jacket over a plain waistcoat buttoned high beneath his flowing, shore-going tie, with his bowler hat set jauntily over one ear. He took that off when he saw us, and the pipe from between his teeth. His warm brown eyes lit up.

"Well, Beth!" he said to me, with one big hand just touching my arm. "How fine of you to come along and have a look at me. Lord, you're lovely, Beth!"

"Father brought me." I think I smiled stiffly. His voice troubled me: it always did, it was so low and rich. There was that exciting odor of tobacco on him that active men bring with them in from the cold, and the hungering in his eyes made me tingle. I was very much frightened of it, though, and I protected myself by that frigid air of dislike. Father grinned.

"I'm taking Beth abroad soon for a few weeks, John," he said quietly. "We've some buying to do uptown, and then we'll cross over and take supper with you on board the ship tonight."

"Oh, but that'll be fine!"

THEY went on talking about professional things, and I eyed John Yancey with careful curiosity. He stirred me so, and I resented it. Besides all that, he made me seem so small alongside his large, solid height, and milky pale against the stained teakwood look of his boyish face. When he laughed it was as if some secret joy had just bubbled up out of a quiet place of great serenity inside himself. Oh, he had confidence, all right, and skill and knowledge of his craft. And something more: the pride to honor it. You could see that in the quick alertness of his eyes and the solid stance of his feet.

A door opened abruptly. "Bethel!" someone cried out in a rasping voice. It spun me around, angry. Who had learned my name and was crying it mockingly around that way for a jest? Wasn't it bad enough to have such a crazy name without everyone's finding it out for sport? "Bethel!" the voice cried with flat authority again. "Ship Bethel signs. Step along lively here, all you Bethel men!"

I subsided, very much relieved. A crowd of rough men, talking and gesticulating among themselves, came trooping in with their caps in their hands, stomping the floor with their heavy boots. Someone started droning off the ship's articles in a mumble no one paid any heed to at all. And John Yancey looked them over, walking among them carelessly.

"Hello, Higgins. Take an upper bunk this time and mayhap you won't get drowned. Hey?"

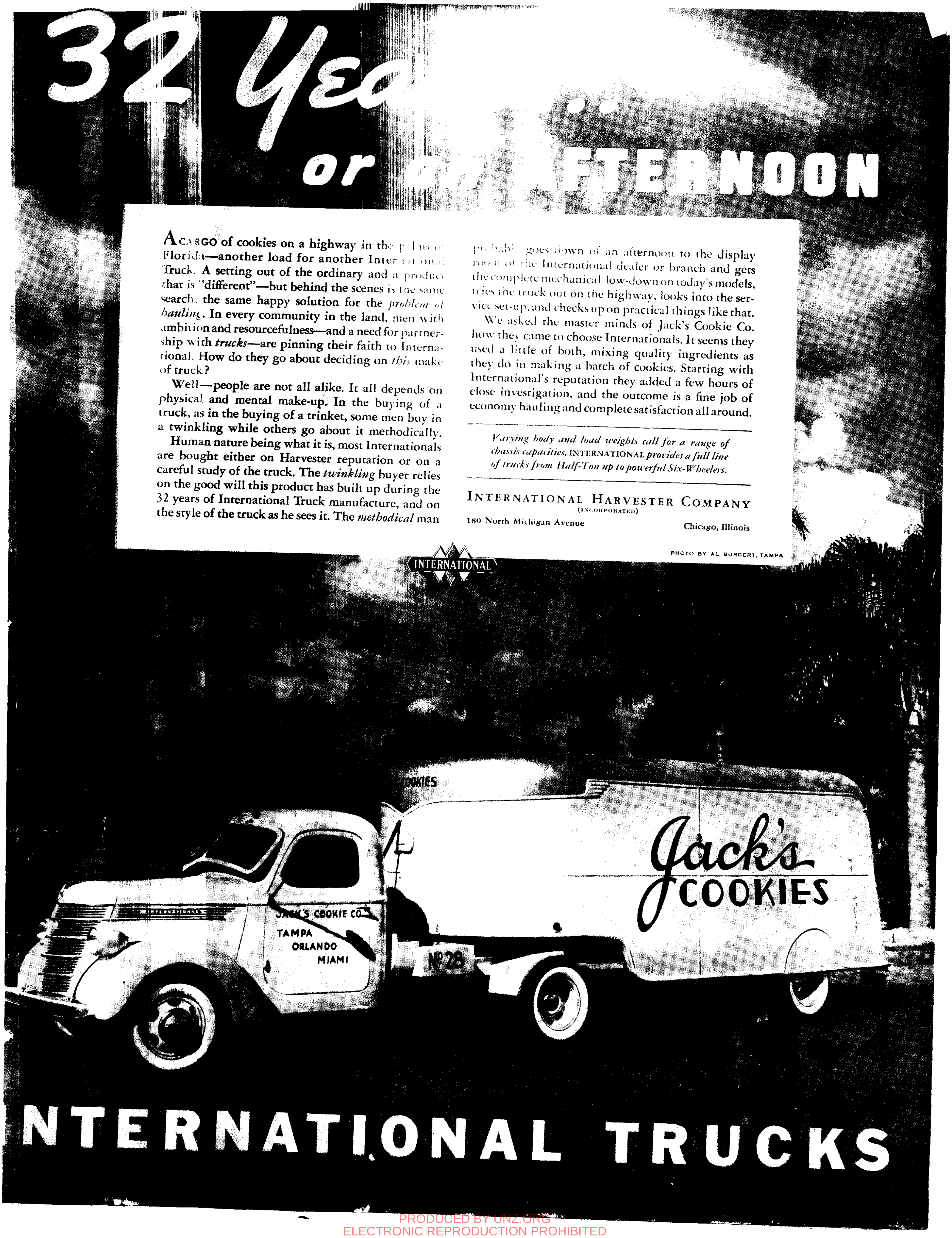
"Good idea, Captain Yancey." The fellow grinned appreciatively at some remembered incident. "Just so I get aboard in time to pick."

"See you do. And sober. She lies at India Wharf in Brooklyn. Atlantic Basin. . . . Bosun!" he greeted another lustily, seizing a huge brother of the craft by the shoulders. "Glad to have you in the ship again. So I am!"

"Aye, sir. T'ank you, sir."

Captain Yancey moved on. "Sorry, lad," he told a gangling youngster of fifteen or sixteen. "Try another time. Can't take no nippers this time of year. Sorry."

The youngster dropped his eyes and shuffled out, dejected. Another took his place. But resentment burned in me. Why, the gall of him, I thought: call-



A CARGO of cookies on a highway in the palms of Florida—another load for another International Truck. A setting out of the ordinary and a product that is "different"—but behind the scenes is the same search, the same happy solution for the *problem of hauling*. In every community in the land, men with ambition and resourcefulness—and a need for partnership with *trucks*—are pinning their faith to International. How do they go about deciding on *this* make of truck?

Well—people are not all alike. It all depends on physical and mental make-up. In the buying of a truck, as in the buying of a trinket, some men buy in a twinkling while others go about it methodically.

Human nature being what it is, most Internationals are bought either on Harvester reputation or on a careful study of the truck. The *twinkling* buyer relies on the good will this product has built up during the 32 years of International Truck manufacture, and on the style of the truck as he sees it. The *methodical* man probably goes down of an afternoon to the display room of the International dealer or branch and gets the complete mechanical low-down on today's models, tries the truck out on the highway, looks into the service set-up, and checks upon practical things like that.

We asked the master minds of Jack's Cookie Co. how they came to choose Internationals. It seems they used a little of both, mixing quality ingredients as they do in making a batch of cookies. Starting with International's reputation they added a few hours of close investigation, and the outcome is a fine job of economy hauling and complete satisfaction all around.

Varying body and load weights call for a range of chassis capacities. INTERNATIONAL *provides a full line of trucks from Half-Ton up to powerful Six-Wheelers.*

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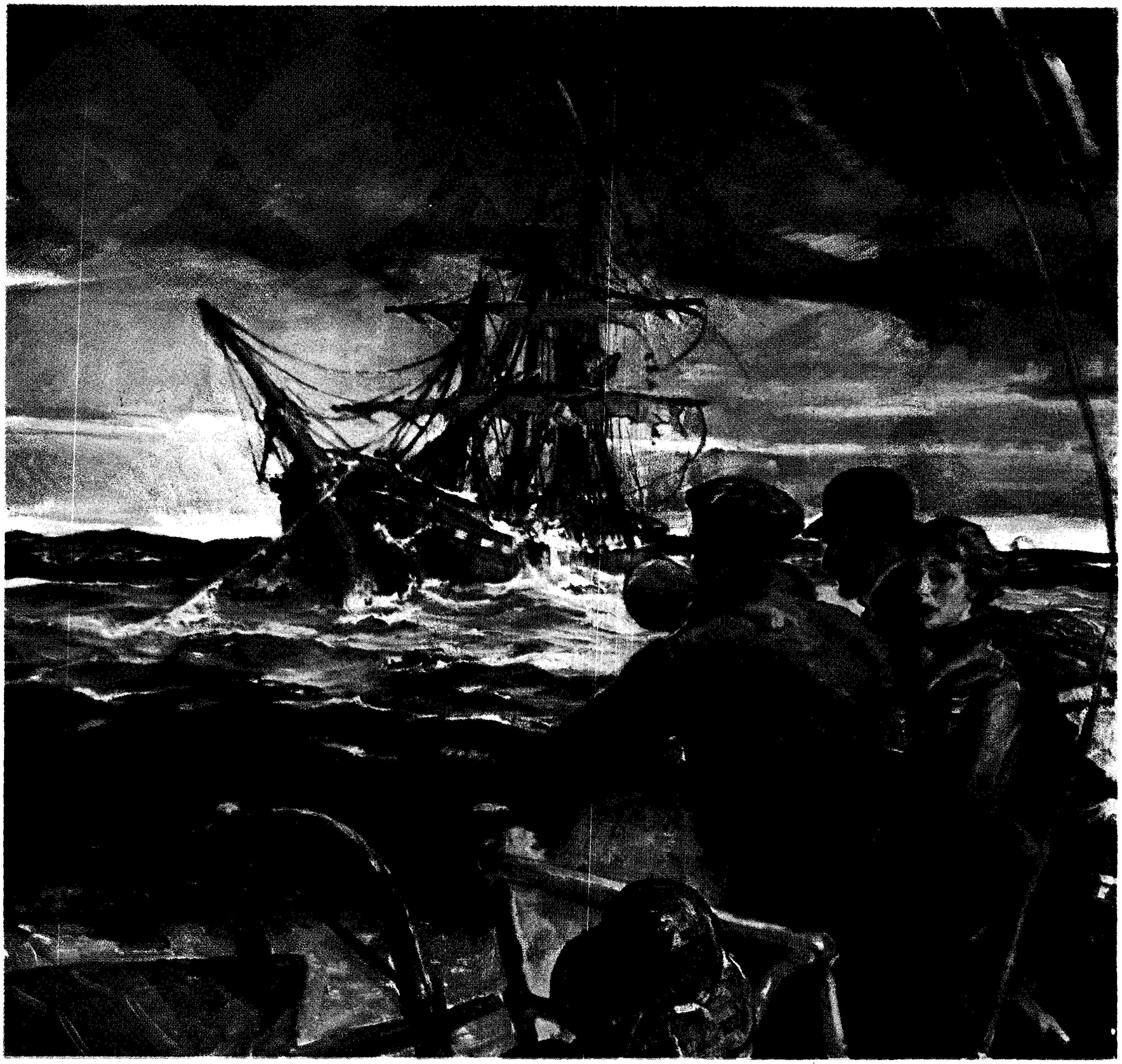

My fists went tight at my sides. And I felt a burning in my eyes. Father's head came up, startled. "But it's madness!" he exploded

ing that fellow a lad in that paternal way. He wasn't much more than eight years older himself. The quiet insolence of him! But I know better now. It wasn't insolence at all, but quiet and wise judgment by a man who understood the job he had to do, and knew a Western Ocean winter was no place for that boy's first voyage under sail.

That very night we dined on board, with John Yancey as our host. It was really comical to me, the respect he commanded once he put the deck beneath his feet. Because, you see, I was only a few years younger than he myself, and I never thought of him as anything but a boy I knew who had a very strange and distant way of life; who always spoke to me with stumbling hesitation and walked with a clumsy swing to clear the furniture of our Flatbush house. As though he could never really trust the solidity of our chairs, fearful that they might leap unexpectedly at him unless he took great care. But here at the Bethel's gangway head a man old enough to be his grandfather pulled his gray forelock, doing humble honor as the captain came aboard. And the steward bowed us into the cabin and waited on the master's command as though his very life or death depended on what Jack Yancey said. Well, it did in more ways than one, though I had no notion of it then. I thought it very funny, and I was going to say as much. But looking at him, I suddenly found I couldn't. Oddly enough, he didn't look like a boy in there at all, sternly good-humored at the head of his little table, with smiling eyes in a bronzed and weathered face. Sailors look so much older on their ships and so much younger on the land than common men.

It was a stirring place to eat. The ship surged ever so gently, and the lamp overhead, hung in its shining brass chains, swayed a little to that urging, sending faint shadows wisping across the polished teakwood panels.

"Well, John," my father was saying, "you'll be on your own in the Mersey." They spoke of things to which I payed little attention. "But if you can wrangle a lading of that Tallyrand grain, we would do all right, I'm sure. They'll be wanting it here next year. I think it'd fetch our price."

"Aye; I'll do what I can."

"Of course, John, it is all in your hands."

All in his hands! They left everything to him, it seemed: the fortunes of their trade, the safety of their lives, even the traditional honor and glory of their age-old craft. Yet it didn't appear to trouble him. He took it calmly enough, as though he were used to that, expected it. He would do what he could. And I wondered vaguely even then what was the fitting reward for a safekeeping like that. It isn't in the pay, that much alone I know.

When the brandy came I said I'd go on deck while they took their ease for a bit. I had heard the brace blocks' mournful groan up there, and I had to go discover what it was the wind was rumoring. John Yancey heard it, too, for I saw him raise his fine young head to it just as I was about to leave.

"Well, Captain Frunnel," he murmured quietly, "we shall no doubt hear great music homeward bound this time."

Great music? It brought me up short in the passageway, and I turned to have another look. What could a fellow mean by that? He was mad. All sailors must be a little mad, the idiom they spoke. What music could there possibly be for men out in the waste wilderness where the North Atlantic foamed? But Father

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wasn't a bit alarmed: he saw no sign of lunacy in the youthful commander of the ship Bethel because of what he said. On the contrary, he agreed. For I saw him nodding gravely, with his big gray head tilted toward the upper space of the cabin.

"Aye, John," he moodily concurred, "aye. You will hear it, all right. It's for the young, John, who are as wild and as exulting as it is itself."

I shrugged, a little scornful of such childish talk from full-grown men, drew my cape, and went aloft to the poop. The Bethel's deck was empty, except for a single man's joining the ship too early: a dark shape rolling forward with the hump of a sea bag on his back. And distantly, out across the Buttermilk Channel toward Governor's Island, a bark rode darkly. Presently I heard singing from over there, and I stopped at the taffrail, listening. It was deep-tongued, a mournful chant with crying overtones, and one deep bass wailing the solo in a mournful voice:

"Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Away, my rolling river!
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you.
Ah! Ah! We're bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri!"

It took hold of me, that sad crying in the night, setting up a tingling in my breast. Presently I saw white canvas gleam against the sky from each mastheading yard. I thought I was alone there, listening and trying to discover what it meant. But I wasn't. For I heard his heavy tread behind me soon, and then his low, stumbling voice, saying my name hungrily:

"Bethel."

I turned around, a little angry. "John Yancey, I've told you a dozen times not to call me that! I don't like it. Maybe you think it a fine name for your ship, but—"

"I do, Beth."

"Well, all right then." I think I curled my lip a little. "But I don't like being called after a lot of old timber and a bundle of sticks and ropes that smell of tar and sweaty men."

"I think it's a fine name for a girl, too, Beth." He was looking down on me from his large solid height with a wistful smile on his lips. "So I do."

"Do you?" I said acidly, wanting to go, but wanting also very much to hear that tone of his voice again.

"Aye, Beth," he murmured with a slow tenderness. "I should think it a fine name for you, no matter what." His voice had that rich quality, fumbling as it was: and his hands, I noticed again, looked so awkward and large hanging at his sides. And all the while that wailing song kept floating from across the bay as those men out there prepared for sea. "I have been wanting you for so very long. A fellow gets terribly lonely, Beth, and I do love you very much. I was thinking maybe—"

I LOOKED up sharply. "Well, I declare!" I snapped. Oh, I was cruel. Because I was young and afire, and because that burning hunger in his eyes excited me and I resented that with a fierce anger. "John Yancey, I don't know what ever gives you such ideas! Indeed, I don't. And besides all that, I've seen enough of seafaring marriages while Mother was alive. That's something I know very well that *I* shall never do. No, John Yancey, not till you're the very last man on earth!"

He smiled ruefully, and slowly shook his head. "Oh, Beth," he said, "is it really as bad as that?"

"Indeed it is! And worse."

He laughed at me, silently, and with that gay bubbling of his eyes. It made me angrier yet, and I turned away. Father was coming solemnly along the deck from the chartroom scuttle, his eyes aloft toward the upper yards, a glowing cheroot in his mouth. And we left that way, saying no more about it at all, with Captain Jack Yancey helping us down the gangway's tilt and into our waiting carriage.

"Give her an extra pull at the fore-brace, John, when you're piling your easting astern," my father said. "For me."

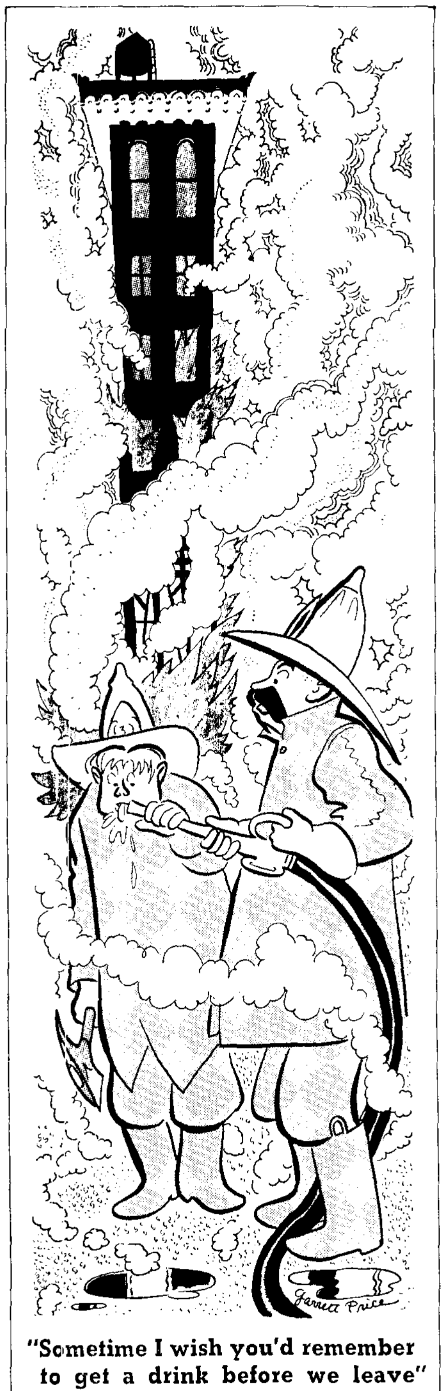
"Aye, sir." John Yancey smiled, tucking the robe about my feet. "I will that."

The horses started clumping up the frosted cobbles, striking sparks with their shoes. And we left the ship Bethel to her lonely way.

"What on earth did he mean, Father?" I murmured drowsily, feeling the sharp air on my cheek. "What ever could he mean, about hearing great music out where he is bound?"

Father looked at me oddly. "Oh, it's just a way we have of talking, Beth." He smiled gravely. "Wind-ship sailors always think they hear great music when the big gales blow. . . . We'll have a fine time in Europe, Beth. You and I. And it may be you shall hear some of it, too. Who knows?"

Early the following morningtide the Bethel sailed. Far outside the Narrows, with the pilot free, Jack Yancey stood on his poop and watched the canvas piling high above his head clear to the mizzen royal yard, where a black speck shook the gaskets loose. A flurry of snow took her as she dipped her eyes into the first long graybeard, and a slow shatter of spray popped over her topgallant rail. Then she leaned down to it, a tall cloud hurrying eastward with her bow-wave wide. She found the early westerlies and held them clear across, racing the Atlantic rollers and showing her sternpost to the smoke-pot tramps wallowing in the trough. She raised Cape Clear in thirteen days while the westward bounders were still butting into it under reefed topsails. And when she towed into the River Mersey and prepared for her discharge, Jack Yancey went ashore with his bowler hat perched jauntily over his ear to see what he could do about a lading homeward bound.



"Sometime I wish you'd remember to get a drink before we leave"

GARRETT PRICE

IT WAS late in December and bitter cold when the lock gates let her out of Prince's Dock again. She rounded off Holyhead in a freezing mist, her hand horn wailing till the east wind came. She had Christmas off the Tuskar Light with Jack Yancey cramming six topgallants on her just before the darkness fell.

"When you get a breezy slant this time of year," he told his mate, "you must take it by the tail and twist."

So the Bethel came roaring out of St. George's Channel like a catapult hurled from out the mouth of a storm-clouded cave, drowned in smoking spume and taking live water clear across. She held that wind for half a night and half a day before it started swinging south and slowly crawled ahead. It forced her bows northward, heading her, till the yards were braced up sharp against the stays. Every other change of watch she came about, dogged and dripping brine like gore, fighting for each mile against the gray unending westerlies.

West and north the great wind hauled and hung there, howling. The Bethel seemed a puny thing, lost and confounded in that chaotic turmoil. Day by day she fought it out, gaining a few westing miles, till the men went haggard and gaunt, and Jack Yancey's eyes took on a burning look for want of sleep.

Three weeks of that she had and then the glass went lower yet. Dense cloud shapes massed beyond her bows to bar her way, black, swollen, and sending squalls ahead with bursts of freezing hail. She lay poorly to it from the battering she'd got, with half a watch at the pumps. And the shifted grain below held her leadenly to port in a way Jack Yancey didn't like with what he saw ahead.

"Make fast the upper tops'ls, Mr. Grimes," he told the mate. "And get the fores'l off her, too."

This was the true northwesterly gale. It roared down on them while, high aloft on drunken footropes, they fisted the ice-stiff canvas till blood broke from their fingers' ends. It came with a shrill wailing cry and sent the Bethel reeling on her side. John Yancey sprang for the wheel where two men fought monstrously to put it up. She fell off at last, lifting a little. And all night long the great gale made.

Lashed at the mizzen fife rail by the turn of a topsail sheet, he heard that music he knew he would; that great barbaric music the Western Ocean makes. Stout weather cloths along the poop burst like exploding paper bags. The watch hung glued in the shrouds, while the mile-long combers whistled down on her, flinging spray high across the cro'jack yard. High aloft the great wind boomed, deep-throated like an organ, setting up shrill minor chords in all the fiddle-tight shrouds; and between the thunder of the breaking seas the freeing ports clanged like a beating of savage cymbals, with loose ends of gear trailing off to leeward in the sea like a drowning woman's disheveled hair. The universe was full of the tumult of it, and there was no ending anywhere.

It was that very night that John Yan-

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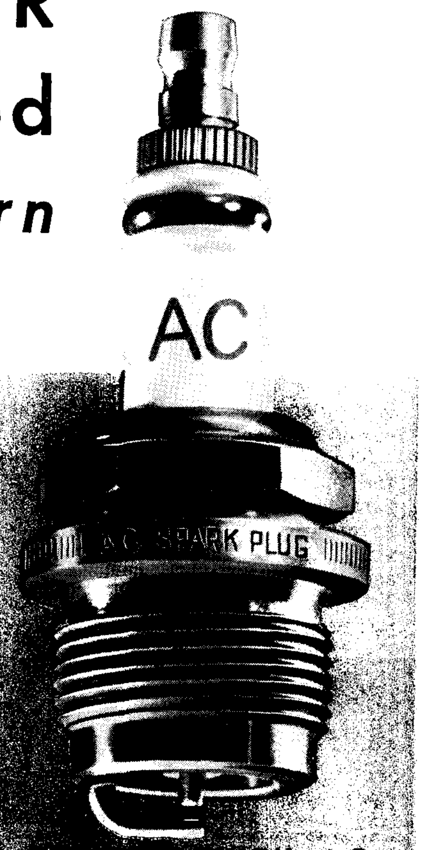
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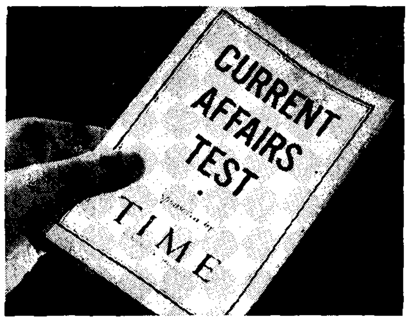

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cey thought ruefully of the new lamp he would need for his flooded cabin—and grew fearful for his spars. And toward the middle of the morning watch that famous gale reached its culminating fury. That squall sent the Bethel flinging over in Stygian darkness. Down and down she went, sickeningly and without end. The graybeards gutted her from stem to stern with thunderous, shocking impact. Her lower yardarms dipped and her weather bulwarks pointed to an invisible sky.

"Cut! Cut!" *the men screamed to* each other, wild-eyed with fright. "Cut before she turns!"

Mr. Grimes looked toward what he could see of the master's face. It was haggard and drawn, and the eyes were burning holes ringed with rime. But he stubbornly shook his head. The mizzen lower topsail split from boltrope to jackstay with a report like the discharge of a heavy gun. A ninth wave, towering suddenly out of the void, toppled aboard and sent the Bethel stumbling farther on her beam-ends. And then the foremast went, leaving thrashing gear, a jagged stump, and ropes and canvas flaying wildly to tear the mainmast off above the hounds and bring the mizzen topgallant pounding against her side.

"Clear away that raffle!" the captain roared; and he led them among all that mangling wreckage to cut it free of the ship before it wounded her to death.

When a wild and lightless dawn revealed the foaming ocean grayly, the Bethel wallowed soddenly, plucking at a hastily rigged sea anchor to drag her up to breast the hurrying seas. The port watch, frozen and all but exhausted, was at the pumps. The ship lay on a better keel now, crippled aloft, with her deck washed clean and every boat in her smashed to splinters. The gale was spent.

A grizzled seaman, looking up from his work at the pump brake, saw a smudge of smoke, hull down to windward, and his mouth went wide.

"Steamer!" he cried out in a cracked dry voice. "There's Yancey's luck for you! And us, by God. She'll take us off!"

"Off!" the next man mumbled, with his back going steadily up and down. "Off what?"

"Why, off the blasted ship, you fool! The hooker ain't fit to sail no more."

"That's all you know," the other growled. "That's all you know about Jack Yancey."

THE master himself didn't even look that way. Succor could be had there: succor and release. But he never turned his head away from his own resource. He was calmly appraising his damage, counting his spare spars, and thinking of what his sail and rope lockers held as the Bethel rose and fell to the mile-long North Atlantic swell.

"Mr. Grimes," he said with weary gravity to his mate, "shorten the pump brakes by half the men. We shall have to send them into the hold through the lazaret to trim up those grain bags. Can't tell how long we'll have this lull. We shall want some sail on her. As soon as we can. Let's get along with it."

The man at the pump heard that. He cursed under his breath, looking forlornly off across the windward sea. The steamer began to raise her hull now, dark and sharply limned against the sullen sky. She was the famous Deutschland, westward bound. I know, because we were on her, Father and I, homing from our holiday. It was on her I first heard that fearful music John Yancey spoke about. And it was from her safe and lofty height that I saw the battered hulk of a wind-ship known as Bethel, afloat in the lonely waste where she had her life. The liner's master knew that Captain Frunnel owned a fleet of blue-water ships; and when his officer told him they had sighted that one there, he sent his personal steward down for us and gave us both the courtesy of his spacious navigating bridge.

"I think, Captain Frunnel," he said, pointing and politely offering his glasses as we joined him in the wing, "I think that she is one of yours. *Nein?*"

FATHER appraised her carefully, and I saw him go a little pale at what he saw. For myself, I didn't recognize her *at all, at first. It isn't surprising.* A smoky fog bank, drifting across the ocean after that heavy gale, hung above her like a cloud. When it passed you could see her, heaving, like a half-tide rock awash. Each time she lifted slowly out of the leaden sea, the water poured from her in streaming cataracts. Her midship house was shy one bulkhead, and white waterfalls gushed from wide gaps in her bulwarks. Her bowsprit was clipped. There was a splintered stump for a foremast; the main was gone above the top, with the mizzen topmast ending gauntly in tattered gear; and ropes swung all about her, swaying and forlorn. Her men looked up and out across at us with their oilskins lashed about their waists and legs and arms. Some of them were at the pumps, with muffled heads against the cold; others were caught in the act of bending over the lashings of spare spars on deck; and one man, spare and tall and solid and alone, stood at the break of the poop, swaying steadily with the motions of his ship. I caught my breath then and I knew. That was John Yancey over there. Then the mist closed down momentarily again.

The wind was soughing past my ear. I said nothing. It was a sight so sharp and vivid no one, once seeing it, could ever again forget. It stirred me very much. He looked so unafraid and sure in the midst of utter ruin. It set up a tingling exhilaration somewhere deep within me, in a secret place I had never a suspicion of before. And I waited, tense and wide-eyed. Father put his glasses down. I noticed that his hands trembled a little.

"She will abandon," he said slowly. "It seems she must."

"I am asking now, Captain Frunnel."

Flags and pennants broke above our heads as the liner's signals shot aloft on the halyards, navy style. We waited for the mist to clear again. And soon it did. She was there: oh, she was still there, all right, riding the sea. Presently she answered us. A string of flags went up to the top of her crippled mizzenmast.

"What does she say?" my father asked.

The chief officer was translating out of the signal book in startling German. The liner's master listened, nodded and turned strangely smiling eyes on us. "She gives us her number, Captain Frunnel," he told my father, "and asks *that we report her in New York* dismasted—but proceeding and all well."

My fists went tight at my sides. I could never tell just why. And I felt a burning in my eyes. Father's head came up, startled. "But it's madness!" he exploded. "John," he cried out, as though that tough young fellow over there could hear him, "John, you can't! I forbid it! This is the Western Ocean, man!" He looked aloft at the flying soiled-gray clouds, and then down again at that rolling hulk. "Tell him I am aboard, Captain. Tell him I order him—"

"You forget, *mein Herr,*" the Deutschland's commander smiled gravely, "that you are only her owner. That man over there is her master. If his decision is to stay—he stays."

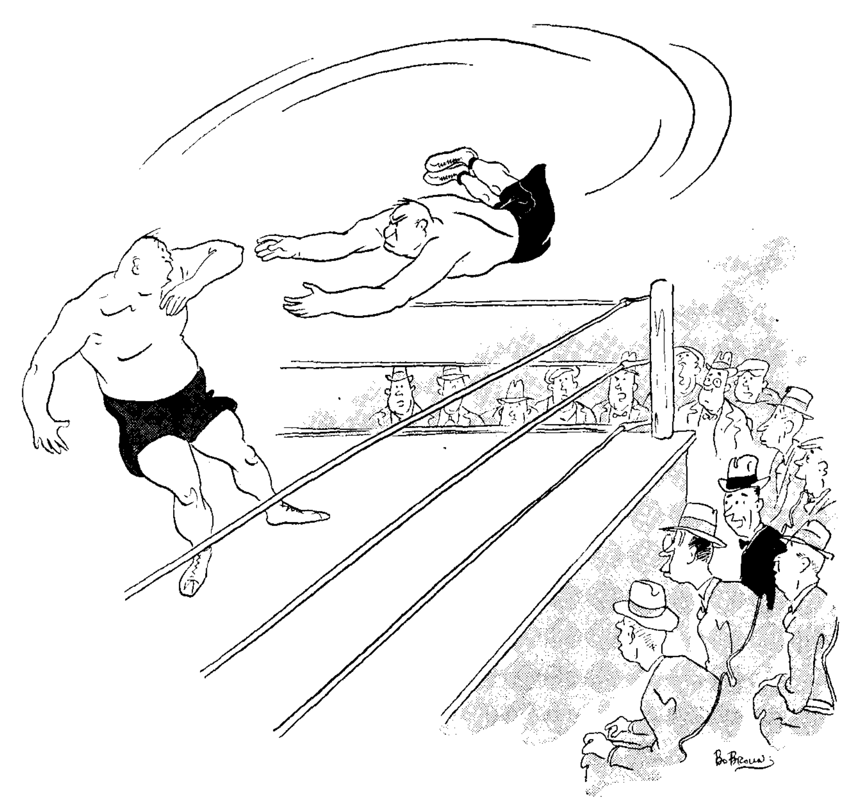
"You mean that I cannot order my own—"

"No, Captain Frunnel. You cannot order a shipmaster in the middle of the ocean to abandon a ship he wishes to stand by."

THERE was an instant of stillness. That breathless chill ran up my spine again. The flags were hauled down from above my head, and the acknowledging pennant shot aloft in their place. We looked across and down at her where she wallowed with her colored buntings still free in the wet, cold breeze. We all of us looked at her, Father and I and the master of a great steel transatlantic ship. Father lifted his hand, as if he meant to wave Godspeed. The Deutschland's captain only smiled in his military mustache. And then I found myself telling them, all of them—

"That's my name, too. They named me after that ship."

"Ah. That is good," the commander nodded firmly, as if he alone fully un-



"Every time he throws that Australian out of the ring, he sails right back!"

BO BROWN

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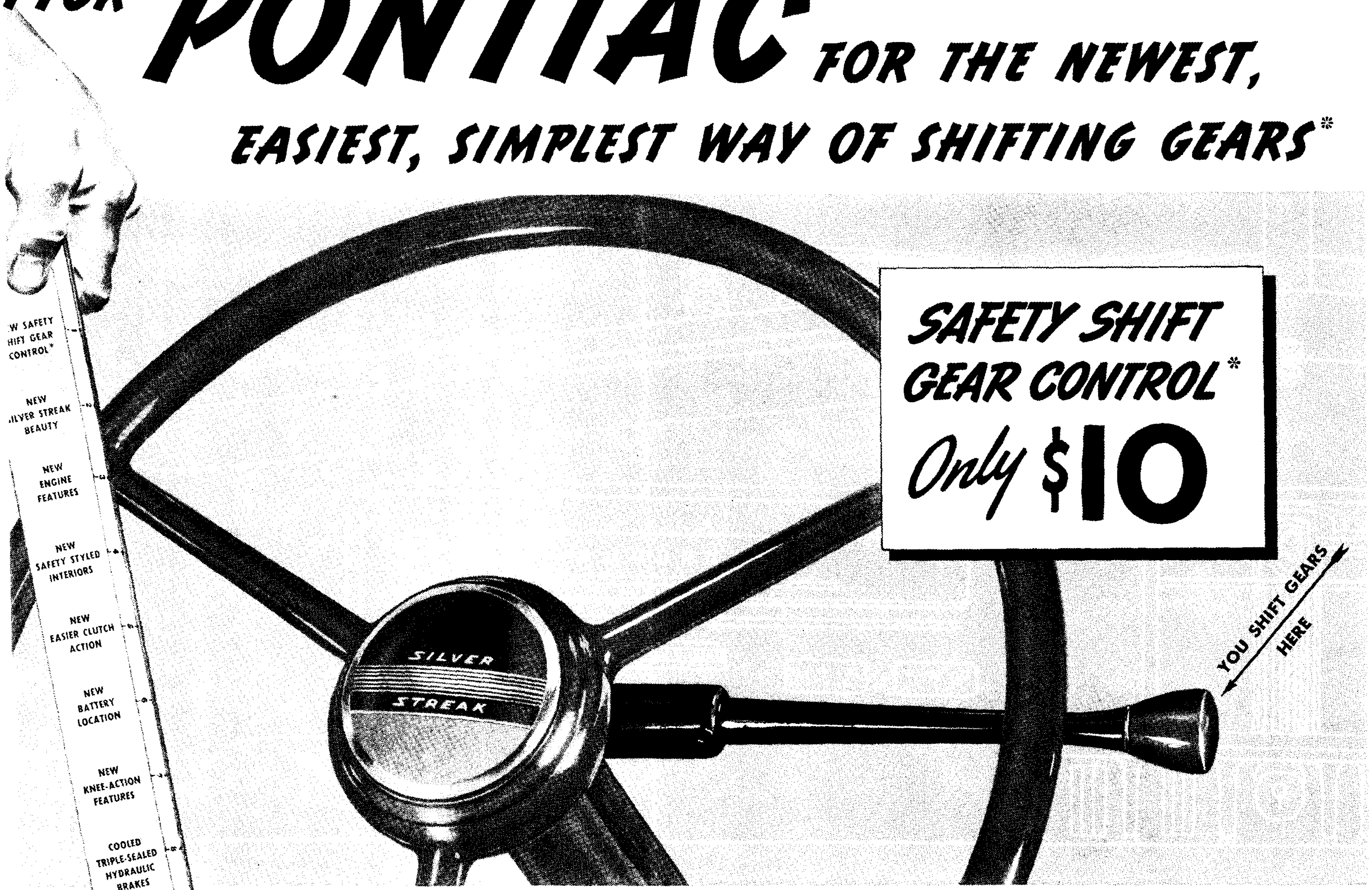
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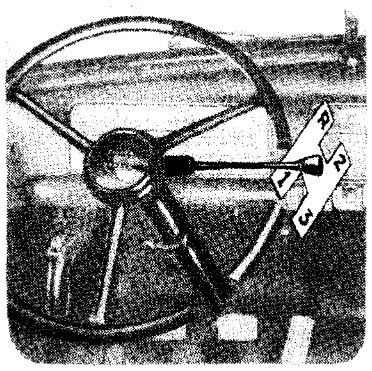

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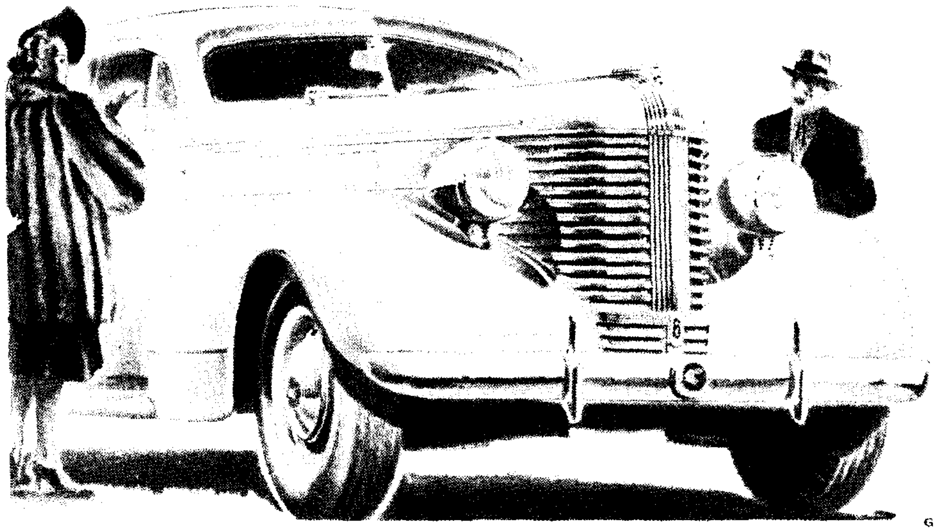

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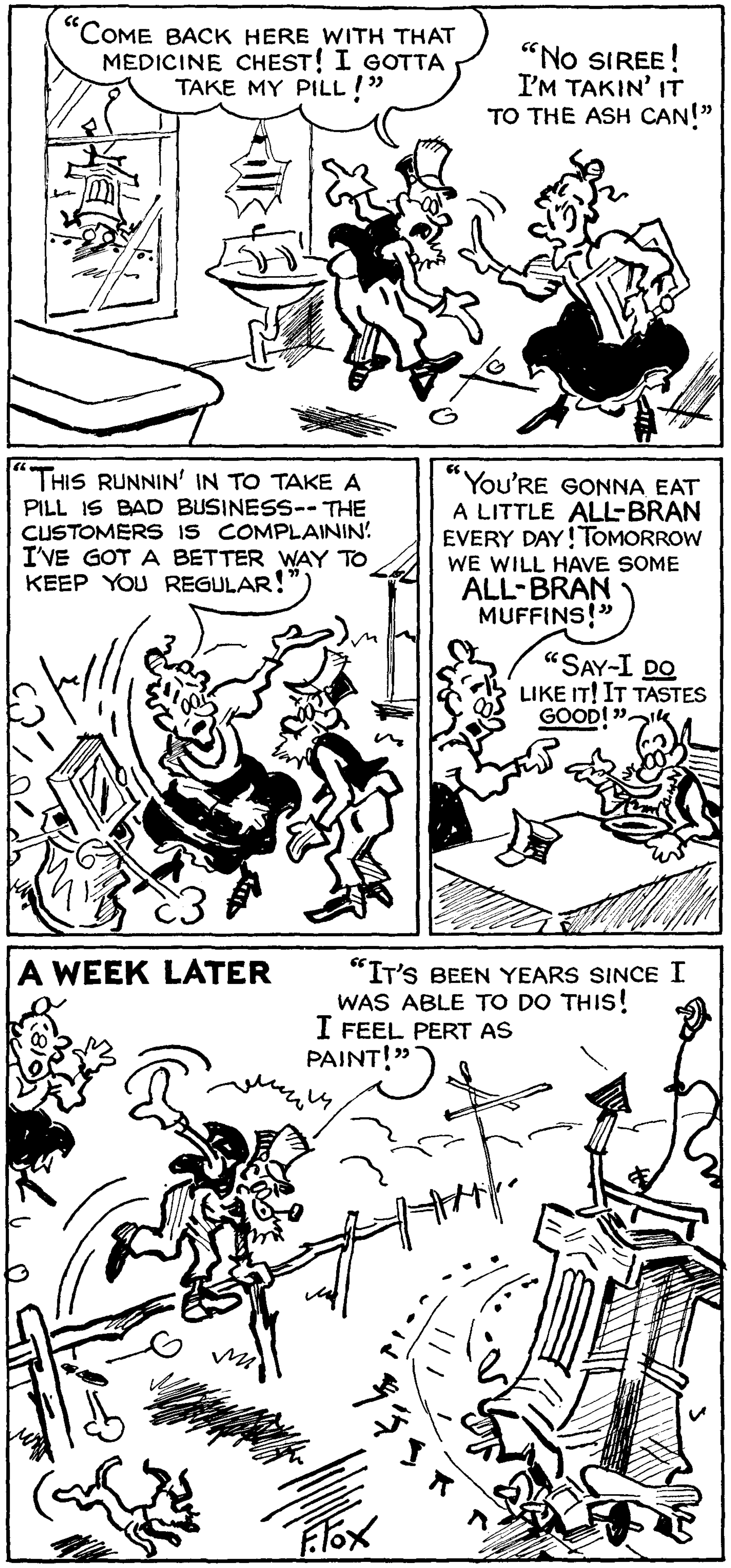
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derstood the meaning of this thing. "You ought to be very proud."

"I am."

And I was. For the very first time in my life. I didn't lie. And suddenly as we stood there, rocking ever so gently with the huge bulk of the liner underfoot, I heard stirring music once again. It was a startling thing. Through the foggy atmosphere and across the restless sea it came in a deep and wailing chant:

"Oh, Shenandoah, I'll ne'er forget you,
Away my rolling river!"

No one spoke. They were raising their first jury-rigged sail over there, bending their backs to the rope. The Deutschland's telegraph rang and her engines began to give her way. But we could see the Bethel still, surging heavily in foam before a cloud of advancing mist. I saw John Yancey, too, vivid and clear. He still stood at the break of his poop beneath his fluttering flags. His head was up and his eyes were searching the sky as ancient men once searched the stars and found there something to give them sustenance and rectitude. Perhaps he saw up there, with the clarity of his young strength, what we were not permitted to see—were not fortunate enough or deserving enough to see. Perhaps high aloft there to his questing gaze alone was revealed for one bright moment the true meaning of his fidelity and his faith, and the fullness of his personal reward. I saw him fling out one arm full length, and at that distance it struck me that it might have been a gesture of benediction toward those backs along his deck, bent patiently in toil.

"They seem reverent," I could not help but say. "It looks almost as if they prayed."

Father watched them. His face was sad, the old nostalgia strong again. "Look, Beth," he said suddenly, pointing, as she lifted her counter high to clear the rolling swell and show us her name again. "Bethel," he read with firm articulation. "Don't you know what Bethel means? A Bethel is a place where sailors worship, Beth."

Then the fog closed down. When it cleared we were slashing the ocean with our bow-wave wide and she wasn't anywhere in sight. I thought I heard her hand horn once. But soon even that was gone.

Forty-eight hours later we were home. We found the Bethel posted overdue in Lloyd's report, but we changed that a little with our news. Father went worrying, what with the gales and blizzards we had. Not I. Because I remembered the way John Yancey looked. And I was right.

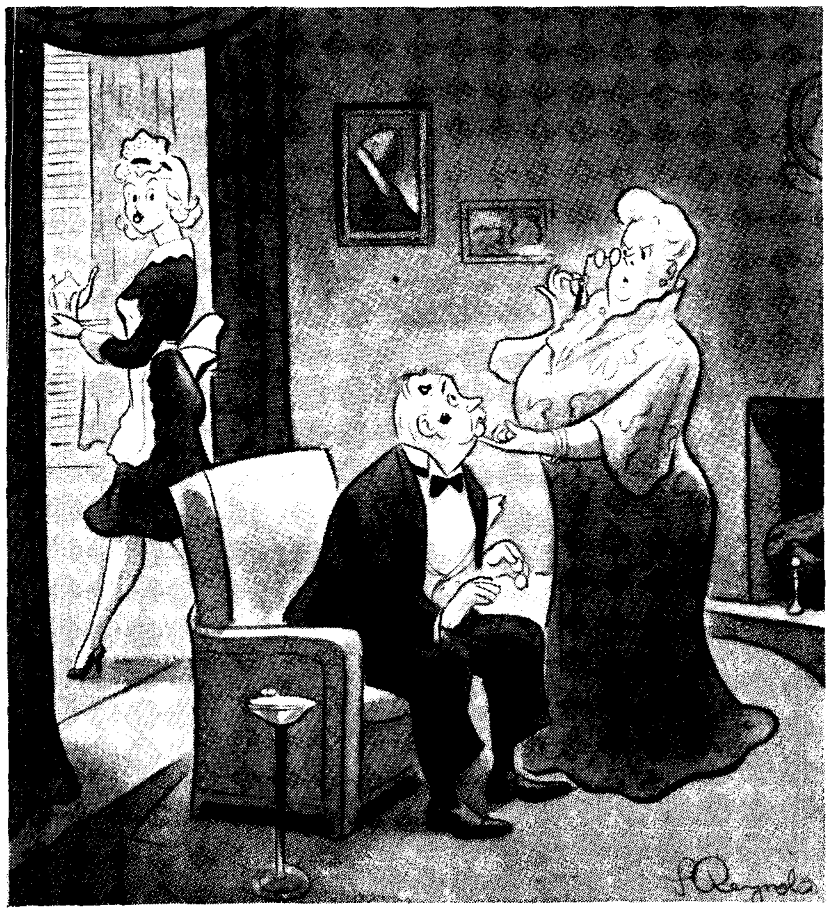
She came in on her own, as I was sure she must, with her swarming convoy of sea birds and her crippled spars. Forty-three days from the Bootle. And I went out to meet her off quarantine when she was reported towing in from Sandy Hook. It was a clear, cold February day, with the snow on Governor's Island glittering clean and bright. And I went up to him at once, and there was no need for me to speak a word.

"Oh, Beth," he said, "I thought you told me there was no chance till I showed up as the last man on earth."

He looked so haggard and so all done in. But that stilly bubbling was in his eyes, and that burning hunger I used to think so frightening and so crass. But I know better now. I know that women should be proud to stir a thing like that: I know that hunger is immortal, and it must not be denied.

"Well, John," I told him, "so far as I'm concerned I think perhaps you are."

SO IT isn't so odd that I should know so very much about a Western Ocean passage that a wind-ship known as Bethel made. I have heard John Yancey speak of it many times. Yes; I have heard him tell it often to the children of a winter's night when we were lucky enough to have him home with us. And we have named our youngest daughter Bethel, too. She pouts so frightfully at it. She thinks it an awful name to give to a pretty girl for all the boys to be poking fun about. But I think in time she will not mind. Perhaps she may even learn to take rich pride in it—as I do now.



"Nanette! My lipstick! You've been snitching it again!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Industrious Butterfly

Continued from page 15

London stage in a play called Ballerina. They asked her to dance for them specially. You can't call a private dance exhibition an audition, but it was the same sort of thing. She recalls that she went to it quaking. As she looked ahead at the ordeal, it was terrible. As she looks back, it wasn't so bad—at least, not as bad as a later one. "The first thing I knew," explains the young Norwegian, "I had joined the Russian Ballet." She went into rehearsal and, the day before the programs for London were going to press, Colonel de Basil arrived waving a piece of paper. "You will have to change your name," he said casually. "Here is a list."

It was news to Brigitta. She answered, "No."

"Yes," said the owner of the ballet.

She'd heard about the danger of changing horses in midstream. Changing your name in mid-career didn't seem much more sensible. Anyhow, she liked her own.

"Everybody changes the name when joining the Russian Ballet," said the imperturbable de Basil.

The Name Sticks

"Of course," elucidates the ballerina with a sweet smile, "if everybody danced under her own original name, it would no longer be the Russian Ballet." And no one ever spoke a truer word. Well, Brigitta looked at the colonel's list and she was not enthusiastic about any of the names she saw there. But Colonel de Basil was insistent. "Take one of them for the first program," he urged. "Then you can change it later if you like." In fact, he commanded and there was no time for delay. She looked desperately down the list again and at the bottom was Zorina. It annoyed her less than the others. "I'll take it for the time being," agreed Brigitta, having not the slightest intention of keeping it.

But after the opening night, she had no choice. The next day's papers said a good deal about Zorina, explained she'd been good as Brigitta too, and made cracks about a rose by any other name—etc. There was so much talk that identified Brigitta with Zorina that there was no chance of changing again.

According to family report, she danced on her toes before she saw anyone else do it. It was her natural mode of locomotion. Her father, who was a singer, decided that the child needed music for her dancing and saw to it that she had plenty. Her mother, who is also a musician—"but not professional," says Zorina truthfully—added her bit. After a while, friends began to bring the youngster pictures of other girls who danced and she saw they had special shoes for it, a kind that helped stiffen the toes. She promptly begged for some and, on her sixth birthday, was given a pair of light blue ballet slippers. She wore them in the daytime and was discovered taking them to bed with her at night.

A big moment came to her one day in early summer when she and her mother went to an amusement park at a German spa. There was music and naturally she danced while she played. A very nice man came up to her. "Little girl," he said, "would you like to dance here every day?" He even offered her money for it. She liked dancing and she wanted a camera that was not in the family budget, so she paused to dicker with him. About this time, Mrs. Hartwig, seeing her child talking with a strange man, hurried up to put a stop to it. She arrived in time to hear the eight-year-old concluding a contract with the gentleman. It was for a full summer's work at good pay with the astute proviso that new costumes were to be thrown in. Little Brigitta was beginning to get along. Also, little Brigitta had a persistence not in the nature of a butterfly. Edourdova took her as a pupil. She went to school in the morning, danced in the afternoon, and did her homework in the evening.

About a year and a half ago when she met Eric Charrell, who was in New York staging White Horse Inn, she asked, "Don't you remember me?" He looked at her and was willing, but he couldn't. Zorina didn't seem much like the leggy little eleven-year-old who had danced in his Berlin production of Lilac Time. She recalls that she got a doll carriage out of that. It may not have been the most important result but it stands out—like the camera. It was an English pram she'd been wanting for some time. But the engagement in Lilac Time was a sort of division point.

Life changed suddenly. Her father, whose music had been so much a part of her dancing, was killed in a swift and tragic accident, which no small dancer should have stamped on her memory. Abruptly she understood the meaning of horror and unhappiness. At eleven Brigitta grew up.

From then on nothing mattered for either her or her mother but her dancing. Those little rosin boxes that stand in the wings of every ballet stage and those exercise bars that rim the walls of every practice room became the only real things in life.

In Paris she studied with Preobrajenska and danced publicly when she could. Then she went to London to work with Legat, coach of Pavlowa and Nijinski. When Anton Dolin saw her, he took her for his partner and then came the English and European engagements that began to establish the name of Brigitta. Not too bad at fourteen. But she wasn't satisfied. She had a hunch there were a lot of things she had to learn before she got what she really wanted.

Believe it or not, she says it wasn't until Massine taught her how to interpret painting in terms of dancing and the other way around that she began to get what she'd been reaching for. She learned that painting and music and good writing and dancing "all begin and end in one thing" and she decided that she needed to know something about all of them if she was going to get anywhere with any one of them. So she took up painting as a side issue.

Ballet Into Tap

When she came to America, she had to learn Russian. It was the language of the ballet regardless of how many nationalities made up the troupe. Then she saw Bill Robinson and now she's taken up tap dancing. "I don't expect to be as good as he is—or Eleanor Powell," says the classical ballerina, "but I think I ought to know something about it. Anyhow, think what a funny dance this would make—" and she goes from a delicate ballet pose into a comic hotcha hip-slapping shuffle, recovers suddenly, and floats off into a satirical version of an overexquisite ballerina who has just been very absent-minded.

After the Russian journey through America, she went back to England fully intending to stay with the Ballet Russe. But in London she encountered an American gentleman, one Dwight Deere Wiman, who had come to produce the English version of On Your

Make HIS
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EASY!

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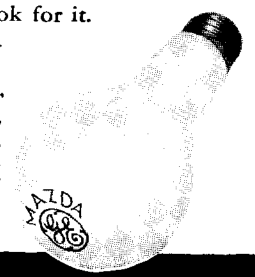

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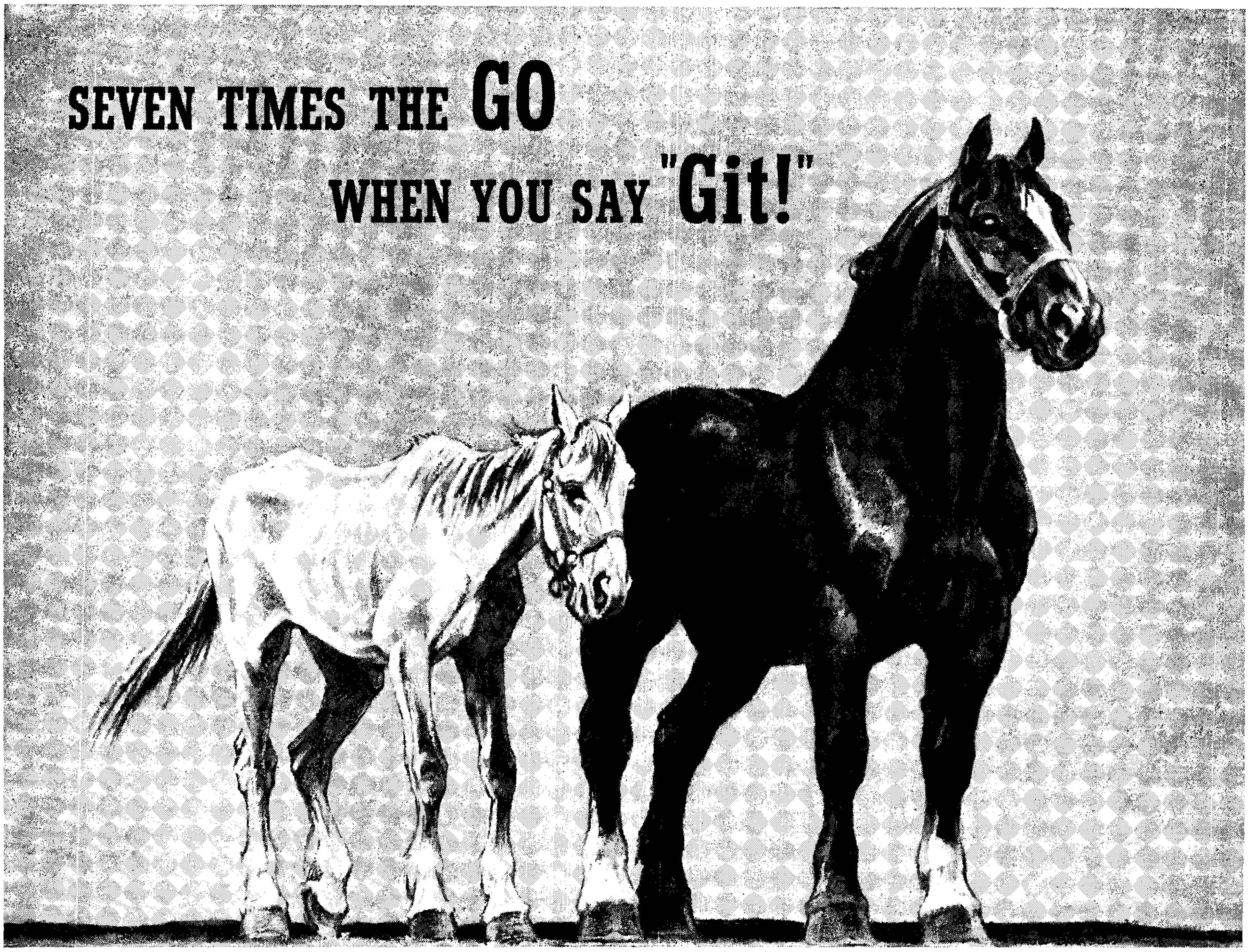

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They own 35% of the nation's farms . . . but they collect . . . *and spend* . . . 80% of the nation's farm income. Theirs is the money-born ability to *buy* merchandise . . . rather than just *eye* it!

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These farms can be reached just as easily as if they were strung along like pickets in a fence. They can be reached economically . . . *and profitably* . . . through one national farm publication.

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The Country Home Magazine sends 9 out of every 10 of its 1,600,000 circulation into Farm Market A counties. It blankets Farm Market A . . . and skips, quite deliberately, markets B, C, and D.

Naturally, this type of circulation had to be carefully cultivated. Country Home, to be frank, looked down its nose when building subscriptions. It was what might be termed a bit "choosy."

It concentrated on the moneyed 35% of the farms . . . on the owners and spenders of 80% of the national farm income.

It made friends with farmers who are able to purchase *seven times as much as other farmers* . . . who are worth seven times as much to you . . . who have *seven times the GO when you say "Git!"*

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OF FARM MARKET A

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Toes. She also encountered the hardest audition of her life. He asked her if she could act as well as dance. She said she didn't know. As for Mr. Wiman, he needed an acting ballerina and, since most dancers read lines to the rhythm of a lot of very fancy poses that give you the willies, he thought bleakly that she might not be any worse than the others and she looked a whole lot better. So he gave her a part to study.

Somehow she got to the stage of an empty theater that seemed larger than any she'd even been in before. Out front sat Mr. Wiman and Lina Abarbanell, who was to coach her if she showed any promise. They waited morosely for the usual "One-two-three-pose-speak" of the ballet actress technique. Just to make sure, they'd given her the seduction scene in the bedroom. She felt a trifle dashed when no one appeared to play it with her. So, somewhat bewildered, she tempted an invisible and inaudible lover, murmured sweet nothings, and finally came to the end of the ordeal. Much to the amazement of the two out front, she hadn't once put a coy first finger to chin or fluttered an over-arched instep. They report that she read the lines with a level directness and an instinct for humor. Whereupon she ceased to be with the Russian Ballet.

Mr. Goldwyn Has a Hunch

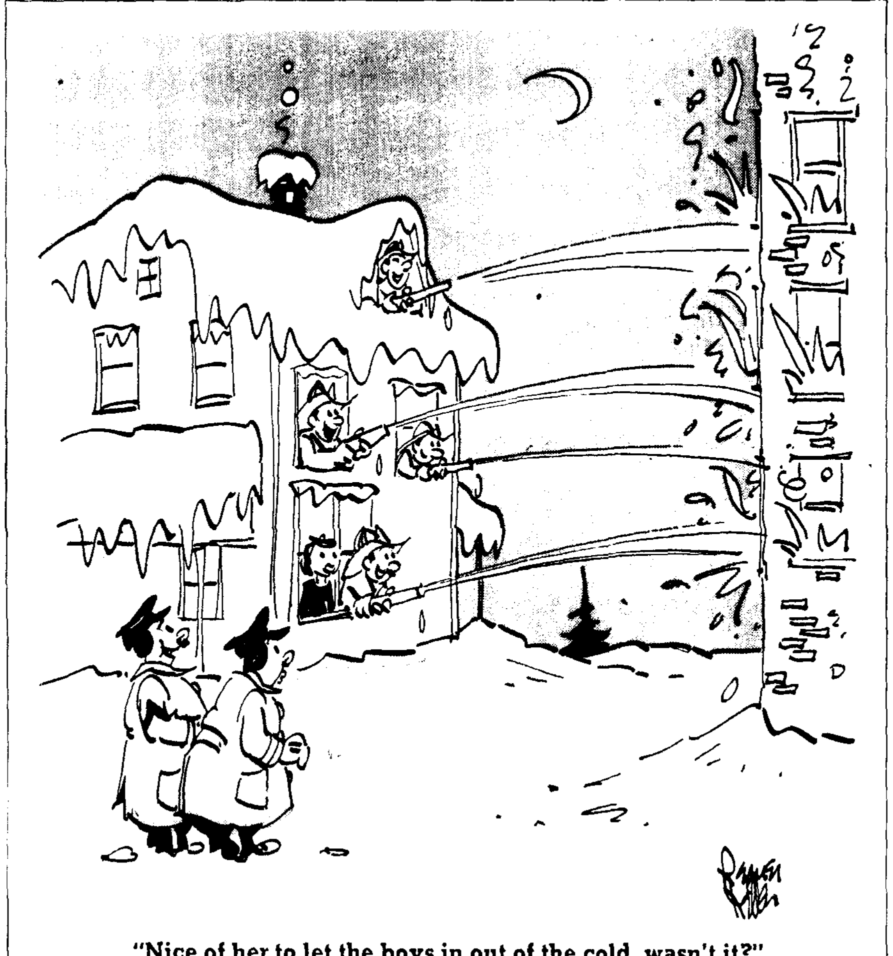
Then Samuel Goldwyn got into action with a decision to give classical ballet a real chance in pictures and he started hunting for a dancer whose face would not shatter a camera and whose legs would not scare off the cash customers. He began to think that most of them danced to keep from looking in a mirror for more than a flash at a time. He had never seen Zorina. Zorina had never seen him either. So they were even. But he'd had some nice reports. The deal was miraculously consummated by Louis Schurr in New York with Zorina in London and Goldwyn in Hollywood and with no film tests of the dancer. It sounds a little screwy, but that's what happened even if things don't happen that way. Mr. Goldwyn trusted his instinct. But after a while he cabled and said politely that he'd like to see what he'd bought. Zorina made some short film scenes. "You couldn't blame him for being curious," she murmurs. "So I —well, I—" It seems she did. When he saw the shots he changed her part from a dancing bit into a starred acting role that runs through the whole picture.

It was the preview of the Goldwyn Follies that brought her low. It was terrible. She looked around. Everyone else seemed happy. How could they? She came out of there with her cheeks blazing for the first time in her life—and then she submerged completely. One of those fits of melancholy that occasionally descend on her hit her with a bang. Maybe it's the Norwegian in her. The news that Mr. Goldwyn planned to star her in his big Festival picture with Heifetz brought her back to normal and then sent her sky-high again.

When Dwight Wiman sent for her for I Married an Angel, the girl got so excited the night before she was to leave Hollywood that she couldn't sleep.

Now, with nothing to do but work at the American Ballet School every morning and play in the theater every night and two afternoons a week, she's getting on nicely with her tap dancing and painting as diversions and is looking for something to fill in her spare time. She's an emotional young person who has had such a complete discipline in a regulated ballet life that, so far, she thinks something's wrong if she isn't working. But where there's dynamite, sooner or later someone always comes along with a match. Some day Norway's little gift to Goldwyn is going to let loose and then— If you could finish the sentence with one of her gestures, it would indicate the Aurora Borealis doing a czardas.

Meanwhile Mr. Goldwyn doesn't wish Mr. Wiman any bad luck, but she has to be back in time for the Festival picture and Mr. Wiman doesn't wish Mr. Goldwyn any bad luck, but he saw Brigitta—that is, Zorina—oh, let's just call her Miss Hartwig—first. Both know that God loves all U. S. citizens when their hearts are pure.



"Nice of her to let the boys in out of the cold, wasn't it?"

REAMER KELLER

I TOLD YOU TO INSIST ON SIMONIZ
THAT'S WHAT I NEED
BOY, DO I LOOK SWELL NOW!
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MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

Never Sold Under Any Other Name

Always Simoniz a new car immediately. And remember, the sooner any car is Simonized, the better.

Vinegar Bill, the Ivory Scout

Continued from page 18

again. Di Maggio was a one-season flash, his leg would never be any good, etc. Joe finally got going and ended the season with .398 and Essick's worries were over.

The battle for Myril Hoag almost brought on national complications.

Long before Hoag became sensational for Sacramento, Essick was duck hunting with Buddy Ryan, Sacramento manager. Buddy said what he wanted most of all was a pitcher. Bill said that could be arranged and how about that Hoag kid? "*What* about him?" asked Buddy. "I'll give you $25,000 for him in case we want him at the end of the season." They agreed and it was a good deal for the Yanks. If they took Hoag, they paid $25,000; otherwise, they forgot about it.

By the end of the year Hoag was the talk of baseball and scouts were camping all over middle California. Dick Kinsella of the Giants and Cy Slapnicka of Cleveland were hottest on the trail. The Giants were offering $60,000 and three players; Cleveland was offering $75,000. Neither of them knew about the Yanks' option and Sacramento was trying to forget it. Their theory was that since the option hadn't been recorded with Judge Landis it wasn't official. Essick answered that by announcing to the papers that the Yanks had bought Hoag, whereupon the Sacramento boys almost went insane. They said he hadn't been sold; Essick insisted he had. Meanwhile Kinsella and Slapnicka were also going berserk in their own peculiar ways. It ended with Hoag going to the Yanks —but for $40,000.

The Importance of Speed

The deal that pains Bill Essick most is the one which brought Lyn Lary and Jimmy Reese to the Yanks for $125,000. It was also the transaction that put the Yanks into the chain-gang system. The West Coast owners had insisted that the two players had to be sold together. The Yankees wanted Lary and were not so keen on Reese but on the showdown and in the face of stiff competition Essick put up the cash for both and Colonel Ruppert never recovered. Reese was soon out of the league and Lary was never the shortstop the price indicated. Good, yes; but not to the tune of $125,000.

"Ugh," says Bill, when you mention that deal to him.

That was only one of a bunch that went wrong for the Yanks. They paid $40,000 for Jack Saltzgaver, $40,000 for Julian Wera and $30,000 for Gene Robertson and none of them ever became a regular. The Yanks lost out after offering $100,000 for Craighead and Daglia, pitchers from the Coast League, and lived to be happy about it, for neither of them stayed in the big time. By this time the St. Louis Cardinals were not only getting fine players from their farm system but also making a profit on it. That was enough for the gentleman named Ruppert who owned the brewery. He is now developing his own players.

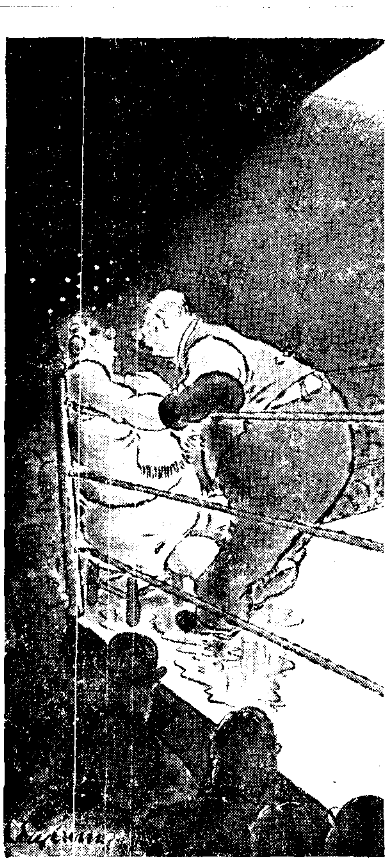
In addition to the farm system, and working with it, is the scouting system. Paul Kritchell heads it for the Yanks, having been with the club for something like sixteen years. Gene MacCann works the Eastern states; Bill Essick and Joe Devine work the Middle West and help Bob Coltrin on the coast. The South is scoured by Johnny Nee. The whole outfit is headed by Ed Barrow, general manager, whose word is law in the organization.

The clubs keep quiet about it but many a young man is going through college this minute on money from one of the major-league ball clubs. The scouts pick them up young and hang onto them. The great hope of the Yankees this year is Joe Gordon, who will take Tony Lazzeri's place at second base. Bill Essick found him playing shortstop with the University of Oregon. Last spring he went south with the Yankees, was broken in at second base by Joe McCarthy himself and shipped over to Newark, where he was a sensation.

"Don't worry about that kid," says Mr. Essick. "He'll be up there for years. . . . A natural ballplayer."

But that's how it goes with the scouting these days.

What Bill Essick looks for in a young player is speed. That goes for both pitchers and fielders, and Bill isn't shaken by the success last year of Jack McAllister of the Boston Bees, who snagged Lou Fette and Jim Turner, both over thirty years old and lacking a good fast ball. Fette and Turner each won twenty games for the Bees.



"This is th' last round, Eddie. Make it good!"

JAY IRVING

As for fielders, if they aren't fast there is little hope for them in the big show. Even good hitting doesn't make up for it, as witness the major-league failure of such sockers as Ike Boone, Smead Jolley and Buzz Arlett. They drove in a lot of runs and lost almost as many by standing in one spot in the outfield and clogging the works when they got on base. A kid who isn't fast is a dead loss because you can't teach speed to a guy, says Mr. Essick.

If you're a promising ballplayer and want attention, the best plan is to have some old ballplayer write in about you to a big-league club. A scout will probably get around to your case before long and then it will be well for you to be possessed of speed afoot, a good throwing arm and that indefinable substance known as "savvy." Hitting is important unless you're a pitcher but the scouts are not so impressed about fence-busting as one might think.

What Bill Essick saw in Lefty Gomez when he first watched him work with Salt Lake was that same ingredient of speed. Lefty could wind that skinny frame of his in a knot and let fly. He weighed about 135 pounds, was six feet tall and his pants hung around his legs like a pup tent caught in a cloudburst. Essick had him tabbed right there but San Francisco wasn't anxious to sell. Next year he was with the parent club and the bidding started in earnest. Essick had first call on Gomez but began to dicker around on price. The Seals wanted $50,000 and Bill didn't want to give that much. While he was maneuvering, John McGraw called from New York and got a three-day option on the pitcher. Essick was dumfounded. Here was the best prospect in baseball and he had lost him. When the morning of the third day arrived and the Giants had not exercised the option, he picked up heart. He sat in Charley Graham's office with his heart in his mouth, waiting for the minutes to tick away. For some reason, never to this day satisfactorily explained, McGraw couldn't get the Giant management to make the purchase. When noon struck in San Francisco, Bill put the Yanks' check on Graham's desk, heaved one great sigh of relief and went off for a drink. The price was $45,000.

"It was the closest shave I ever had and it cost me a lot in the way of health," says Mr. Essick, even at this late day still shaken by the memory.

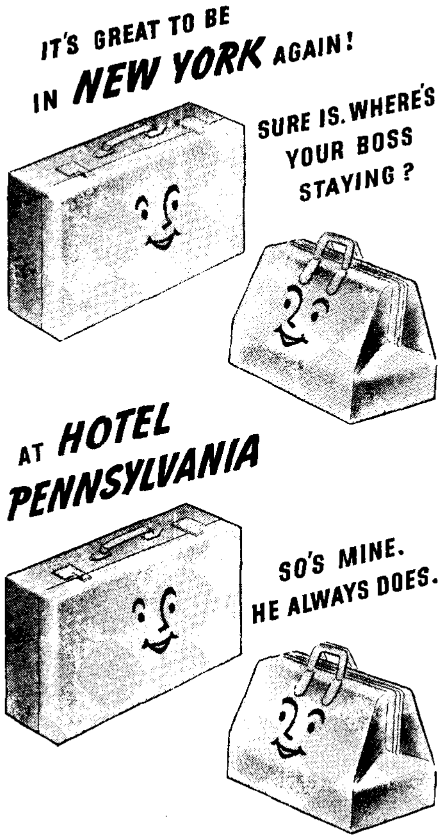
Full of Chance

When Ted Williams of San Diego was bought last fall by the Boston Red Sox, there was the usual talk about the Sox having taken the player right from under the noses of their rivals, but that was strictly nonsense. The truth is that Boston had an arrangement with San Diego and the outsiders had no possible chance unless the Red Sox gave him up.

The scouts tumbled all over themselves getting to Bob Feller when he pitched in an independent tournament in Dayton, Ohio, several years ago. Since he still had a year to go in high school and wanted to play basketball, Feller let them talk, not telling them that Cy Slapnicka of Cleveland already had him signed up. That is a tip-off on the whole business. It means that the successful scout has to land them young if he wants them at all. By the time they get good it will be found that they have been part of a baseball chain for years.

Of course the scouts miss them even when players try breaking down the fences to get in the ball parks. Hank Greenberg of the Bronx, New York, couldn't get anybody to consider him at the Yankees or Giants, which were within a few blocks of his home (what Terry would give for that baby now!); Pie Traynor was thrown out of the Boston Braves ball park; Bill Jurges couldn't get a tumble in his home town of Brooklyn; Bob Feller claims Des Moines wouldn't look at him when he wanted a tryout.

So the business is still full of chance even though the fabled gentlemen in false whiskers have become big business executives who sit at desks and keep files. They still find a lot of good ballplayers by watching the mails, answering the phone and keeping close check on the birth records, but it isn't too romantic. Just another defeat for the old principle of rugged individualism. It causes one to pause and reflect. What is America coming to?


IT'S GREAT TO BE IN NEW YORK AGAIN!
SURE IS. WHERE'S YOUR BOSS STAYING?
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SO'S MINE. HE ALWAYS DOES.

If suitcases could talk, you'd hear many a conversation like that about New York's Hotel Pennsylvania. For it's traveller's choice—and no wonder! It provides *more* to make your visit most enjoyable. Comfortable, spacious bedrooms with radio and every modern convenience... sterilized sealed drinking glasses in bathrooms...four fine restaurants with food at its finest and prices to fit every purse...a club-like bar...a luxurious cocktail lounge—all under its hospitable roof! Coming to New York? For comfort, luxury, convenience—at reasonable rates—stop at Hotel Pennsylvania!

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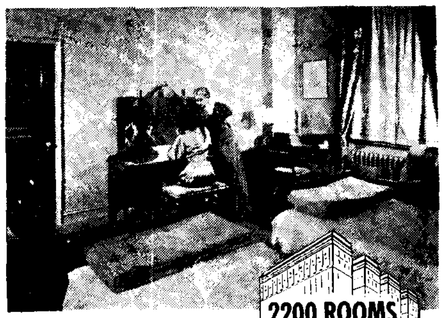

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95 YEARS OF LIFE INSURANCE

Security and Service

IN publishing its annual Balance Sheet for the year 1937, The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York observes the 95th Anniversary since its first policy was issued on February 1, 1843.

The Assets of this Company on December 31, 1937 were $1,349,057,256, an increase of $40,778,437 over 1936. New insurance for the year amounted to $269,154,537, bringing the total insurance in force at the close of 1937 to $3,758,762,033.

Payments in 1937 to Policyholders and their Beneficiaries under their contracts, amounted to $134,212,373 and the Trustees have set aside $22,781,795 for Dividends in 1938, after establishing the Fund for Depreciation of Securities and General Contingencies at $44,270,997.

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1937

ASSETS	*Per cent*	
Cash	4.21	$56,825,473.67
United States Government bonds	23.23	313,347,290.20
State, County and Municipal bonds	4.24	57,142,635.62
Canadian Government, Provincial and Municipal bonds	.59	7,946,183.30
Other Foreign Government bonds	.06	755,155.15
Railroad, Public Utility and Industrial bonds	31.12	419,890,922.94
Preferred and Guaranteed stocks	1.29	17,459,975.00
Mortgage Loans (at cost)	16.62	224,213,802.16
Real Estate (at cost or less)	4.25	57,337,319.97
Policy Loans	12.11	163,380,895.31
Premiums in course of Collection and Reinsurance due from other Companies	1.16	15,636,833.26
Interest and Rents due and accrued	1.12	15,120,769.00
Total Admitted Assets		$1,349,057,255.58

LIABILITIES AND RESERVES	
Policy Reserves	$1,181,724,084.00
Supplementary Contract Reserves	75,257,437.99
Other Policy Liabilities	13,384,646.36
Premiums, Interest and Rents paid in advance	4,583,978.29
Miscellaneous Liabilities	3,941,864.66
Reserve for Taxes	3,042,432.77
Set aside for Dividends in 1938	22,781,794.58
Reserve for Future Deferred Dividends	70,020.07
Fund for Depreciation of Securities and General Contingencies	44,270,996.86
Total Liabilities and Reserves	$1,349,057,255.58

Bonds subject to amortization under Section 18 of the New York Insurance Laws were taken at their amortized, i.e. their book values. Non-amortized bonds and preferred stocks were taken at market values at December 31, 1937, published under the auspices of the National Association of Insurance Commissioners.

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Insurance Company of New York

DAVID F. HOUSTON *President*

34 Nassau Street, New York

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Don't risk it!

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So look out for the "hidden extravagance". Demand *proof* of greater savings in *all 4 ways.* You'll get this proof at your Frigidaire Dealer's 4-Way Saving Demonstration.

Here you'll see, too, Frigidaire's more usable, newly-styled interior—*adjustable 9 different ways* to store all sizes and shapes of food or containers! New "Double-Easy" Quickube Trays throughout! New Moisture-Seal Hydrators to keep fruits, vegetables fresher and longer. New Close-Bar Sliding Shelves—and dozens more advantages that *only* Frigidaire can give!

You'll agree with America's smartest buyers—no other refrigerator at *any* price, lower or higher, can give you FRIGIDAIRE value! Because you *get* more and *save* more with Frigidaire, the modern electric refrigerator made only by General Motors! FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

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1. **RELEASE CUBES INSTANTLY—SAVE 20% MORE ICE!** New! Improved! Only one lever to lift, and cubes are released like magic—faster, easier than ever—2 or a trayful! Freeze cubes faster, cheaper, because they're all-metal trays . . . save 20% more ice because they end wasteful melting under faucet.

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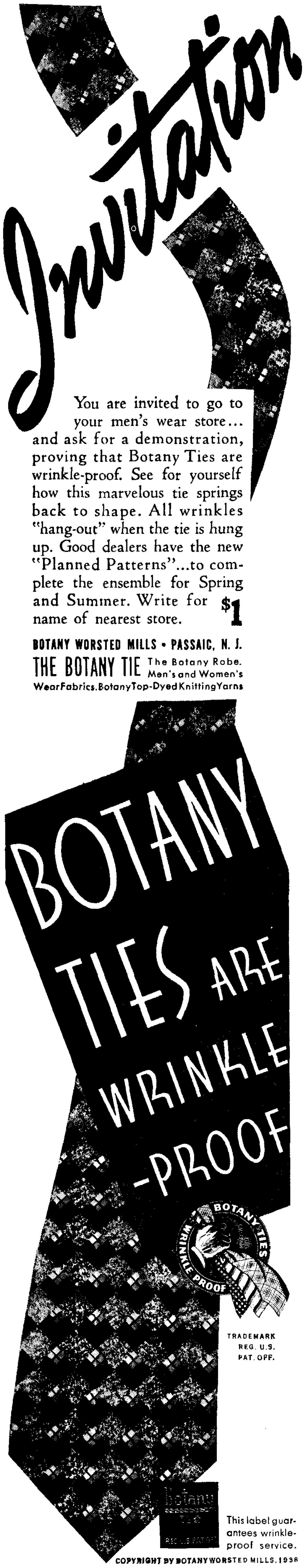

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Castle Sinister

Continued from page 19

little distance off. The man he had seen first walked toward the car and with each step he became more distinct. His nose was long and thin and the lower part of his face was obscured by a brown stubble of beard with drops of moisture on it. His eyes were a dark brown and intent, reminiscent somehow of the eyes of a wild animal, but he had the ingratiating manner of a tramp. He sidled up toward the car as though he expected to be kicked, and spoke through his nose unmusically. He might have been a tramp, but his voice was unconvincing; it was a flat asthmatic voice with a whine in it that was blurred, as though he had a cold.

"Excuse me, mister," he said, "can you tell a fellow the right time?"

John Thorne looked at his wrist watch; it was half past one o'clock. He had no idea that it could be so late.

"Thanks, mister," the stranger said. He sidled to the car and put his foot on the running board and leaned confidentially against the door.

"Been here quite a long while, ain't you? Your car's been here quite a while, that's a fact. Ain't it been a lousy day? Can't see nothing in this fog, can you? I guess you been walking on the island."

"Yes," John Thorne said. The man leaning close to him smelled of tobacco and whisky. "It's too foggy to walk much."

"Ain't it the truth?" the man said. "Yessir, it certainly is foggy. We've been out boating after clams. It's too foggy to go boating. We tied up waiting for it to lift. Say, you've been by the old house, I guess? It's a quaint old place, ain't it?"

The voice was not genuine.

"Yes," John Thorne said, "it's interesting."

"Say"—the stranger leaned his weight on the running board—"you ain't the young fellow I heard about, are you? The young fellow who's been downtown, and has measurements of that house?"

THE question set John Thorne at his ease. He no longer had any doubt that he was speaking to a local product of Southdown. He smiled almost condescendingly now that the strain of recent events seemed to have been almost entirely removed.

"You certainly learn about people's business mighty fast around here," he said. "How did you guess that?"

The stranger leaned more heavily upon the running board.

"Isn't hard," he said. "The old party that owned the place, Miss Symphorosa Savage, told me you called her up and she's got a friend down at the tavern, Joe Bodger. He let on this morning that you have some drawings."

"Oh," said John Thorne, "he's been poking through my things, has he? Yes, I've got some drawings. Well, I'm glad to have seen you."

The stranger's voice grew confidential.

"Is that a fact?" he said. "I suppose the old place has changed some since it was built. There's been alterations, ain't there? I don't suppose you know how it used to look. It must have been a mighty comical layout, the gardens and the cellar. You ain't got drawings of the gardens and the cellar?"

"I've got a good idea of them," said John Thorne. "Well, I'll see you later. Sorry I can't stop now."

"Sorry you're in a hurry." The stranger's voice still had a whine in it, but it changed when he glanced sideways toward the man who stood at the front of the car.

"Okay, Happy," he said. "Lady, this is Happy, a personal friend of mine. He's going to help you out of the car. Don't yell. And you, mister, you step out this side."

The man with the bearded face had opened the automobile door.

"Get out," he said, and the rustic whine had left his voice. It had become clear and impersonal. "Get out, I want to have a talk with you." The quiet brown eyes gazed at him insultingly.

"What damn' business have you got—" John Thorne began, but he never finished. The fist of the bearded man struck him clean in the mouth, and at the same time a hand had him by the collar of his coat. Before he could recover from his astonishment he was jerked over the door and fell on his hands and knees.

"Get up," the bearded man said, "and you talk nice."

John Thorne was up in a second. He had never been a student of fighting, but he was willing. He was so angry that he was beyond a sense of pain or reason. He made a lunge toward the bearded man, but the other man stepped back.

"Can it, you," he said. "I've got a rod, but I don't want to use it on you yet. I said we were going to talk.

"It might interest you to know who I am. The name used to be Savage, but I'm better known as Tonelli, Bugs Tonelli." John Thorne rubbed the back of his hand over his mouth because his lips were bleeding.

"Heard the name, haven't you?" Mr. Tonelli continued. "I'm wanted for twenty bank robberies and thirteen killings. I don't mind killing." His yellowish teeth glittered in a faint smile. "Just thought you'd like to know before you try to tackle me."

John Thorne tried to think of an adequate remark, but words failed him for one of the few times he remembered.

"What do you want with me?" he said.

"I'm going to tell you," said Mr. Tonelli. "Step out off the road. Hey, Happy."

The man named Happy was moving toward them, holding Doris Brooke by the arm. He was the same heavy, thickset man whom John Thorne had seen that morning looking at the island through field glasses. He was evidently of Latin origin, and his face was pasty pale. It was impossible to determine how he had gained his name, because he looked far from happy.

"Yeah," said Happy.

"Take the dame along. I want her."

John Thorne found his voice again. "Leave her alone," he said. "She doesn't know anything."

Bugs Tonelli spat on the grass in front of him.

"You're sweet on her, ain't you?" he said.

"No," said John Thorne, "I'm not."

"And she's Gaffney's girl, ain't she?" Bugs Tonelli said. "Gaffney picks cute numbers. Take her along, Happy, we want her. Come on, you." Bugs Tonelli nodded toward a gap in the stone wall. "Walk through," he said, and John Thorne walked.

HE HAD never felt so absolutely powerless as that unkempt bearded man made him feel. He knew that the former Mr. Savage, alias Bugs Tonelli, was not bluffing, because he had the earnestness of a Congregational preacher and a frankness that was chilling in its completeness. Anyone who was not a fool could understand what Mr. Tonelli had left unsaid.

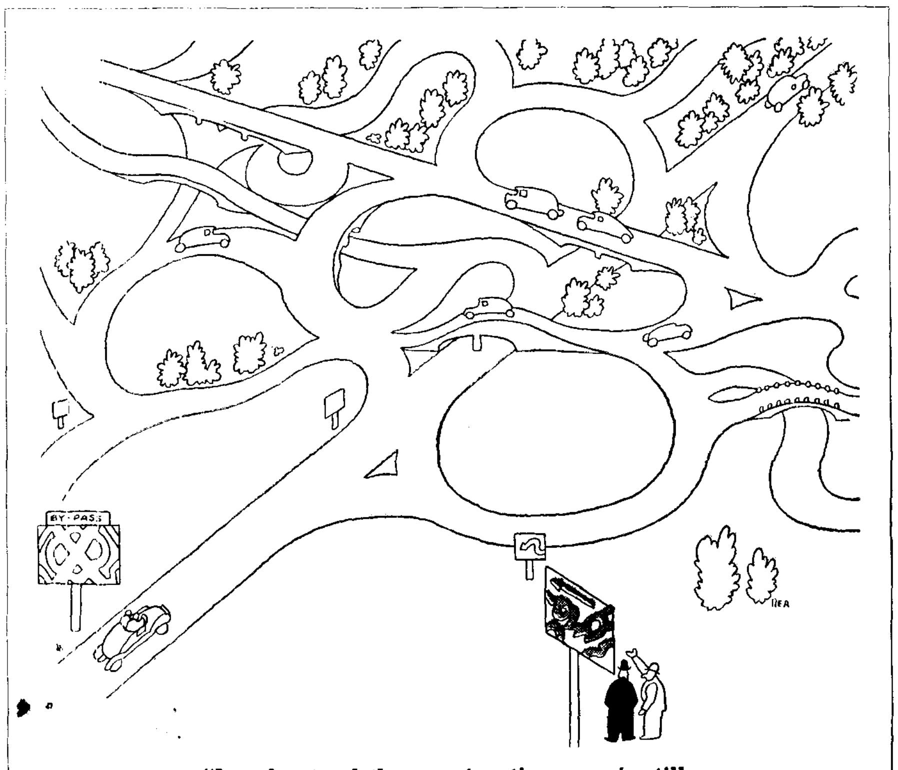
"When you say your prayers tonight," Mr. Jacks had said, "you might pray that you don't meet Bugs Tonelli."

Mr. Jacks had been absolutely right. The spirit of Bugs Tonelli had a pervading, unpleasant quality. Already John Thorne felt toward him the impersonal hatred one might feel in encountering a mad dog. It was an entirely new sensation. He knew it was not a time to be indignant or a time to expostulate. Nevertheless he spoke again after they crossed the stone wall.

"Tonelli," he said.

"Yeah," said Bugs Tonelli.

Mr. Tonelli's eyes were quiet and intent. Some altered tone in John Thorne's voice had already conveyed a message to Tonelli. There was an animal-like, half human adroitness in



"I understand the construction crew's still lost in the middle of it somewhere"

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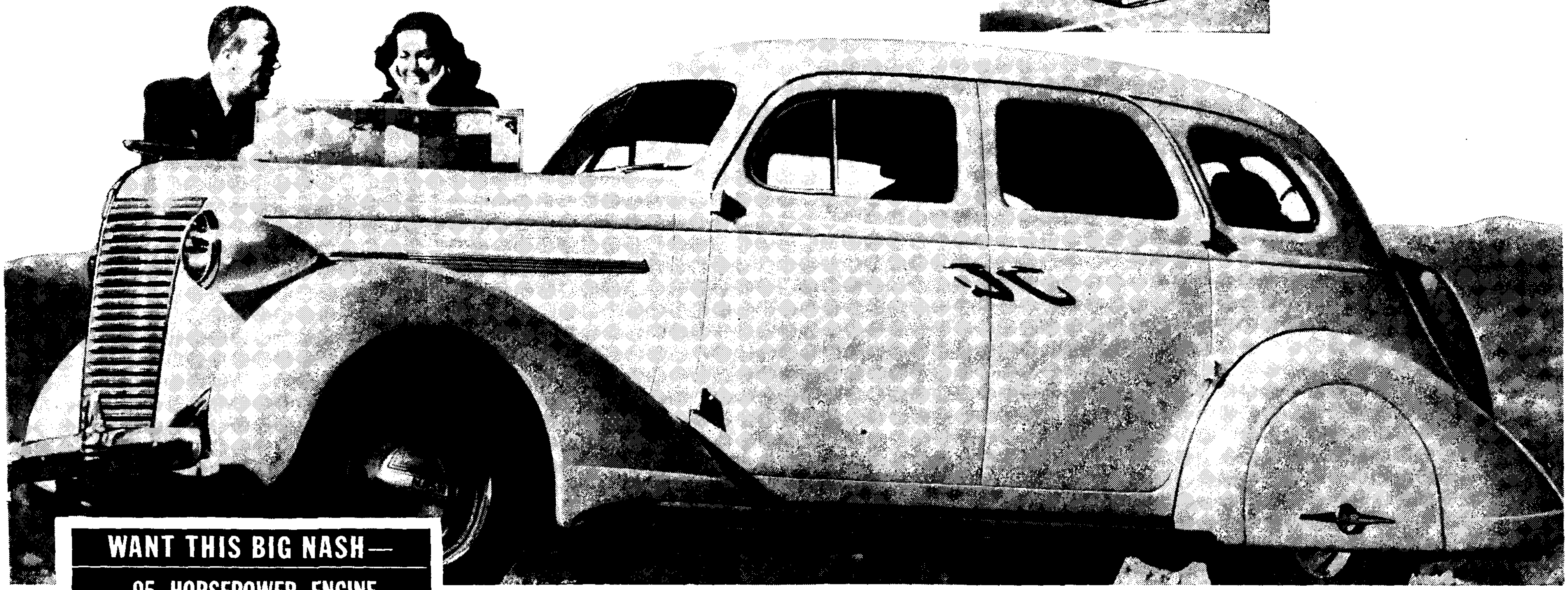

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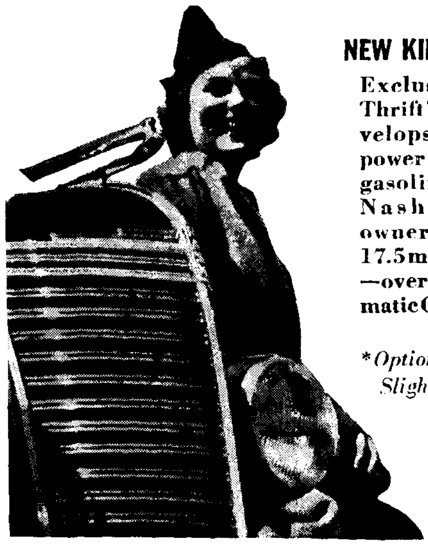

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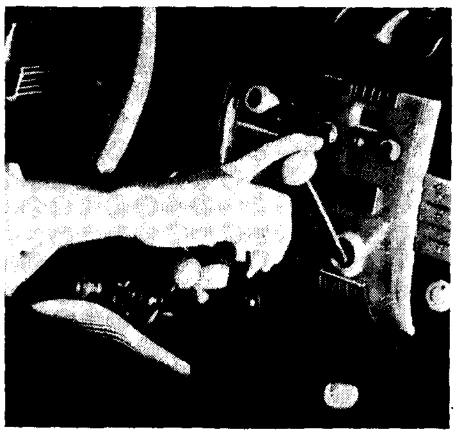

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TOOTH BRUSH

him, like some perverted flair of genius. He was closer to being a realist than anyone John Thorne had ever seen; far more of a realist than Mr. Gaffney. That impression of the other's logic was encouraging to John Thorne just then, because he had determined to play the only card he had. There was one chance of getting free of Tonelli, and it seemed to him a good one.

"Go on," said Tonelli, "spit it out. I ain't got no time to waste." And then John Thorne told the truth. He told it more on Doris Brooke's account than his own.

"There's a government man down there on the island," he said. "He's in the house. He's looking for you, Tonelli."

He knew it was news to Tonelli, and obviously unpleasant news. The man's body became rigidly motionless.

"How the hell did you know that? You ain't lying, are you?" John Thorne felt easier. For a moment he felt as though he controlled the situation.

"I'm telling you the truth," he answered steadily, "and I guess you know I am, Tonelli. He was in the Southdown Tavern last night and he was in the house on the island this morning. He spoke to me when I was there alone after the shooting. I guess you know about that."

"Go on," said Mr. Tonelli.

"He told me who he was," John Thorne continued, trying to keep his voice steady. "He's from the Department of Justice. He told me to get out and get to town."

"Go on," said Mr. Tonelli. "Don't get rattled."

"He gave me a telephone number to call when I got back to town," John Thorne continued. "He said to call the number and ask for men and a plane. He said to tell them that he was on to Bugs Tonelli. It was the first time I heard of you. I asked him who you were."

"Yeah," said Mr. Tonelli, "and what did he say then? I guess you don't read the papers."

"He told me when I said my prayers tonight," John Thorne answered, "I'd better pray I wouldn't meet you. The more I see of you, the more sure I am that he was right."

A LOOK that was almost genial appeared on Tonelli's face, and John Thorne thought that he was going to laugh, but he did not laugh.

"You wouldn't lie to me," he said, "not to a nice guy like me?"

"If you don't believe me," John Thorne said, "he wrote the number down. It's in my right-hand pocket. Do you want me to give it to you?"

Bugs Tonelli nodded.

"Fish it out," he said.

John Thorne handed the paper to Tonelli. Tonelli glanced at it and nodded again.

"So you were telling the truth," he said; "and what do you think you're getting out of it? Answer me that one quick."

John Thorne tried to smile; he tried to answer easily.

"Because I don't like your company," he said, "so I'm giving you your chance to get away."

"Yeah," said Bugs Tonelli.

"Yes," John Thorne repeated after him. "There's my car with the key in it, ready for you to take. You can leave me and the lady right here and go, and I'll promise you one thing more—I'll say I haven't seen you. How do you like that, Tonelli?"

"Say," said Tonelli, "you're a cold proposition, ain't you? So you don't like my company, and you know how to use your head."

"I can use it enough to know that I've seen enough of you today," John Thorne answered. "You had better take my car, Tonelli. Isn't it what they call a break?"

He saw Mr. Tonelli's teeth glitter beneath his stubbly beard.

"Skip it," Tonelli said. "Before I get through, you'll know I ain't afraid of one G-man. I'm here to make a play, and you're going to help me make it. You got some information I want, and you're going to give it to me. There's a guy down there named Gaffney, ain't there, looking through that house? I come here to get Gaffney and to get what he's looking for. Sit down behind that wall, and make that dame sit down, Happy. You've got sense, and I'm glad to see it. You're going to see some fast work, and we're going to have a talk."

"Hey, Bugs!" The voice of Happy interrupted them, alert and worried.

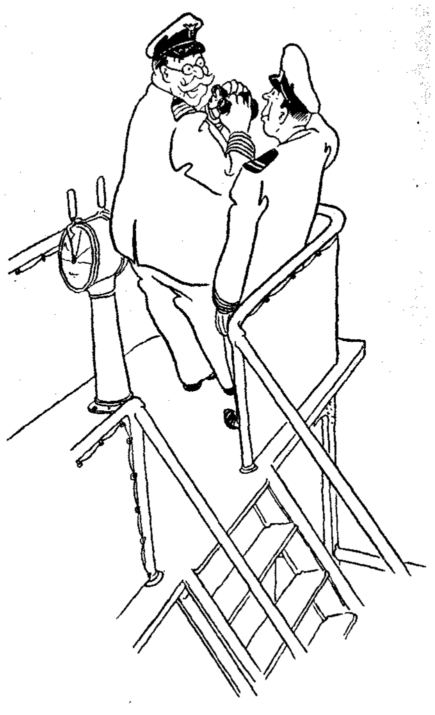
"What?" Tonelli asked.

"A car's coming. A car's coming off the island!"

Sure enough, there was the sound of a motor on the causeway, although the fog prevented them from seeing it, and the sound was coming nearer. Mr. Tonelli moved adroitly with the precision of a sailor in a storm. John Thorne admired his capacity. There was no doubt that Tonelli was a master in his way. A quick slap of his left hand sent John Thorne falling sideways.

"Get down," he whispered. "Get that dame down. Watch 'em, Happy."

Mr. Tonelli was crawling on his hands and knees toward the wall and toward a suitcase that was there. He opened the suitcase delicately and without haste, and produced a mechanical instrument from it. John Thorne's experience with crime films told him what it was—a subcaliber machine gun. Tonelli lifted it carefully and knelt down, peering over the wall.



"Two days late and two miles off our course, but what the heck? Lower a boat!"

BO BROWN

"Here she comes," he said. "If Gaffney's there, he gets it. And—"

The roar of a motor drowned out Tonelli's words, and then John Thorne saw a black limousine passing the stone wall, swaying as it hit the bumps of the road. He had a glimpse of four men in the car, the ones he had seen that morning. The limousine swerved by his runabout on the narrow road, and then it was gone. Tonelli put his weapon carefully back in the suitcase and closed it.

"I guess Gaffney's squealed," he said.

"Squealed?" echoed Happy.

"Yeah." Tonelli's voice was as harsh and accurate as a saw on wood. "I've been framed enough to know. Gaffney's talked. He's said I'm coming after him to get what's in the house. They sent away the bodyguard. Why? So it looks easy. That department dick thinks we don't know he's there. He's waiting there for you and me to walk right in. He's making it look like Gaffney's there alone."

"There's only two of them, ain't there?" Happy suggested. "Let's you and me go down and shoot it out. Ain't that what you wanted?"

"Shut up," said Tonelli. He stopped in front of Thorne, and his somber brown eyes studied him for a while before he spoke.

"I'm going to make you a proposition," he said. "You got a wrist watch, ain't you?"

John Thorne nodded.

"So have I got a watch." Tonelli drew a thin gold watch from his trousers pocket. "Mine says three minutes before two. Set your watch by mine. That's easy, ain't it?"

His tone was almost considerate, like that of a schoolmaster trying to drive an idea home to a pupil so that it could not be forgotten.

"You said a while ago," Mr. Tonelli went on, "that you'd seen enough of me. And you're damn' well right. I was brought up outside of Southdown, but I got to the reformatory when I was thirteen. I'm thirty-two now, and I've been places. I told you what I was wanted for, and it's the truth. I'm on the public enemy list, and I do things you wouldn't. There are other guys like me, but you won't ever see 'em. I ain't boasting. What did you say your name was?"

"Thorne," John Thorne said.

"I ain't boasting, Mr. Thorne, and I generally don't talk so much. I just want to make sure you understand."

HE PAUSED and looked at Doris Brooke. It was the first time that he had given her his full attention.

"Cute piece of goods, ain't she?" he remarked. "Me, I don't have much to do with women; they ain't safe. But she's cute. So you're Gaffney's girl, are you? And you're double-crossing Gaffney for this guy Thorne. Nice hair you got, funny-colored hair." Tonelli leaned toward her carefully and stretched his hand toward her head, as though he were approaching a balky horse.

"Comical-colored hair," he said again.

Doris Brooke shrank away from him without speaking, but John Thorne spoke:

"Say—you," he began, "if you put a hand on her—"

"So what?" said Tonelli. "So what, Thorne? She don't mean a thing to me, but she does to you, don't she? It's what I wanted to find out. It puts you in a spot, don't it, Thorne?"

"What do you want?" John Thorne said. "Don't talk so much."

Tonelli took out his watch and held it in his hand. "All right," he said, "I won't, Thorne, if you got sense enough to understand me. Your car's out there, ain't it? In two minutes it will be five past two. You can get to Southdown in fifteen minutes, back here in another fifteen. You can do it easy without speeding. I'll give you five minutes more. That's thirty-five minutes by your watch to come back here with the plans, or the notes, about the cellar of the house on Smith Island."

He waited for John Thorne to speak, and John Thorne answered him. "Suppose I don't come back," he said.

"You're coming back," Tonelli assured him, "and you ain't going to telephone for help while you're gone either. You ain't going to say a word about anything, Thorne. You're coming back here in thirty-five minutes. If you bring help with you, I'll kill the little dame. She's staying with me. Understand? If you don't come back in thirty-five minutes, I'll kill the young lady. If you come and have some cops follow you, I'll kill you both. That's my proposition. You sit quiet for a minute while I speak to Happy."

JOHN THORNE sat quietly. He did not care to look at Doris Brooke, because he was aware that he was an unconvincing sight. He was aware that the color had left his face. He must have been as white and as clammy as a coward, because he believed everything that Tonelli had said. Tonelli's sawlike, unmusical voice went on.

"They don't know you, Happy," he was saying. "They haven't even got your fingerprints. You're going down on the island. See. You're going up to the house, and you ain't taking a gun with you either."

"Huh?" said Happy.

"You ain't taking a gun with you, I said. You're going down there to squeal. You're going to find that government bull."

"Huh?" said Happy.

"You're going to find him and squeal to him. You're going to say you got a line on Bugs Tonelli. You'll say he's hiding in a boat in the creek. You know where. Say you can take him right up to Tonelli."

"Sure," said Happy, "then what?"

"Listen," Tonelli answered, "listen careful. You take him by here. I want to know he's gone, and take him down to the boat. You understand? You and the Smith boys can fix him. Stay with him till I get there. Just you walk him by here so I can see him. That will give Thorne and me a chance. You get my idea, don't you, Thorne? Happy does just what he's told."

"Yes," John Thorne answered, "yes, I see."

"And you're going to go, ain't you?" Tonelli asked. "Get up. It's five past two."

John Thorne got up. His knees felt unsteady.

"You won't touch that girl while I'm gone?" he asked.

"Hell, no," said Tonelli; "not a pass."

"All right," John Thorne said. "I'm going."

"Listen," Tonelli said, "when you get back you stop your car right where it is now and walk here with your hands up. I'll want to see what you've got with you. You might buy a rod downtown."

John Thorne got in his car, started the engine and threw in the clutch. He did not bother to look back, but began to drive mechanically in a hypnotized sort of abstraction. He had a sensation of having been physically beaten. He smarted furiously under the humiliation he had suffered, but he felt an amazement that was beyond all sense of personal pain. The lucid audacity of Tonelli was almost like a tangible personality in the seat beside him. Tonelli had not even allowed him the opportunity

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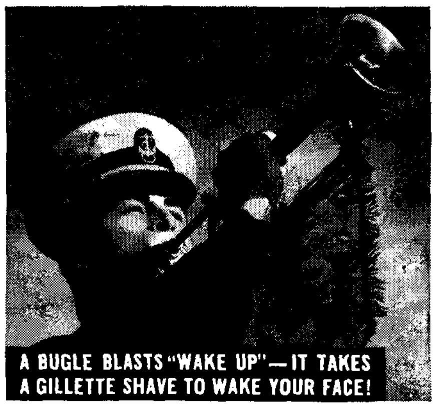
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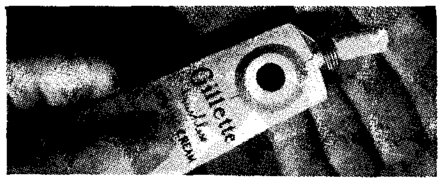

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for self-recriminations. Everything had a dreamlike inevitability; he could not think of a thing he might have done that would have made matters different.

He did not dare to call Tonelli's bluff, because it was not a bluff. If he was not back in the thirty-five minutes allotted him, Doris Brooke would be dead.

There was only one thing to do—exactly what Tonelli had told him. For the life of him he could think of nothing else; though his mind moved almost hysterically, he could think of nothing else.

A heavy red moving van was in front of him, panting slowly up a hill. He passed it, and then the road was clear in front of him as far as he could see in the mist. He was stepping on the accelerator and peering through the windshield when he heard the sound of a motorcycle behind him. A glance in the rear-view mirror showed him that he was being followed by a blue-clad state trooper. A galvanic sort of a panic seized him at the sight. Like every motorist he was familiar with the state police. It would be better to stop and get it over with quickly; so he stopped.

The motorcycle drew up beside him in a series of short coughs, and the trooper who was riding it was bronzed, young and efficient. John Thorne eyed the heavy revolver at the trooper's waist almost longingly. Here he was in touch with a service that was paid to protect him, but he could not use it.

"I'm sorry, officer," John Thorne began, "I guess I was going too fast. I'm in an awful hurry."

"I'll say you were," the trooper replied cheerfully, "passing a car on a hill, passing at an intersection, and not stopping when I whistled. Let's have your papers."

John Thorne took out his papers from the compartment in the instrument board. The trooper took them with academic deliberation and got out his book and began writing. The trooper was as slow as cold molasses and minute was following minute.

"If you're going to give me a ticket," John Thorne said, "will you give it to me quickly? I'm in an awful hurry."

The officer looked up at him and sniffed suspiciously.

"Say," he said, "say, what's the matter? You look like you been fighting."

"I haven't," John Thorne said. He spoke quickly, desperately. "Won't you give me the ticket, please, officer. I—I ran off the road in the fog and hit myself on the wheel."

"Say," the officer said curiously, "you haven't been drinking, but you look like hell. Are you in trouble, mister?"

"Trouble." John Thorne answered him promptly with the first thought that came into his mind. "There's been an accident," he said.

"TAKE it easy," the officer said. "Take it easy. What kind of an accident?"

"It isn't exactly an accident," John Thorne said. "The fact is my wife—"

The officer looked unconvinced.

"There's a baby being born every minute on this road, mister," he said. "Either it's ladies going to the hospital, or husbands going for the doctor."

"Have you ever been a father?" John Thorne asked. He was speaking like someone in a nightmare.

"Skip it," said the officer. "Go ahead, just don't make me listen."

John Thorne felt the perspiration running down his face. The conversation had taken a good five minutes. The whole business was a hideous travesty utterly devoid of humor. Everything had become sickeningly awful. Fifteen minutes had gone, a good fifteen, by the time he reached the Southdown Tavern.

Innovations had gone on since he had left it. A spinning wheel had been placed upon the small patch of lawn in front of the inn veranda and also a yellow sleigh. He could have sworn that they had not been there when he approached the inn the evening before.

The cadaverous Joe Bodger, the guests' guide, philosopher and friend, was lolling in a rocking chair, but he pulled himself out of it when John Thorne ran up the steps.

"Hey," he said, "you're late, ain't you? Mrs. Guffey wants to see you."

"I'll see her later," John Thorne said. "I'm in a hurry now."

He darted across the oiled pine reception room, and saw Mr. Guffey staring at him from the desk. Joe Bodger was shambling after him.

"Hey," Joe Bodger was saying. "What's your hurry? Is there something that isn't right?" John Thorne felt like a ghost of himself running through an inglorious past as he ran up the stairs. His common sense was twitching at his sleeve. He had to be calm; there must be no suspicion. His suitcase was in his room, open as he had left it, and there was his sketch book with his notes and his drawings of the Budge house. He put them in his pocket and ran back downstairs. At the foot of the stairs a stout, gray-haired woman in a flowery batik dress was waiting for him. He paused because she was directly in his way and he did not need to be told who she was; as sure as fate it was Mrs. Guffey, heavy, smiling, gushing, and as implacable as fate.

"OH, Mr. Thorne," said Mrs. Guffey, "we've been waiting lunch for you. It's so lovely you are here. So you've been on an adventure, adventuring on dear, quaint Smith Island? What a pity it is that so many people have occupied that place! Mr. Guffey's making us a cocktail in one of your own churns."

"That's awfully kind of you," John Thorne began, and he edged sideways to get around Mrs. Guffey. Mrs. Guffey edged sideways also.

"It isn't kind," said Mrs. Guffey. "It's such an honor, Mr. Thorne, such a lovely honor. We've got such a lot to talk about. I don't think Mr. Guffey told you that the barn was full of crudes."

"I'd love to see them," John Thorne said, and he edged sideways again, and Mrs. Guffey moved also like a general protecting his flank.

"I'd love to see them some other time."

"But there's no time like the present," Mrs. Guffey said. "In fact there is no such thing as time in this dear, dreamy, humdrum old town, which sleeps away in the memory of its past. Do you ever think of stories as an old town sleeps in the fog? I do, Mr. Thorne. Everything is a story, a beautiful, quaint story."

"I'M AWFULLY sorry," John Thorne said; "I have an appointment."

"Why, Mr. Thorne," said Mrs. Guffey, "whatever is the matter? Your coat's torn and you've hurt your face."

"That's a fact," he heard Joe Bodger say, "there's something ain't right. There's either trouble on the island, or there's something ain't right about Mr. Thorne."

"Trouble," John Thorne controlled himself with difficulty, and tried to laugh. "There isn't any trouble. I just fell down the cellar stairs."

"You don't need to tell me," Mrs. Guffey said, "I know. Those old cellar stairs—"

"I'm awfully sorry," John Thorne said again, and then he turned and ran. He was starting his car when he saw Joe Bodger running down the path.

"Hey," Joe Bodger was calling, "wait a minute. There's something isn't right. If you don't wait, I'll get the police. There's something isn't right."

John Thorne pulled out his wallet and extracted a twenty-dollar bill.

"Here," he said, "take this."

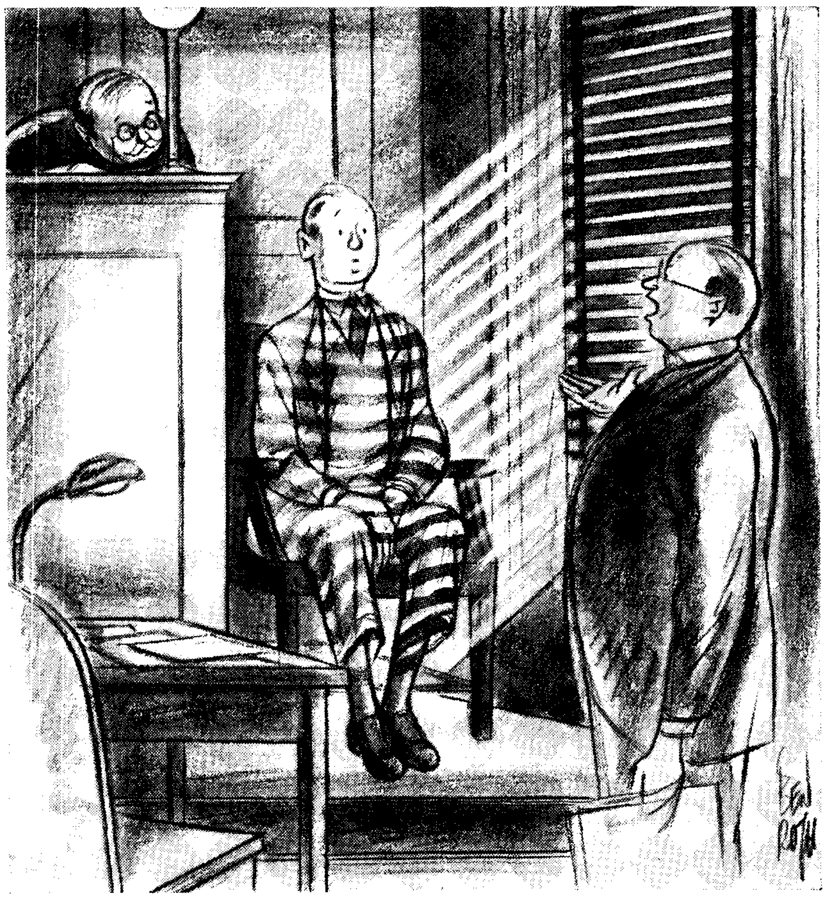
Joe Bodger's mouth fell open. "Hey?" he said. "What's that for?"

"For you," said John Thorne gently.

Joe Bodger's watery eyes grew narrow and triumphant.

"You don't bribe me, mister," he said. "I don't take no bribes."

John Thorne wriggled in his seat. He



"Before I allow another one of my witnesses on the stand, Your Honor, I demand the removal of this Venetian blind"

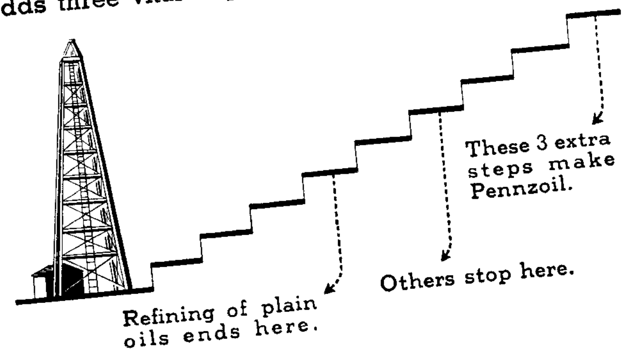
BEN ROTH

TO PICK A CHAMP WITH NOTHING LACKING,
BE WISE, AND GIVE PENNZOIL YOUR BACKING!

Pennsylvania Oil must FIGHT to become PENNZOIL!

3 extra steps mean everything in your oil

Different qualities of oil are made from Pennsylvania crude. Some oils are put through only four basic refining steps. Others (among them, so-called premium oils) go through six steps . . . but Pennzoil adds three vital steps as shown here:


These 3 extra steps make Pennzoil.
Others stop here.
Refining of plain oils ends here.

Three **extra** refining steps give Pennzoil its amazing extra margin of safety. By an exclusive process, they select only the best lubricating parts of Pennsylvania crude to become Pennzoil. No weak or harmful elements get past them.

Your motor never "takes it on the chin" when Pennzoil lubricates it. Here's why:

A special process selects only the finest lubricating parts of Pennsylvania crude oil to become Pennzoil. No weak or harmful elements get past the three extra refining steps that make up Pennzoil's exclusive, extra-margin-of-safety process!

Result: Pennzoil adds many thousands of miles to the life of your car — keeps it in such good condition that dealers tell us you may get $30 to $115 more on a trade-in. And it keeps day-to-day costs of oil, gas and repairs at rock bottom.

No wonder that Union Pacific streamliners (three times as hard on oil as any car) and United Air Lines planes use Pennzoil. It gives their huge motors the same extra margin of safety it gives your car!

BE OIL-WISE . . . USE PENNZOIL!
SEE A NEARBY BONDED DEALER

BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

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GIVES ALL CARS AN *EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY*

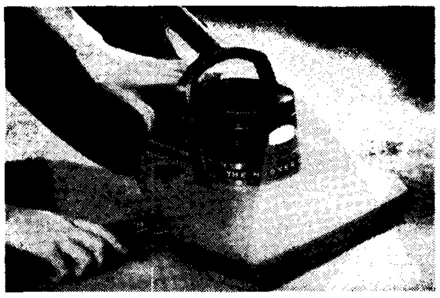
THE HOOVER
HOOVER

The Cleaning Ensemble is New. Instead of attacking your cleaning with whisk brooms, mops, brushes, dust cloths and cleaner, you now find all needed equipment in a simple, compact Hoover Cleaning Ensemble. Light brushes and extension tubes—to save climbing and stooping—are in a Handy Cleaning Kit, included in the Ensemble.

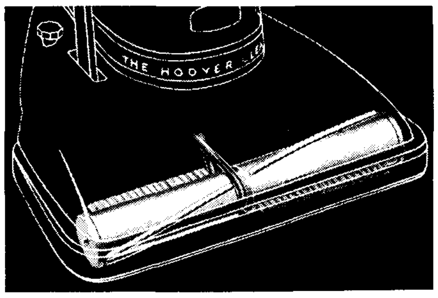
WHAT'S NEW IN Cleaners

Look for New Lightness. So that cleaners will purr along at a finger touch, and be easy to carry upstairs and down, they are being made of a remarkable new airplane metal, magnesium—one-third lighter than aluminum. Hoover Cleaning Ensembles are the only cleaners using this wonder metal.

New Ways To Do Old Jobs. With a Hoover Cleaning Ensemble you can get dog hairs out of rugs . . . moth eggs out of chair crevices . . . see dirt in dark places (electric Dirt Finder) . . . adjust cleaner to any thickness rug . . . clean fragile silk lamp shades or dust books . . . get clothes-soiling dirt out of upholstered furniture . . . clean clothing, bare floors, linoleum, inside the motor car.



Instead of Dusting. The newest cleaners change over instantly from rug to furniture cleaning, removing dust from chairs, draperies, lamp shades, and other pieces with different suction brushes. Illustration shows how easily tools are connected, while motor still runs. No gadgets or belts to remove. An exclusive patented feature of Hoover Cleaning Ensembles.



New Beauty Treatment for Rugs. Cleaning with a Hoover Ensemble brings out the hidden color by bringing out the hidden dirt. Makes fabric look richer and deeper by raising the nap. Hoover's exclusive, patented Positive Agitation works this color miracle and is also *guaranteed to prolong the life of rugs,* by getting out deep, nap-cutting grit.

●There is just one way to get all of these new cleaning conveniences—and that is in a Hoover Cleaning Ensemble. Try this modern and beautiful cleaning equipment, in your own home, through the courtesy of your local Hoover dealer. His neighborhood Hoover representative will show you how to make short work of cleaning. You can buy a Hoover for as little as $49.75. The new Model 25 Cleaning Ensemble illustrated is: Cleaner alone, $65.00; Cleaning Tools, $14.50. Only $1.25 a week, payable monthly, with small carrying charges. Also, see the One Fifty Cleaning Ensemble, the finest Hoover made.

HOOVER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Cleaning Ensembles

was trying to think of something, anything to keep the old man quiet.

"Hush," he said, "it isn't a bribe. I want you to buy me something."

"Buy what, mister?" The answer seemed to satisfy the guide, philosopher and friend.

"Listen carefully," John Thorne said. "You're a clever man, Mr. Bodger. I want you to get me a crowbar, a cold chisel, a flashlight and a fifty-foot roll of steel measuring tape. Have them ready in my room—and wait a minute, one thing more, a lump of sewing wax."

"Say," said Joe Bodger, "what in tarnation are them things for?"

John Thorne nodded mysteriously.

"You'll see when I get back," he said, "and you can tell Mrs. Guffey what I'm going to get. You'll both see when I get back."

At another time it would have been amusing, but it was not amusing then. Even that farcical interlude was hideous, because it was serious; it was serious right down to the mention of the sewing wax. He was amazed at himself for thinking of that final touch, for his instinct told him that it was absolutely right, that its mystery contained just the right appeal to curiosity. Joe Bodger would be quiet and Mrs. Guffey would be quiet, waiting till he got back, and he wondered if he ever would. He had exactly twelve minutes to reach the high ground near Smith Island.

The fog was still thick over the marshes. He was back in it again as soon as he left the main road, and he began blowing his horn so that Tonelli would know he was coming. He reached the stone wall where he had left his car before with just a minute to spare, no more, no less.

"Tonelli," he called. "Tonelli!"

THERE was a moment's silence, but before he called again, Tonelli's voice answered, rasping and undisturbed. He was actually glad to hear the voice.

"Quit hollerin' my name. Get down and walk here with your hands up."

Doris Brooke was sitting by the wall just where he had left her, and Tonelli was standing near her with a pistol in his hand.

"I'm all right," she said.

"Yeah," said Tonelli, "she's all right. She's been telling me about the island, a real little lady. In a hurry, wasn't you, Thorne? Let's look at your pockets. So you got your notebook, have you?"

"What do you want now?" John Thorne said.

"Just you to do what I tell you," Tonelli said. "We'll take your car. Everything is going pretty. Happy's gone by with the G-boy. They ought to be at the boat now. Turn around and get in the car. Get up and get in, sister. We're going for a ride, all three on the front seat. We're driving to Smith Island. Get in and drive."

John Thorne got behind the wheel without speaking.

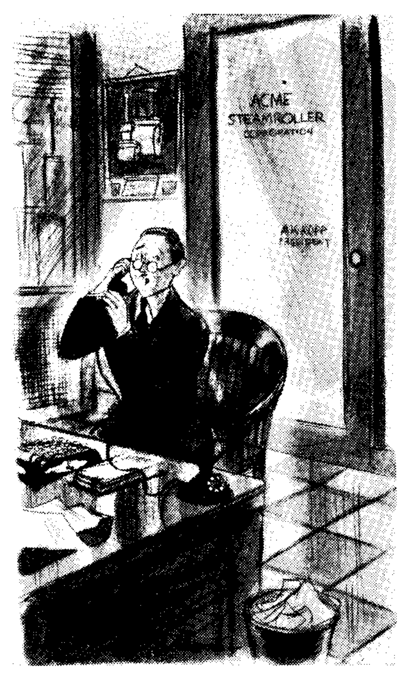
"Sweet on the little lady, ain't you?" Tonelli asked. "All right, get mad and don't answer, it don't make no difference. I only want for you to know something. It's why I don't get mixed up with women. I got a gun on the little dame, see. You make one move and out she goes. Drive!"

"I know you've got a gun, and I'm tired of hearing about it," John Thorne said.

"Skip it," said Tonelli, "skip it and drive."

They drove across the causeway into the thick white mist. Doris Brooke was close beside him. She reached out her hand and touched his and her hand was firm and steady, but she did not speak. It was as though the self-confidence of the man beside them exerted a mesmeric effect. Although it was impossible to guess what he might do next, one could be sure that whatever he did would be absolutely right. Granting the glandular abnormality that had produced his type, he was so well adjusted to his role as to be commonplace. One could be sure that he would accomplish what he wanted without effort, with hardly a change of facial expression.

Tonelli was evidently perfectly satisfied that the road lay clear to what he wanted, and whatever it was it must have been exceedingly important since he was taking a terrific chance for it. It was not hard to visualize the risk Tonelli ran as a hunted man and officially named outlaw, wanted by the federal authorities, yet daring to show his face. Did a man like Tonelli harbor the thought in the back of his mind that his time on earth was very short? If so it must have been a consoling thought since there was no longer a possibility of turning back or any need for self-recrimination. He had everything to gain and nothing to lose, and there were no deterrent forces left to check him. That was why he was so convincing, so absolutely plausible. It was why he was so inhumanly calm.



"Listen, darling, if I start to sell you a steam roller, the boss just walked in"

GREGORY DE'ALESSIO

John Thorne saw him from the corner of his eye, staring at the rutted lane ahead, presenting an attenuated, knifelike profile. The forehead sloped back sharply under the felt hat and his nose jutted forward making a sharp angle with the receding chin, whose lines were made uncertain by the beard.

What was it that he wanted in the Budge house? What was it that an outlaw like Tonelli or a gangster like Gaffney wanted in a deserted house on a mosquito-infested upland? It was something that they thought was hidden in the cellar and something for which a man had been murdered. It was certainly something valuable, probably money, but how had money come to be left in such a place? Was it loot from a robbery, or was it something else? John Thorne tried to speculate calmly and dispassionately while he drove the car. Why were he and Doris Brooke there and what might finally happen? He tried to tell himself that it did no good to worry, that he must not become panic-stricken or excited; nevertheless, all sorts of anxieties crowded on him while he was driving.

(To be continued next week)

Model for Life

Continued from page 14

Chiltern permitted himself a sardonic smile. Wouldn't they be shocked when they saw old Captain Leblanc hoisting himself by inches onto the model stand, wearing the same faded red-and-blue uniform in which, according to him, he had defended the tricolor in every major engagement since Waterloo? He knew just what would happen: The captain would sit like an overfed satyr, with a cigarette butt completely hidden in his tangle of white beard, and his rumbling voice would burst forth unexpectedly into indecent French jokes, and the little group of debutantes down in front would giggle and think how very Parisian it all was, and try to draw every curl in the captain's beard.

Chiltern reached the top floor just in time to see the stuffed blue coat of Captain Leblanc moving ponderously toward the studio. He followed at a safe distance.

The class was held in a long, untidy, skylit room, with benches drawn up in a triple semicircle about the model stand, and a fringe of easels along the outskirts. Aggressive students were already seizing the best places, setting up their drawing boards, sharpening charcoal on blocks of sandpaper. Looking around at the class, Chiltern thought: "Some are born teachers, and others can't make a living any other way. That's me. They think I'm still a big shot on the strength of a few pictures hung here and there, and my name on the United Monthly several years ago.

"They imagine I'm a great teacher because I pull their work to pieces with a Harvard accent. They don't realize that I couldn't even hold down an agency job!"

He was striding through a maze of benches and boards, his purpose being to get Captain Leblanc onto the stand before any of the sweet girl students began listening to the stories he was recounting in a stage whisper to several attentive young men.

"So—zis 'usband comes 'ome"— he was announcing triumphantly, in a wheeze that reached the four corners of the room.

Chiltern shouted, "Pose!" (The captain was hard of hearing.) "A little more to the left. *A gauche. Bien. Tenez le.* And throw away that cigarette!"

THE students were shifting their positions; some had already started blocking in their drawings. All was going well, and then, by ill chance, Chiltern's glance happened to fall on the board of the adenoidal Betty Doe, who always sat in the middle of the first row. Clutching a bit of charcoal, she was painfully and meticulously drawing one of the captain's eyes, complete with lashes, on a large blank sheet of paper. It was too much. Chiltern felt that tankards of strong drink were in order. He made for the door, merely saying in passing to Terry Hayes, the monitor: "See that the captain speaks French."

As he plunged along the street in the direction of the corner tavern, his thoughts reverted to his personal problems. What an ass he'd been, three years ago, not to have realized that he was slipping! Riding the crest—that was what he had been doing—till that memorable day when Simmons, the art editor of United Monthly, had flipped his sketch across the desk, and said in that well-known, rasping voice:

"Look here, Chiltern, I don't know what's been eating you the last six months, but your stuff smells to heaven. This thing just hasn't got what it takes. You can't get by on your name forever, you know. I've got a new fella that can do a sweet job on this cover, and he's going to get it."

So here he was (gulping the Scotch and soda)—all through at thirty, already relegated to the limbo of teaching and barely making enough at that to pay studio rent and keep up a dingy little flat in an erstwhile residence. . . .

The afternoon class came straggling in before one. Chiltern got there just as Terry Hayes, munching an apple turnover, was directing the new model to the screened corner that served as dressing space. She slipped in timidly without looking at him. "You'll find a kimono in there," he was telling her. "Just come out to the stand when you're ready."

They were all in their places when the girl finally emerged. She walked across the dusty floor in her bare feet, and she was hugging the old silk kimono as if it were her sole protection against a howling gale.

"Pose," Chiltern said abstractedly.

THE girl dropped the kimono about her feet and stood revealed. Revealed—in a brassiere and a pair of short pink step-ins. Chiltern's jaw dropped, and a dark flush spread up across his face. The class, after a moment's stricken silence, broke spontaneously into a smother of laughter.

Chiltern could have killed her. If ever there was an ample excuse for a Monday homicide—! "Take off those clothes," he commanded. "This is a figure class. They're not here to study underwear."

The girl shuddered. "All my clothes?" she stammered weakly.

Chiltern groaned. "Certainly. These students are learning to draw the figure—any human figure. You are just Exhibit A. Pull yourself together."

The girl began peeling off her garments, her hands shaking, and her face turned from the class. When she had laid her clothes on the edge of the platform, she stood up against the backdrop, with her head thrown back and her chin set in an expression of obstinate defiance. It was as if she had said, "Now I'm in for this, I'll see it through."

"Back a bit," said Chiltern. "You can rest one hand against the wall. That's fine. Hold it." As his anger burned down, he was realizing, somewhat reluctantly, that the girl had not only a distinctive kind of beauty, but also a certain natural grace. She seemed to assume unconsciously an attitude of dignity and charm. If only she didn't faint! He watched her anxiously during the first half hour, but she stood unmoving and apparently emotionless against the green curtain, and when Terry, watch in hand, called "Rest," she picked up the kimono and sat down on the edge of the stand with manifest sang-froid. She was putting on a good act, anyway, Chiltern thought.

At four, as the students were beginning to put away their materials, she fled toward the screen. Terry followed her across the room. "That was swell," he said in a low voice. "It won't be such a strain when you get used to it, kid."

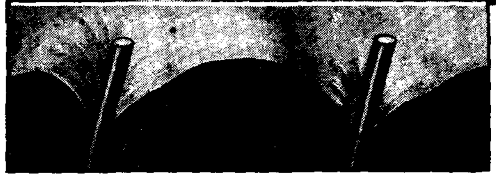
Chiltern, standing near, looked past her head and said, "Come tomorrow at the same time, please."

She looked up, half startled. "Thank you," she murmured, disappearing behind the screen, though why she should have thanked him, Chiltern could not imagine.

When he had swept the last student out of the place and spent an hour or so on the "books," he locked the door and proceeded to the business of dinner.

A razor guard must smooth, not furrow, the skin

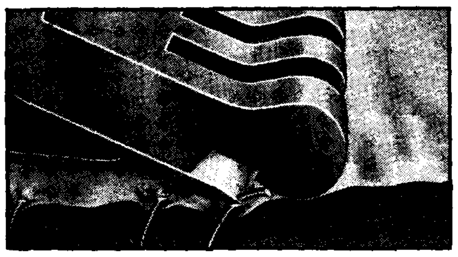
That's why Schick abandoned its common tooth-type guard. We found that the "toothed" design failed to properly smooth the naturally bumpy skin surface . . . and was apt to furrow an *additional* set of ridges and valleys on the face. Consider the pictures below.



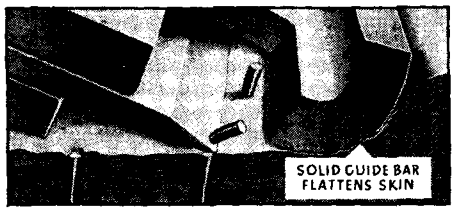
FACT: Your skin is a series of tiny humps and hollows, because whiskers grow in "pits" as shown at left.

PROBLEM: How to flatten this uneven surface, so your razor blade can cut whiskers closely at skin line without danger of slicing off tops of "humps."

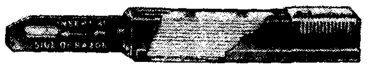
At right is the abandoned tooth-type guard. It was once used on our $5.00 Magazine Razor. A fine instrument in most respects, it still has thousands of enthusiastic users. Its faults, now corrected, are that it did not sufficiently flatten and stretch the skin in front of the blade . . . and that its "teeth" had a tendency to comb *still another* series of ridges and valleys in the skin surface.



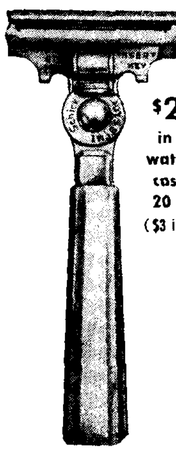
ANSWER: The flat, solid guide bar of the Schick Injector Razor (now used also on the Magazine Razor) is *designed* to flatten and stretch the skin. Whiskers are forced up from their pits, held stiffly upright so blade can cut them cleanly at skin line. Pictured at right.



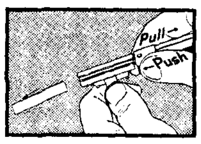
PROOF: Five years of study in one of America's great Industrial Research Institutes, plus the experience of more than a million Schick Injector Razor users, have proved beyond question that the *solid* guard is superior to the abandoned tooth-type guard. A Schick Injector Razor will show you the difference if you shave with it tomorrow.



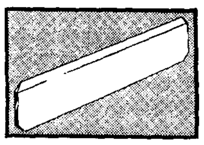
Schick Blades are protected in a bath of oil in this metal blade-injector cartridge. Blade edges are suspended in space; no paper covering which might dull them.



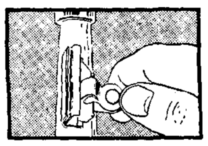
$2.00
in black waterproof case with 20 blades
($3 in Canada)



One-second blade change . . . a pull and push of the "trigger"... out shoots the old blade and in goes the new . . . nothing to unwrap, take apart or re-assemble. Quick . . . time-saving.



Schick Blades are double-thick . . . able to take and *hold* sharper edge. Each blade individually honed, stropped, inspected. Result . . . more *comfortable* shaves per blade.

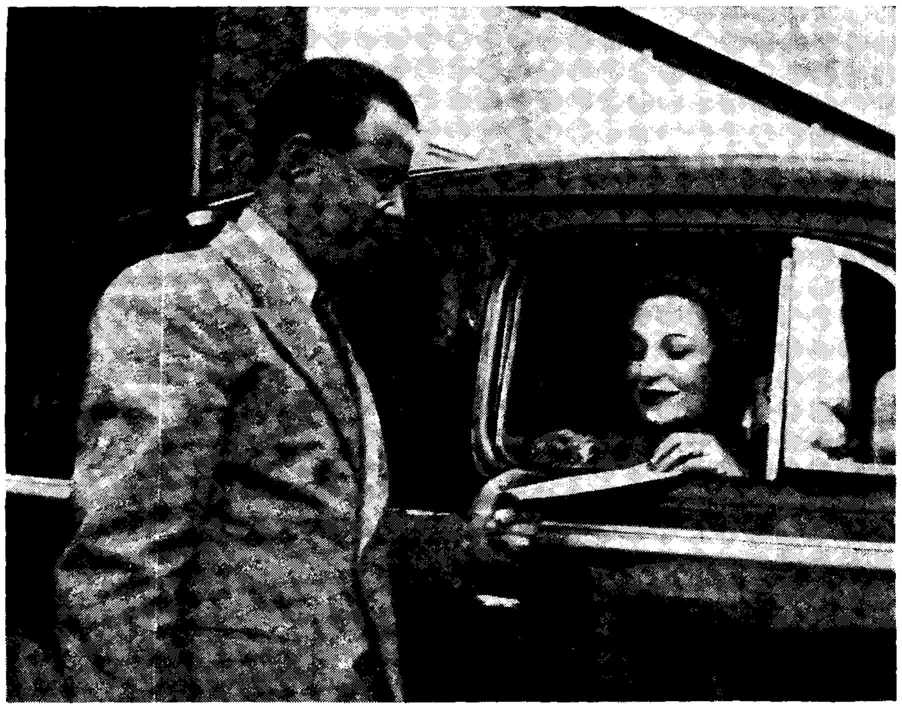


Save minutes every day . . . no need to wipe and dry the Schick Injector Razor after every shave . . . a flush under the faucet, and it's clean. No removing, cleaning and replacing blade.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

Magazine Repeating Razor Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut

Delighted...
$70 WORTH!



Mr. S. Froelich, Sales Manager, Central Chevrolet Co., Los Angeles, Cal., explains to Mrs. Pauline Kreiger that she has saved $70.00 on the price of her new car through the use of MARFAK

"A FEW DAYS AGO," writes Mr. Froelich, "Mrs. Pauline Kreiger turned in her old car for a 1938 model. It was in such excellent mechanical condition that I asked her what kind of lubricant she had been getting. And I was not at all surprised when she told me she had been using Marfak regularly.

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Over a vegetable plate and a cup of Mr. Papadopoulos' alleged coffee, he asked himself what he was going to do with the evening. Perhaps he could paint—play around with water colors for his own amusement—though he knew in advance that the experiment would be a failure. He had sat down before a blank paper or canvas all too often these past months, had made a few desultory scratches, and thrown it up in disgust. No creative urge! Well, he'd go through the farce again, even though it meant going back upstairs for paper.

Plodding through the deserted building, his footsteps echoing dismally in the silence, he felt his own loneliness and failure hugging him closely.

The inner half of the studio's blank wall was partitioned off into a kind of two-storied section, with lockers and sinks below. Above, reached by a ladderlike flight of steps, was a space given over to a motley assortment of boards, canvases, rolls of paper and the like. Chiltern turned on the light and climbed the narrow stair. His head had reached the level of the loft floor when he was startled by a sound above him—a human sound, and one of terror.

"What's that?" he inquired aloud, swinging up the last three steps and peering into the recesses of the loft. After a moment, a face detached itself from the dark bulks and angles, and a ghost of a voice said:

"Oh, who is it?"

Chiltern thought, with a sense of relief: "Why, it's just the little model. What the devil is she up to, hanging around here after the place is locked?"

"Come right down out of that," he said sternly. "Now what's it all about? Don't you know you aren't allowed—"

He held out a hand and she crept down a ladder. "I didn't think anyone would know," she said, standing pale and nervous under the light. "I thought I could just stay behind the screen till everybody'd gone, and then slip out in the morning and no one would notice. I wouldn't have disturbed anything."

Chiltern leaned against a locker, with his hands in his pockets, regarding her quizzically. "But why stay here?"

The girl began making passes at her nose with a handkerchief. "I haven't paid my room rent in over a month, and the landlady kept my things, and you didn't pay me, so—well, I thought it wouldn't do any harm just to sleep here."

"No dinner," Chiltern commented. "That was rotten of me. I'm sorry. Now, if you'll put on your hat and coat, we'll go down to the exclusive Cozy Lunch, and you can tell me the story of your life over a steak."

He ushered her downstairs gravely, and they took possession of one of Mr. Papadopoulos' stalls. Chiltern ordered the sixty-five-cent special for the girl, and coffee for himself.

"Them artists is crazy anyways," Mr. P. told himself with large tolerance. "Nice fella. But crazy."

When she had devoured the special the girl began to talk—reluctantly at first, and stopping to sip her coffee effectively from time to time. Her name, she said, was Sheila Harding, and she had come to the city some months before, with the avowed intention of going on the stage.

"I studied dancing and dramatics in Wilburton (that's in Minnesota)—studied ever since I was that high—and everybody in Wilburton was very encouraging and said I wouldn't have a bit of trouble getting on the stage. So Father gave me enough money to get started (he has a drugstore there in Wilburton), and then when I found out that it isn't really very easy to get on the stage I hated to go back home and disappoint them all. You can see how it is," she finished, looking over her cup at Chiltern.

"Yes," he said. "I can see how it is." Her face, he was thinking, would have been decidedly worth painting. And that hair—

"Only," she added practically, "now that you've put me out of your studio, I don't know where I'm going to sleep. It's too cold for the park."

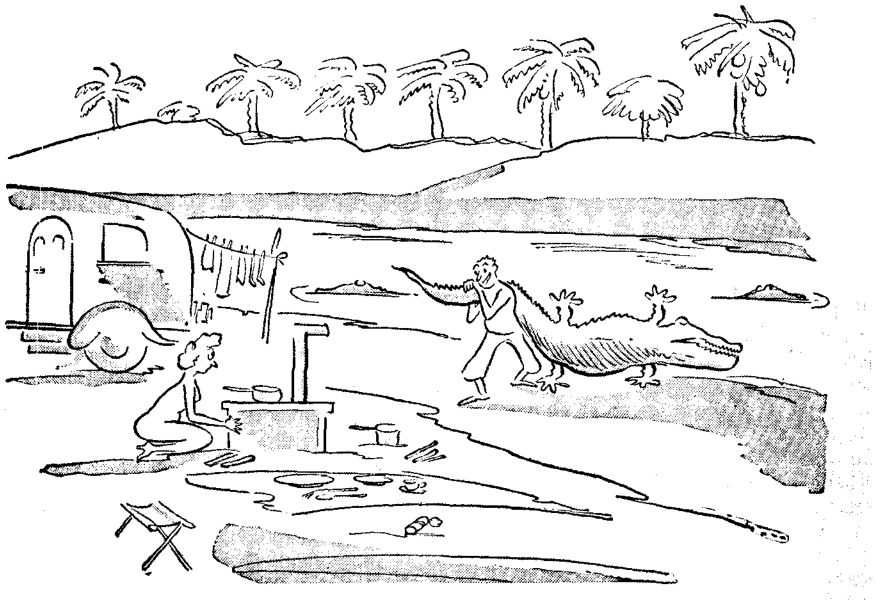
"I could let you have the room rent," said Chiltern, taking a cigarette, "only I'm more or less flat myself, so I think the bright move is for you to go home with me." He spoke calmly, holding the lighted match between them like a little torch, and then blowing it out deliberately.

SHE seemed an incalculable person, one minute as soft and defenseless as a kitten, and the next as resistant as steel. Now, for instance, with her head thrown back and her chin at an acute angle—

"It's neither a proposition nor a proposal," said Chiltern. "I have an extra room, and you can pay for it, of course, by posing for me. Clothed," he added firmly.

"Thank you," she said once more, drooping a bit and falling back into her softer mood. "It's very nice of you."

He hadn't thought it necessary to mention the fact that his extra room was also his only bedroom. He relinquished it to her in as casual a manner as possible, more embarrassed by the bachelor disorder of the place than by the necessity of sleeping on the divan in the small



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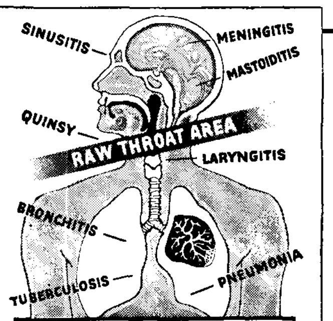

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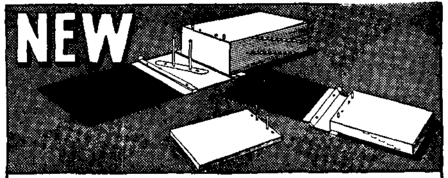

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and littered studio-living room. He had, in fact, almost ceased to think of his guest as an entity by that time, so absorbed had he become in the study of her face. He found himself scrutinizing it from various angles, making note of the well-defined planes of chin and forehead, the clean, thin modeling of her nose.

When she stood in the middle of the room and asked, "Would you like me to pose this evening, Mr. Chiltern?" he said, "If you're not too tired." But his voice said plainly that he didn't expect her to be tired, that he had in effect almost overlooked the possibility of her being sufficiently human to share such human frailties as fatigue.

Flinging open a cupboard full of odds and ends, he pulled forth a large silk shawl embroidered in peacock blue and buff and crimson, and threw it over her shoulders. He sat her on a high stool, the firelight warm on one cheek and shoulder, one curve of bright hair, and began sketching rapidly.

If he was excited, it was not because of her, but rather because, after months of unproductivity, he was at last conscious of the returning surge of the desire and the power to paint. The magic of the figure, touched with firelight, seemed to have awakened his dormant imagination.

He had the pencil sketch finished, when he realized that she was nodding. "Wake up," he said, dabbing at a pan of madder. "Shall I sing?"

The girl watched him sleepily. "Why don't you just tell me about yourself?" she asked. "I've never known any artists."

"Taking them by and large," said Chiltern, "they aren't as bad as their paintings." He went on to tell her, in an idle, fragmentary way, about his home and the widowed mother who had been so intent on giving him the advantages of a gentleman that when she died there was nothing to hand on but debts; and about the two years in Paris, the hard work and the lighthearted play; and the rather triumphant return, the big name and the easy money; and then the slipping-away of all that he had come by so easily, so naturally.

"I've been keeping lean kine ever since," he added. "But it's no good crying. The world is full of has-beens. Three years ago the United Monthly was crying for my work. Today Simmons probably wouldn't even let me into his office. I just got so darned sure of my place at the top that I was batting out any kind of a job and expecting top rates for it."

The girl was looking at him over the corner of the drawing board. "But—couldn't you come back?" she ventured.

Chiltern laughed. "Movie stuff," he commented. "This is one game that you don't come back in. When you're through, you're through." He stood up yawning. "This is done," he said. "Hardly more than a sketch. We'll start a real one tomorrow. Tired?"

He led her down the short hall and threw open the bedroom door. "There you are," he said, still preoccupied. "And don't think you haven't earned it."

IN THE morning, she got up quietly and made toast and coffee—real coffee with an egg. She was, Chiltern realized with surprise, a comfortable person to have around.

"This is your pay for yesterday," he said, laying down three dollar bills. "Come this afternoon. And tonight, if you don't mind."

She posed three more afternoons and nights, and on Thursday he finished the portrait—head half-turned, with the soft firelight on the warm red hair, the face delicate and haunting, in contrast with the brilliant sophistication of the Spanish shawl.

"I think I've got it, all right," he said, throwing down the last brush, and backing off to look at it. "Don't you care to see it?" he asked suddenly, looking up as if he had just discovered her presence in the room. It was then that he caught the sadness in her face, and it occurred to him that, after this week, the future must appear blank to her.

"You won't need me after tomorrow, will you?" she asked quietly.

Chiltern began washing his brushes. He found, to his surprise, that he had become so accustomed to having her there that the prospect of the flat without her was intolerable. "Why shouldn't you stay?" he snapped, in the tone of one who expects opposition. "I want to paint you again. In something else. And besides, I like your coffee."

She didn't reply, and when he turned around he discovered that she had left the room. A moment later the bedroom door closed softly, and he saw no more of her that night. Next morning she was quite as usual, and Chiltern preferred not to reopen the subject, preferred not to know definitely that she was not coming back that night. He left for school with nothing settled between them.

HE HAD not been gone ten minutes (Sheila, in fact, had just stacked the clean dishes on the shelf) when the doorbell pealed. She went to answer it still in her apron, and found there Terry Hayes.

Terry stared at her, bereft for once of his glib gift of language.

"Well, I'll be darned," he uttered at last. "Has Mr. Chiltern gone? I was going to give him a lift to the studio."

"He's gone," said Sheila, not as embarrassed as she would have been less than a week ago. "I've been posing for him all week," she added coolly.

"Posing—really? Say, that—" Terry's freckled face beamed with the pure light of hero worship. "Gee, I thought he'd given it up entirely. Look," he said eagerly. "Could I see it, Miss—er—"

"Harding," said Sheila, standing aside. "Come in. He just finished it."

The painting was still on the easel. Terry Hayes stood looking at it for a moment and then he began acting very strangely indeed.

"Well, my gosh. Well, for gosh sakes," he kept saying squeakily, over and over. Then he stopped abruptly, and glared into the girl's face. "What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Why don't you get hot? Can't you see this thing is a natcheral? Boy, oh, boy—can that guy paint! Why, this is a honey. This is a wow. This'll knock 'em right into the aisles." He looked at her pityingly. "You wouldn't know," he added.

"No, I guess not," Sheila admitted with humility. "Of course, I thought it was a pretty picture."

"Pretty picture! It's a whiz! Any guy that can draw like that hadn't oughta be going around with his chin dragging on the ground, see? Chiltern's got the idea he's through, but he's crazy. This is as good a job as any commercial man in the country could pull off, with maybe one exception. And Parkhurst, the big noise in illustrating over at United Monthly and two or three other magazines, died last month. Do you get the thought?"

He went on talking, and Sheila listened, and in the end she got the thought very thoroughly.

The Friday morning class was dragging along when the telephone summoned Chiltern to his office. "Chiltern speaking," he growled, feeling fed up.

"This is Simmons of United Monthly. Where the dickens have you been keeping yourself, Chiltern? Out of town? Well, your salesman was just in here with one of your things—"

"My what?" Chiltern was hanging tightly to the telephone.

Simmons laughed. "Well, your representative. Novel idea, having your model peddle your stuff. Wasn't signed, and I didn't even know whose it was at first. But why in heaven's name didn't you give me a chance at something before this? With Parkhurst gone, I've been looking all over hell's half acre for somebody to take his place. And here you had the stuff all the time. I'm buying this thing for the April cover—seven fifty, if that's agreeable—and I want to talk to you about illustrating the new Blatchford serial. It wants a lot of class, and this model is the right type, too, if you can—"

Chiltern said, still gripping the telephone: "I'll stop in this afternoon, Simmons."

He strode across the corridor. The class was working feverishly; some were blowing fixative in clouds of vapor upon their charcoal drawings. Chiltern walked around to the front of the room. "I have an announcement to make," he said with determination. "Beginning next week, the school will be run on a new basis. I am hiring an instructor. I'll come in myself to give criticism in each class once a week. Some of you, I'm sorry to say, will never be artists. You needn't feel too bad about it. Being an artist isn't as much fun as some people imagine. The point is, I'm pretty sure by this time which of you can never learn to draw adequately, and I'm not going to let you waste any more time and money trying. The ones who have a chance, I'll be glad to help. I'll talk to you individually later."

The class was staring up at him, openmouthed, and Betty Doe began to sniffle in the silence. Terry Hayes gave vent to a discreet whoop.

"Rest!" said Chiltern sharply, and escaped in the general direction of the Cozy Lunch. It was deserted except for Mr. Papadopoulos and one customer in the farthest stall.

CHILTERN caught sight of that customer at once, though she was shrinking into the corner as unobtrusively as possible. He marched over and squeezed in beside her. "Let's play questions," he said. "I'll start. Just tell me who the dickens appointed you to go around peddling my work?"

She threw back her head with the old, defiant gesture. "Well, he liked it," she said, in self-extenuation. "He was crazy about it, even before he knew who did it. Terry was, too, and this other man had died and all. And," she added, soft again, "you've been so kind to me."

Chiltern laughed, not joyously. "Kind," he repeated. "Making you sit for me till you were ready to drop, treating you as if you weren't human—you darling—"

The girl smiled reminiscently. "I did feel kind of like a still life," she admitted. "Kind of like a basket of fruit or a bunch of flowers. But it was nicer of you to be that way, of course."

"I can think of nicer things," said Chiltern. "I can think of you posing and making coffee and generally putting up with a cockeyed artist for the next fifty years or so. I can think of a stupendous, outstanding, distinguished portrait, hung permanently in one of the snootier galleries—a red-haired lady in a shawl—"

She looked sidewise, her eyes soft within the blue shadows. "And what would it be called?" she asked gently.

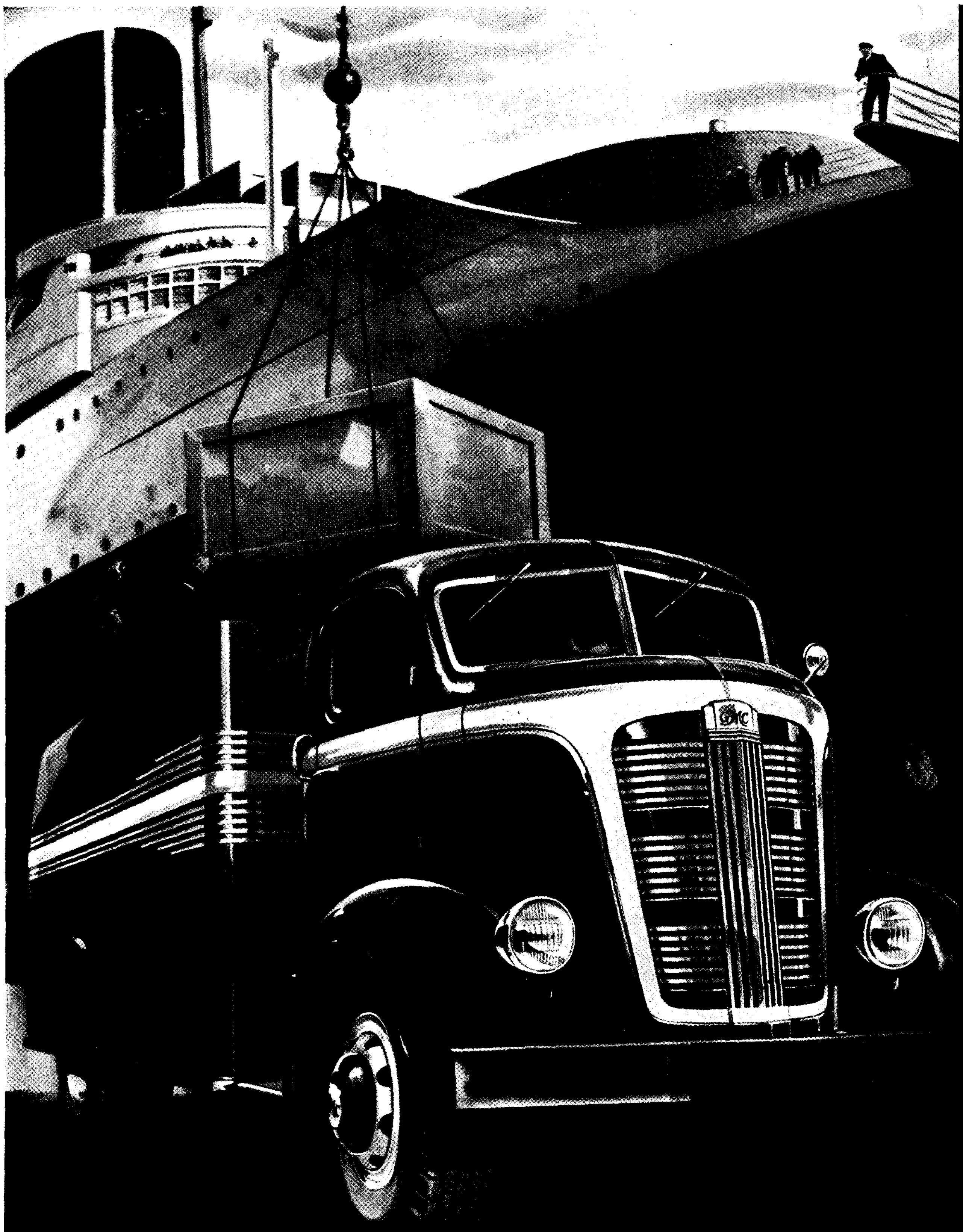
He smoothed the hair back from his forehead, and kissed her.

"*Portrait of the Artist's Wife,*" he said.

"How's business?" chirped Mr. P., sidling up.

"Mr. Papadopoulos," said Chiltern solemnly, holding Sheila's hands across the table. "I am an artist. I am an artist, Mr. P., even if the sirup doesn't penetrate the cakes."

"A nice fella," muttered Mr. Papadopoulos, turning away. "But crazy."



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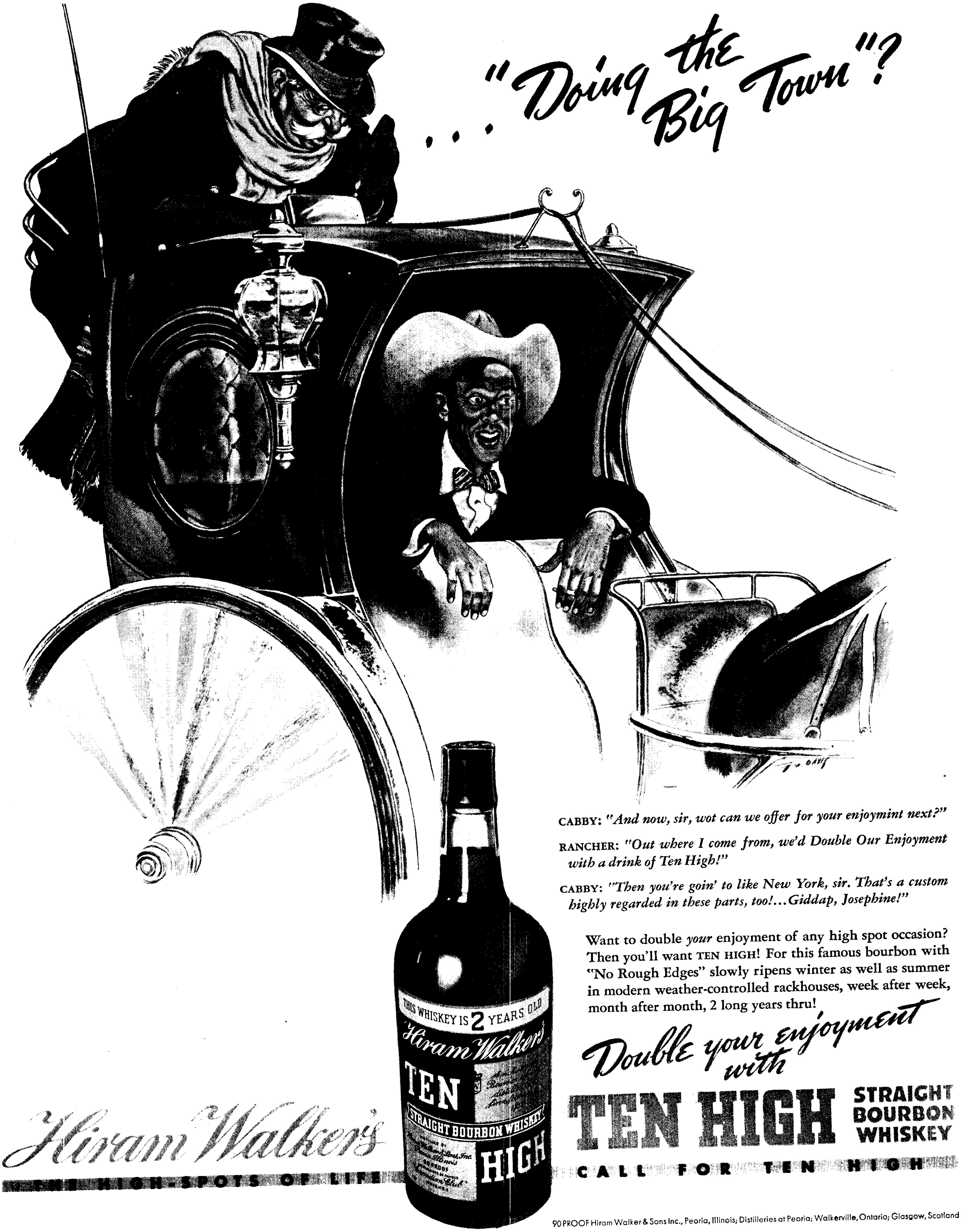

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Important Question

By Ernest Haycox

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

HUGH CARROLL came down the street on his long-legged sorrel, gave Silver Bob a young man's cheerful grin and passed out of town by the Gila Butte road; at Toweep Wash he turned left.

There were times in the sheriff's life when a good deal of patient waiting came to a sudden point, as now. Noting Hugh Carroll's direction, Silver Bob got his horse from the stable, circled southward through the broken land and thereafter settled down to a hot afternoon's ride across the silver and gray and bronze flash of the desert floor.

Little things always added up if a man was patient enough to wait, and the sheriff was a patient man, made gray and wise and cool by the years. Hugh Carroll was a redheaded youngster who had grown up in this country. He was a little bit wild and headstrong and, like many another kid, time got heavy on his hands and lately he had been riding westward over the desert. By this traveling and by other little indications, the sheriff knew Carroll was meeting Sam Brett somewhere yonder. And Sam Brett was a tough one the sheriff wanted.

The sheriff knew this land as he knew the palm of his hand. Men could camp only where water was; and the kid's direction indicated a meeting place east and south of the Willows. Weighing certain imponderables in his head, Silver Bob made his guess and at dusk of a long, yellow-hot afternoon he reached Dead Man's Camp and threw off his saddle beside a small spring in the rock outcrop. He had never met Sam Brett, who was recently from New Mexico, but he had the outlaw's description.

Short, bare hills rose near him and a mesquite thicket skirted the water hole. The fire made a pale, steady cone in a night that closed down black and solid. Crouched before the flame, Silver Bob used an old can to boil up some coffee; and presently heard the scuff of a pair of horses coming off the hills. The riders stopped somewhere in the mesquite and he knew they were watching him, but of this he gave no sign. Presently, looking up from his coffee, he found the pair across the fire. One of them was thin and sick—with wickedness ground into his face. The other was over six feet and wore a sheepherder's black hat. This, the sheriff knew at once, was Sam Brett.

SILVER BOB said: "Howdy," in his soft, undisturbed voice and gestured at the coffeepot. He sat by the flame, tapering up a cigarette, and his eyes looked into the heart of the fire and showed the newcomers no interest. But he was thinking that Sam Brett was a hard case and that Sam Brett's partner made the situation a little complicated. The dust and weariness of a long ride was on both of them as they settled opposite. Sam Brett's fist, reaching for the coffeepot, showed its scarred, solid knuckles. He drank his coffee straight from the pot, with a little of the coffee spilling down the corners of his lips.

There was another horse coming through the mesquite, and then the rider entered the bright cell of light and said, "Hello, Sam," and afterward Silver Bob turned on his heel and watched young Hugh Carroll's face grow smooth and grave—covering shock.

Sam Brett said, to Carroll: "Hello." Nothing more. But the sheriff, drowsing before the fire, read a question and a warning in that one word. As though Sam Brett, a stranger in the country, was asking information of Carroll, who knew the land and everybody in it. Young Carroll, crouched at the edge of the flame, drew a mesquite branch along the earth, making idle figures there; and at once Silver Bob understood that the kid, at this stage of the game, wouldn't give him away. He had known Carroll from childhood—and this was what stopped Hugh Carroll's tongue—a lingering loyalty to a man who was his friend. It was the way the game was played.

THERE was a shadow sweeping up from the desert, and the swift run of another rider who hailed the fire with a single, deep call before approaching it. Afterward this man dropped from his pony and came into the light and crouched over the pool and drank with greedy, gusty sweeps of breath. He said, "Hot day," and moved around and sat on the vacant side of the fire. Crouched down, he searched the group with a single dark survey—the sheriff, the kid and the two outlaws. No recognition stirred him, though as owner of all the surrounding range this Ben Dade knew the sheriff and Hugh Carroll, and could make his plain guesses at the two strangers.

The sheriff's long, half-frail fingers lay across his bent knees. The smoke of the cigarette drifted before his eyes and a dreaming peace composed his expression. Brett's eyes were round and black and bright, across the fire. They held Silver Bob in a steady, speculative scrutiny. This man, Silver Bob thought, was a tough and quick one, who had been bad a long time and knew all the tricks.

All things worked out, one way or another. There were certain rules a man could go by. The water hole had drawn them here, and in due time, if nothing was said, they would soon rise and go their separate ways, silently and without trouble. And, according to the rules of the game, neither Hugh Carroll nor Ben Dade would ever speak of it afterward to Silver Bob.

But the sheriff wanted Sam Brett and so he closed this honorable avenue of retreat behind him. Crouched and silent and gentle-faced, he had his thoughts, all close and quick. It wasn't Brett that troubled him or made him give this situation so deep and prolonged an attention. It was Brett's partner that made it difficult. Silently there on the ground, he placed each man in proper relation. Brett would draw at the first word, for Brett was a tough one; and the partner would draw. Ben Dade would not come into this. Ben was an honest man, but Ben had his own ethics; and this was not Ben's quarrel.

It depended, then, on the kid. If the kid was still sound he would block Brett's partner; if he had turned bad he wouldn't move—and it would be the bullet of Brett's partner that would knock him, Silver Bob, down to the dust.

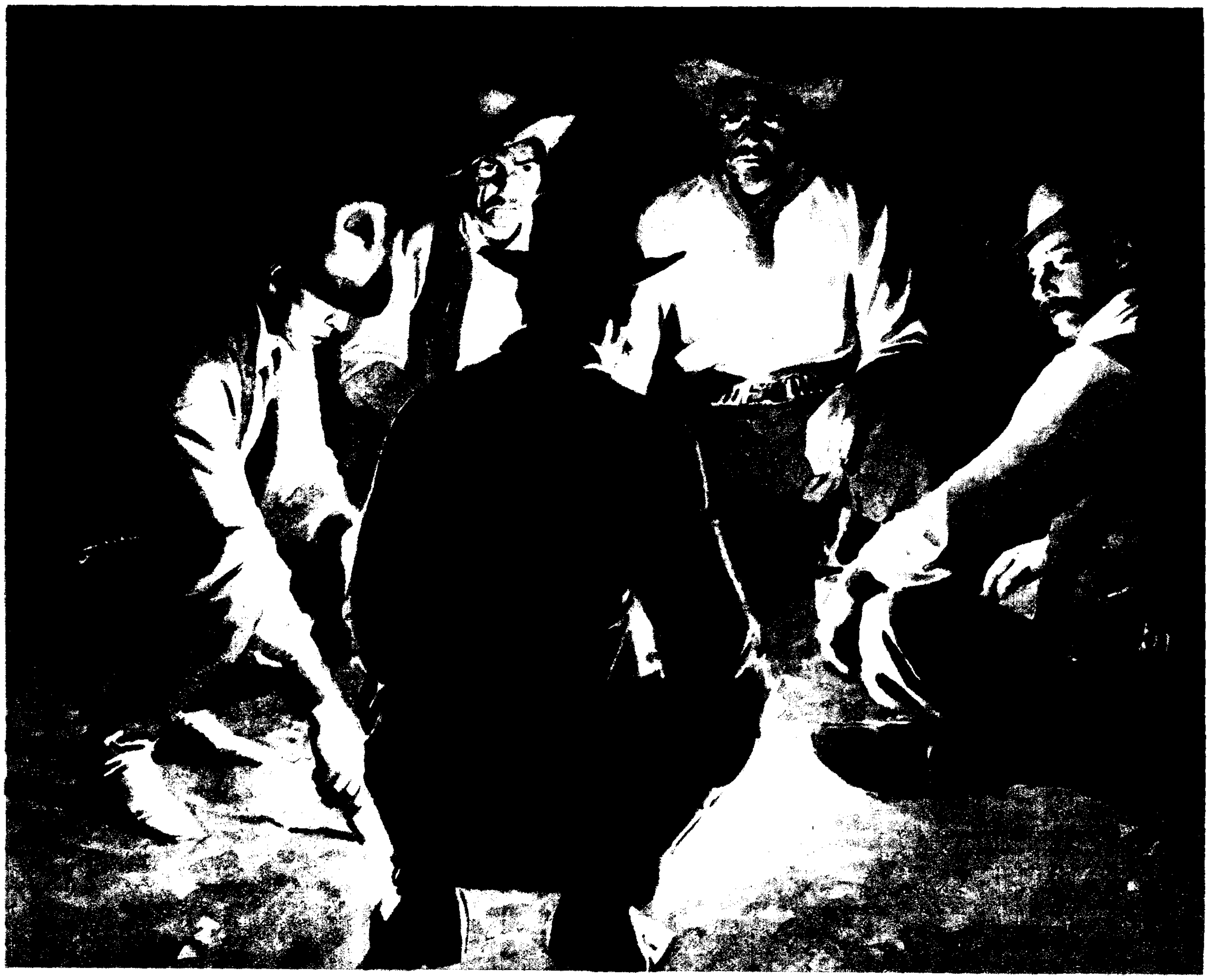
And suddenly in this silence, all of them knew that. There was a smell here that Brett and his partner had caught; Brett's black round eyes drilled across the top of the flame like the dismal apertures of a shotgun, centered on Silver Bob. Brett's partner stirred gently on his heels and his open mouth began to close, slowly. Ben Dade's face was taciturnly motionless behind his cigarette smoke; and Hugh Carroll's expression showed faint strain. They were four men sharing this knowledge, each one gravely waiting through the slow moments.

SILVER BOB finished his cigarette, his fingers supporting it, and tossed it into the dying coals.

"All right, Brett."

He drew as he spoke, knowing his man; and his bullet caught Brett's shoulder as the latter's arm swept up with a gun. Brett wheeled backward, knocked off balance, and Hugh Carroll's body shot across the light and struck Brett's partner down. Ben Dade sighed and threw his cigarette into the flames, and the smoke of Silver Bob's gun was a rank taint around all of them. That was all there was. Brett pulled himself back to his heels, one arm clapped to his struck shoulder. He stared at the sheriff in the resigned, unangered way of a man who had gambled too many years to cry at the wrong turn. In his voice, when he spoke, was the admiration of one expert for another; it was a kind of professional tribute:

"Your judgment, friend, is pretty sharp. I had it figured the other way."



It depended on the kid. If he was still sound he would block Brett's partner; if he had turned bad he wouldn't move

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My Name______

My Address______ C. 3-12

Table Seventeen

Continued from page 11

"She *must* be in a state! Fancy losing a thing like that!"

"Perhaps she's in love," suggested Arthur. "Look at me and my umbrella."

They both laughed; it was one of their standing, happy jokes that in the four months of their acquaintance Arthur had five times left his umbrella in the tube.

"It'll be a good thing when we're married," he elaborated, "then perhaps I'll get my memory back. The way they chip me at the office you wouldn't believe—they say I don't even know when it's Friday! Why, only this afternoon—"

He broke off, suddenly tense. His hands flew to his pockets and came away empty.

"My pay envelope!" he gasped.

On the other side of the table Winnie turned white with sympathy.

"Arthur! You—you haven't *lost* it?"

He felt himself over again, then all at once relaxed. So did Winnie.

"No, it's not lost. It's all right. Only—I've left it at the office."

"Locked up?"

"With the stamps. I remember now as clear as anything. I was doing the letters, because the boy was out, when Brooke came round with my envelope. I put it down on the desk, finished entering, then the old man called me in about some invoices; and I was so scared I'd keep you waiting that the minute I got out again I just slammed down the desk and locked it and rushed off. I'm barmy!"

They began to laugh; they were almost hilarious with relief, when panic again descended on them.

"Winnie!" said Mr. Cross urgently. "How much have you got on you?"

"One-and-seven," replied Winnie. She had no need to look; she always knew.

"And I've two shillings." Mr. Cross had no need to look either. "Winnie—it's awful—but we shan't be able to pay!"

The predicament seemed to them perhaps more terrible than it really was. To some persons, indeed, it would not have been a predicament at all; Alistair French, for instance, could have carried the matter off with a high hand, leaving his name and simply promising to call the next day. But to Arthur and his ladylove, as they sat there silently gazing at each other, there seemed no hope.

"I did hear a story once," hazarded Winnie, at last, "about a nob who wrote a check on the back of a menu. . . ."

Arthur shook his head.

"You can't do that with the post-office savings. Besides—"

HE LEFT the sentence unfinished and sat frowning and unhappy: the least he expected was a most unpleasant scene, such as would poison forever what ought to be one of their happiest memories. A scene, too, involving his Winnie, before whom he wished to appear ever masterful and competent. . . .

"Damn!" said Mr. Cross, from the heart.

The next moment his Winnie had thoroughly astounded him. She had opened the little black wallet and taken out the ten-shilling note, and thrust it into his hand.

"Here!" gasped Mr. Cross. "You can't do that!"

But Winnie had half a carafeful of wine inside her.

"Can't I!" she retorted fiercely. "I'm not going to have our evening spoiled. If whoever it belongs to is decent, I expect they'd be only too glad. If they were here, I expect they'd lend it to us like a shot! And we can pay it back, can't we?"

"We could if we knew their address," admitted Arthur. "Only we don't."

"Then *we'll* leave them ours. They're sure to come back for a thing like this. Give me something to write with!"

Completely overawed, Mr. Cross produced an office pencil and the blank half of a letter. Winnie seized them impetuously and went to work. She was not as a rule very fluent on paper, but now, what with wine and emotion, she simply dashed the thing off:

"Thank you.

"We're ever so sorry we had to borrow your 10/- to pay for our dinner, but we only got engaged this evening. For return please apply Mr. Arthur Cross, 156 Nightingale Road, S. E. 29.

Thank you."

"There!" said Winnie proudly.

It seemed to both of them entirely adequate. Winnie tucked it behind the little mirror, laid the pocketbook on the table and her napkin negligently over it. Her conscience was perfectly clear, but she felt all the same that the missive had better not be found until after she and Arthur were gone. Arthur, with much the same feeling, at once demanded their bill. There was two-and-a-penny change, and he gave it to Georges. He had a vague notion (due perhaps to his share of the wine) that not a farthing of that ten-shilling note ought to leave the restaurant with them. They had borrowed it to pay for their dinner, and on their dinner it should be spent.

Both Winnie and Mr. Cross went out very happy; and the sum of Georges' happiness was mounting too.

THE arrival, a moment later, of Mr. Joseph Protheroe was rather like the arrival of a sea lion in a penguin pond. He loomed, enormous, out of the wet, twice as large as anyone else in the restaurant, scattering raindrops from his old-fashioned Inverness cape, his small mustache fiercely bristling. And like a sea lion he at once demanded fish.

"Kippers!" cried Mr. Protheroe loudly. "A couple of kippers and a couple more ready to follow if I feel like 'em. The sort without too many bones!"

Georges, still at the door after bowing Winnie and Mr. Cross out, sidestepped hastily.

"Certainly, sir. And to drink, sir?"

Mr. Protheroe glared.

"What d'you suppose I've ordered kippers for?" he demanded. "I'm not here to drink, you fool, I'm here to raise a thirst. I'm going to a party. I'll sit over there at the what-d'you-call-it—and don't get under my feet!"

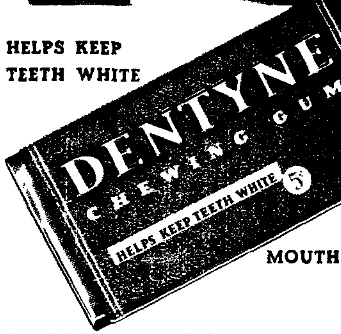
Since it was obviously best to leave this monster all the leeway possible, Georges made no attempt to usher him to his seat. Mr. Protheroe flounced up the room, pulling off his cape as he went, and, on the way, scattering more raindrops over the other diners. He had spent the major portion of the evening discussing modern art in a succession of Fleet Street bars, and had as usual convinced himself that it was all hollow. He reached Table 17, flopped down, swept Winnie's napkin out of his way; and it was thus Mr. Protheroe, and not Georges, who found the black silk wallet.

He turned it over, balancing its light weight in the palm of a big hand. A pretty thing, a woman's thing, smelling faintly of some new-fangled scent. Mr. Protheroe sniffed disparagingly. In the old days scents were recognizable: a woman smelled of violets or lavender, if she were a lady, or of jasmine or heliotrope if she weren't. This new stuff might

SEE THAT REINDEER HUNTER'S SMILE

Where cities stand today, hunters once pursued the deer. A hard, chancy life — yet lucky, too! Tough, primitive fare kept the hunter's teeth properly exercised — wonderfully healthy! We modern folk eat softer foods—give our teeth too little healthful exercise.

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE



MOUTH HEALTHY

MODERN TEETH NEED DENTYNE!

That special, firm consistency of Dentyne invites more vigorous chewing exercise — stimulates the circulation of the blood in the mouth tissues — stimulates the salivary glands too, promoting natural self-cleansing. Dentyne's a real aid to sturdier, whiter teeth!

YOU'LL ENJOY ITS SPICY FLAVOR!

A spiciness that's sweetly smooth — irresistibly delicious! And notice how handily the Dentyne package slips into your pocket or handbag—that neatly flat, round-cornered shape is a feature exclusively Dentyne's.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

mean anything. Mr. Protheroe sniffed again, and let the wallet fall open: a mirror, a comb and behind the mirror a folded paper scrap.

"Address, perhaps," thought Mr. Protheroe.

He pulled it out, and for the next five minutes sat lost in meditation. He was an arrant sentimentalist, and Winnie's missive made a deep impression on him. "Young love!" thought Joseph Protheroe. "The world before them!"—and then he fell to brooding on all the domestic graces his own life so conspicuously lacked. Where was he going, for instance, when he had eaten his kippers? To no peaceful fireside, to no loving wife, but to a purely male and largely disreputable gathering where he would inevitably drink more than was good for him. And what was the gathering to celebrate? The failure—the skin-of-the-teeth failure—of a libel action brought against his dear old friend Marcus of the London Peepshow. . . . "Sordid affair!" thought Mr. Protheroe indignantly.

HE SHOOK his head and looked at the scrap of paper again. Presently he began to feel in his pockets. He had on him three half-crowns, a two-shilling piece, and—yes—a ten-shilling note. He was still contemplating it, translating it into pints of beer and double whiskies, when Georges appeared with the first of the kippers.

"I shall also require," said Mr. Protheroe, closing his hand on wallet and note together, "an envelope, a piece of paper, and a three-halfpenny stamp."

Georges was only too pleased to produce them, since they meant almost certainly another sixpence on his tip.

Joseph Protheroe then settled down, a fork in his left hand and a fountain pen in his right, to eat kippers and write a letter.

Considering the extent of the preparations, it was a very short one.

"Dear sir," (wrote Mr. Protheroe).

"I trust you will allow an old man to make you a small wedding present.

"With sincere wishes for your continued happiness,

"An Admirer of the Pre-Raphaelites."

Just as Winnie had done, he regarded his composition with distinct pride. Feeling partly like Jove and partly like Providence, he folded the letter with Winnie's I O U, put them both into the envelope, and addressed it to Mr. Cross; folded his ten-shilling note, and slipped it into place behind the mirror. Then with a vast sigh of satisfaction he picked up his fish knife and demolished the kippers.

"The pair to follow, sir?" inquired Georges, hurrying up.

Mr. Protheroe shook his head. He wanted to get out and catch the midnight post; also his thirst had returned. The thought of dear old Marcus was no longer displeasing to him; he looked forward with enthusiasm to drinking a great many healths. . . .

"My bill," he ordered. "No more kippers. If the others are cooked eat 'em yourself or give 'em to the cat. I'll pay."

"One-and-six then, sir."

Mr. Protheroe paid. He put down a two-shilling piece, then remembered the stationery and the stamp, and changed it for half-a-crown. Since the second pair of kippers was still done up in cellophane, Georges thus came in for a clear one-and-nine.

"By the way," added Joseph Protheroe. "I've found this. I expect someone will be coming back for it."

He handed over the bag and bounced out.

The taxi containing Miss Page and Alistair stopped outside the Lafayette just as Mr. Protheroe left. Celia had discovered, in the theater, the loss of her comb and mirror, and as Alistair got out of the cab he very much hoped that he would be able to retrieve them. Not to do so, he felt, would about put the lid on a thoroughly unsuccessful evening. For not even a musical comedy that was really rather better than most had improved Celia's temper; she had been consistently—there was no other word for it—fretful.

"If the thing's not here," thought Alistair, "she'll say it's my fault and expect me to buy her another."

But it was there, actually in Georges' hand as he had received it from Mr. Protheroe. Alistair felt for a sixpence, made the exchange, and hurried back to the cab.

"Here you are," he said. "My first bit of luck this evening."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Celia coldly.

"Nothing," returned Alistair; and then both were silent as the taxi bore them on.

It was Celia who spoke first; Celia with one finger slipped behind the mirror in the little black case.

"Have you got a ten-shilling note?" she asked.

"Just," replied Alistair grimly. "What do you want it for?"

"I don't *want* it," explained Celia, in a small voice. "I want to play golf—my note against yours. And if you win, I—I won't go to the Riviera. . . ."

For a moment Alistair was too startled to reply. Then he began to laugh: it was so like Celia to spend an evening taking up a strong position, and then to slip out of it in search of an omen! And although she was certainly giving the omen a hint—for her own score was almost bound to be the lower—it pleased him to imagine that his arguments had taken effect.

"Don't laugh," said Celia. "I'm serious."

Alistair felt in his pockets and brought out the ten-shilling note and a cigarette lighter to see by.

"Three," he began obediently.

"Nine," said Celia; and suddenly gasped.

"Four," said Alistair.

But she did not go on. She was staring at the note with eyes of almost frightened astonishment.

"Alistair . . . it's all different! It's changed!"

"Nonsense," said Alistair. "It can't be."

"But it is! There wasn't a nine at all!" She bent nearer to the flame. "It's 937781. . . ."

"Well, mine," stated Mr. French, "is 346529. So I win."

The flame flickered and went out. In the darkness they were suddenly close together. Celia holding, almost clinging to his arm.

"I can't understand it," she breathed. "I can't think how it happened. . . ."

"But I've won," repeated Alistair. "You won't go?"

"Of course not!" Celia's voice was still tremulous with awe, but she sounded oddly relieved. "How could I *think* of it—after an omen like that?"

SHE subsequently went down to her mother's, and in due course married Alistair French. They lived happily ever after. The original note was spotted by the Lafayette's cashier, who sold it to Mr. Moss for a pound. Arthur and his Winnie, after considerable research, discovered who the Pre-Raphaelites were and spent ten shillings on a copy of Dante and Beatrice in a carved frame. It was among the most admired of their wedding presents. Mr. Protheroe acquired a pleasant memory, and Georges sixand-ten.

No such sum, in one evening, ever came his way again; but he never lost his feeling for Table 17.

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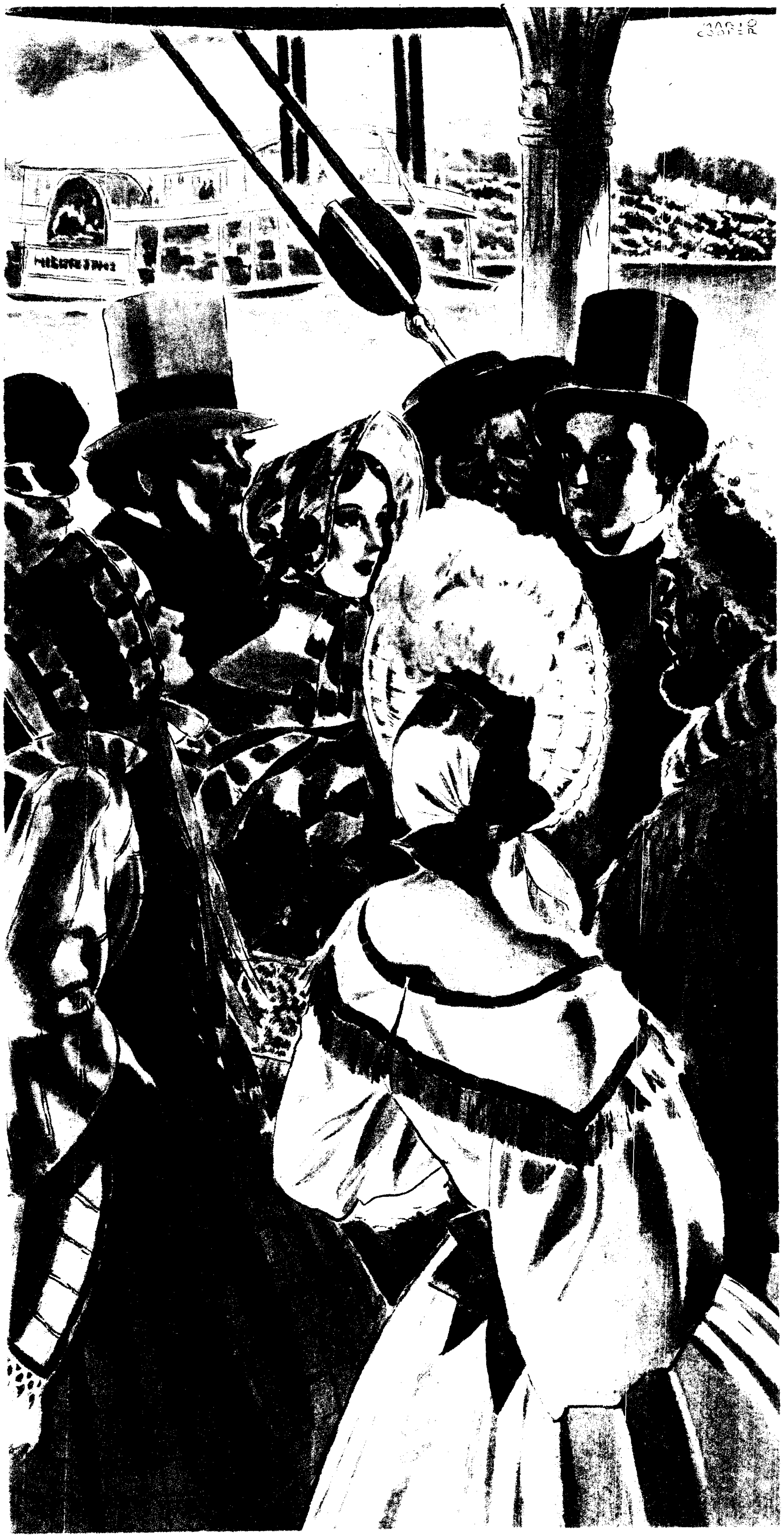

The young wife was proud to see so many intent listeners gather around her husband

Marse Jeff Davis

By Harris Dickson

In this article, Mr. Dickson tells how Jefferson Davis won the daughter of Zachary Taylor, made a home and found himself thrust into public life

IV. THE DRAGOON TAKES A BRIDE

SARAH KNOX TAYLOR did not elope with Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, although a sensational writer at the time when it *didn't* happen, more than a century ago, gave details of their spectacular runaway. This inventive genius, Mr. Dan R. Bart of Wisconsin, told exactly how the eager young couple escaped from the Army post in a sleigh, cuddled down among buffalo robes as they went plunging through snowdrifts and crossing frozen rivers in June to outdistance a furious pursuit.

Another version insisted that the gallant dragoon raced away, carrying Sarah Knox on his saddle bow, with all the dash and audacity of young Lochinvar.

The gloomy old Spanish barracks, still standing at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, also contributed its yarn that while Colonel Zachary Taylor was military commandant his charming daughter sighed for Jefferson Davis, and a credulous stranger may be shown the very window out of which Lieutenant Davis stole his bride, bearing her tenderly to the ground on a ladder. All of which goes to prove the difficulty of getting facts, for many such rumors crept round by word of mouth and still occur in print.

Years later, after Jefferson Davis and the First Mississippi Regiment had so distinguished themselves on the victorious field of Buena Vista, it is said that General Zachary Taylor approached him with outstretched hands and the apology, "Sir, my daughter was a better judge of character than I am." This may be true or just another of those accepted fables that we call history.

Honeymoon on the Mississippi

The fact seems to be that Sarah Knox was a dutiful daughter, yet could not be the child of "Old Rough and Ready" without having a will of her own. She waited two years, trying to overcome his objections, then decided for herself. In June, 1835, while she was on a visit to her father's sister, who lived near Louisville, Kentucky, Lieutenant Davis met her and they were married June 17th at the country estate of Beechland. There was nothing clandestine about it, for a kinsman, Mr. Nicholas Lewis Taylor, acted as best man, and many of Colonel Taylor's family were present.

"Old Rough and Ready" had been right, and so had the wise Joe Davis. No young woman should be dragged around the wild Northwest, following a band of Indian fighters, so Jefferson Davis remembered what his brother Joe had said, and resigned from the Army.

At Louisville the radiant couple boarded a steamboat for their journey to Hurricane, and no experience can be imagined more romantic than a honeymoon voyage down the Mississippi. The mighty stream itself was an ever-shifting kaleidoscope of adventure that never staled, and it delighted Sarah Knox. The turn of each bend opened up for her a novel vista; the smoke of every steamboat drew her to the guards when she heard the whistles blow and saw the pilots exchanging salutes. Broadhorns and flatboats out of the Ohio especially interested her, manned by brawny fellows naked to the waist, with tomahawks and knives at their belts, propelling their

"My boy will have every advantage"—*but will he?*

COLLEGE?—this boy's dad has a college all picked out for him: "*Yes sir, my boy is going to have every advantage!*"

Ah, but *will* he? Only if his dad is *one father in a hundred*. Only if his dad has come to realize these two facts:

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"I'm dated up fella—

. . . till you get a Barbasol Face"

THE girls you'd like to date up or the wife you're trying to keep happy will take to your manly face in a bigger way if you keep a schoolboy complexion.

So, if you still like to think yourself quite a hand with the ladies, give the air to old-fashioned shaving methods that tighten and tend to wrinkle the skin.

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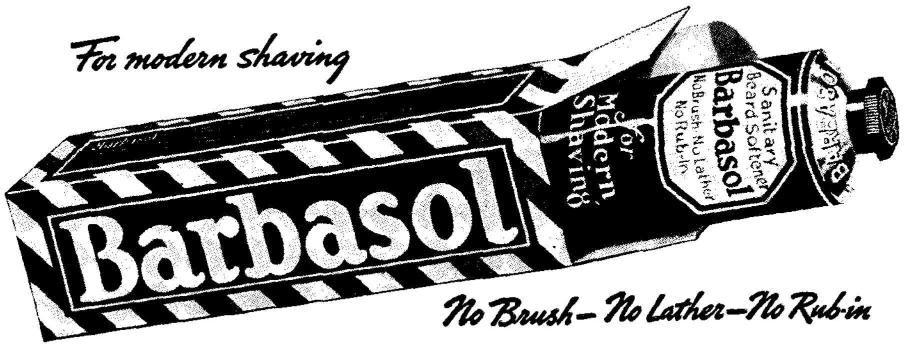
Barbasol is a cooling, soothing shaving cream. Its bland oils also help to make your face smoother to feel, more handsome and youthful to look at.

Why wait longer to turn back the years? Try Barbasol for ten short days. When you see what a difference it makes in your skin, you'll stay with Barbasol's clean-shaving goodness till grandpa thinks he ought to grow a beard. Large tube, 25¢; giant size, 50¢; family jar, 75¢. Five Barbasol Blades for 15¢. At all drug stores.

For modern shaving



No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in

crafts with awkward sweeps and carrying their produce to New Orleans. Sarah Knox never missed a woodyard on the riverbank when they tied up for fuel and roustabouts trotted along the stageplank, coonjining and singing as they brought in wood. Nobody was bored on the Mississippi River, where there was always the possibility of a boiler explosion, of sinking on a submerged snag, or of swift fire destroying the flimsy craft.

All America was then traveling the river as its main channel of commerce. A motley set of passengers. Financiers in broadcloth rubbed elbows with woodsmen who wore coon-tail caps. Chesterfieldian gamblers played poker with planters in front of the bar. Soldiers of fortune on their way to stir up more trouble in Mexico were planning to advance our frontiers and create the new state of Texas. All classes of a fermenting society crowded the boat, utterly without snobbery or exclusiveness, for jungles must be conquered, cities built and free governments erected in a rough-and-tumble hurry. There were no old paths to pursue, no set patterns to follow; one man was as good as another and might prove himself better. So everybody felt eager to talk about what was happening around them.

Here Comes the Bride

A restless world flowed along the river, all sorts and conditions of men. A new republic had risen, a young giant that roused himself, bewildered and half frightened at his own strength. Men were talking expansion, urging that the Texas territory be settled by Americans. Also that our frontiers must be carried farther, farther, through the vast Northwest. As young Lieutenant Davis had just returned from the Black Hawk War, he could give authentic information and the young wife was proud to see so many intent listeners gather around her husband.

All the world loves a lover and the couple were bound to pick up friends on board. They were so much in love, so frankly happy, that smiling passengers made advances. Lieutenant Davis was just twenty-seven, tall, and frontier hardships had trained him down to a supple slenderness that was well set off by a close-fitting coat and long cutaway skirts. Tight pantaloons covered his graceful legs, being held in place at the bottom by straps that showed buckles at the sides. To the end of life Jefferson Davis was fastidious about his boots, always of soft leather that clung to high-arched insteps. A black stock encircled his throat above a brocaded waistcoat, which with a ponderous top hat, called a "stovepipe," completed the formal attire of a gentleman.

Sorrows had not yet silenced him, made him austere and self-contained, for in the first flush of manhood, with such a lovely young wife at his side, Jefferson Davis was lighthearted as a boy and genial in his manners. He possessed the charm of an educated youth, plus a certain distinction that came from West Point. Behind his chair at table stood a dignified yellow man named James Pemberton, his body servant, whose presence added a flavor of upper crust.

The accomplished bride, rather shy, with wavy brown hair and clear gray eyes, seemed so proud of her attractive husband that she listened enraptured to his witty conversation.

Far down the great river Hurricane awaited their coming and Joe Davis got so fidgety that he couldn't sit still, couldn't fasten his mind on a book at night, did nothing except pace the front porch and watch for the smoke of a packet at the upper bend.

After several disappointments when people swarmed to the landing place, a steamboat finally put the couple ashore with a blast of whistles and a parting salute from the small brass cannon on deck.

"Old Rough and Ready" and the Taylor family had always called her "Knox" but Hurricane Plantation soon came to speak of the bride as "Miss Orry." Their best bedroom had been converted into a bridal chamber, and like an enthusiastic child Miss Orry exclaimed over every one of its feminine fripperies. She was so appreciative of all that Mrs. Davis and the sisters had done that everybody loved her. Sarah Knox had lived in rough quarters and Indian-proof blockhouses, and also knew many well-kept country homes in Kentucky, but had never seen anything like Hurricane. There was no other spot just like Hurricane, for the plantation had a different tone, so solid, so normal, that for the first time the Army girl felt a dear sense of permanency, that this was a home, that she didn't have to toss her kit into a commissary wagon and move.

Joe Davis pretty well monopolized his little brother, would not let Jeff out of his sight, stuck to him so closely that Amanda whispered, "Remember, Brother Joe, they are still on their honeymoon and you mustn't keep Jefferson away from Knox." After that, with Spartan fortitude, Brother Joe restricted himself to their mornings, which they spent in the saddle, riding through shoulder-high cotton plants whose heavy bolls knocked against their knees. Their talk was of the farm and agricultural methods, which Jefferson was now keen to learn, for he knew absolutely nothing of the trade by which he must earn a living.

From Hurricane's level and beautifully cultivated acres the brothers often turned aside to crash into a primeval undergrowth that Joe Davis had shown his brother on previous visits and now meant to give him.

"Your land lies over there," he said, stopping his horse. "It can be cleared to yield cotton as richly as Hurricane, but now all you can see is a field of briers."

"Good!" Jefferson laughed gaily. "This shall be my new plantation and I'll call it 'Brierfield.' "

Birth of a Plantation

The former dragoon had returned to Hurricane bringing a young wife, yet not one dollar to clink against another in his pocket. The only property that he possessed was the Negro, James Pemberton, a highly competent man but now out of place, as unproductive as his master, for neither of them had been trained in any business or profession, outside the Army, by which they could pay for board and keep. Yet Jefferson Davis must earn a living, for he could not stand idle, perhaps rear a family, on the bounty of his generous brother.

No hurry. No hurry. Joe Davis did not rush their business arrangements. All in good time. He had plenty of leisure and plenty of land. They rode over the prospective acres of Brierfield where Joe Davis with a lavish wave of his hand would say, "You take that. That's yours." Pouf! A thousand acres. A bagatelle.

Land requires labor and the brothers set out to get it in Natchez at a slave market conducted by a dealer named Wiley, who disported himself wearing a flare-tailed coat, a drooping mustache, a high hat and a huge cigar, which were the signboards of his trade.

Experience had made Joe Davis a shrewd judge of Negroes, and on Wiley's block he found what Jefferson needed, a family group of sound, healthy blacks. Sam Charleston and Jerry Taylor were the bellwethers, followed by old man Rob and Rhinah, Big Hagar, Patty, Fanny, Phoebe, Solomon and Romeo.

The purchase of ten prime slaves meant a considerable investment and Lieutenant Davis had no money, supposedly no credit in the commercial world. So it is possible that Joe Davis provided the cash, or stood behind the transactions as a guarantor.

This original gang was transported upriver on the boiler deck of the steamboat Magnolia to be housed at Hurricane until cabins could be built on Brierfield. It was late summer and Hurricane's fields were white with bursting lint, so Sam Charleston and his squad helped the Joe Davis Negroes to gather their crop, while Jefferson Davis selected the site for a residence and laid out his slave quarters.

In Willing Hands

Still there was no hurry, and Jefferson waited until the Hurricane cotton had been picked before he set about his own business. Though the former officer had long since laid aside his military trappings and become to all appearance a young farmer, yet he could not discard the dragoon seat in his saddle nor the brisk step of a soldier.

"James," he called Pemberton, his old body servant, "bring my horse. Then tell Sam Charleston and Jerry Taylor to follow with their axes."

After he had ridden beyond the cleared limits of Hurricane there was no road, only a dim trail that led to a magnificent grove of oaks where Marse Jeff dismounted.

"Boys," he announced to the three Negroes, "here is the highest point, above overflow, and my house will stand in this grove where you see that big pecan tree."

"Sam," he pointed, "make your first cut right there."

Their axes swung in willing hands until the great pecan tree fell crashing, and in its place Jefferson soon afterward built a four-room house of logs, with a hall between—a cat-and-clayed house, not the Brierfield Mansion that was to be erected twelve years later.

The opening of Brierfield was very different from the first crude clearings on Hurricane. Jefferson Davis started more fortunately than his father, who attacked the wilderness singlehanded, protecting his people against the beasts, housing and feeding them as best he could. For Jefferson had his brother behind him, a comfortable home for himself and wife, with every luxury. The Hurricane cotton was now ginned and Joe Davis sent a gang of forty men, under Sam McKinney, whose axes and brush hooks felled the trees, cleaned off the undergrowth, and log cabins went up like magic. Soon the Brierfield Negroes were settled near their work and level acres began to show. Slow work, toilsome, patient. The former dragoon had no experience, yet couldn't go far wrong, for every night he sat with Brother Joe, who told him what to do.

After their family supper they usually gathered in the music room, where they looked on at the acted charades or listened to one of the girls at the piano. Sarah Knox sang a little; her soft, low voice was sweet and appealing in her favorite song, "Fairy Bells." Soon the congenial brothers would drift away to a room that Joe Davis called "the office," where Jefferson read aloud from the Congressional debates and discussed politics. Both men kept well informed, familiar with the best literature, history, science and the poetry that Joe Davis loved. Always, however, their talk came back to plans for the clearing and cultivation of Jeff's new property.

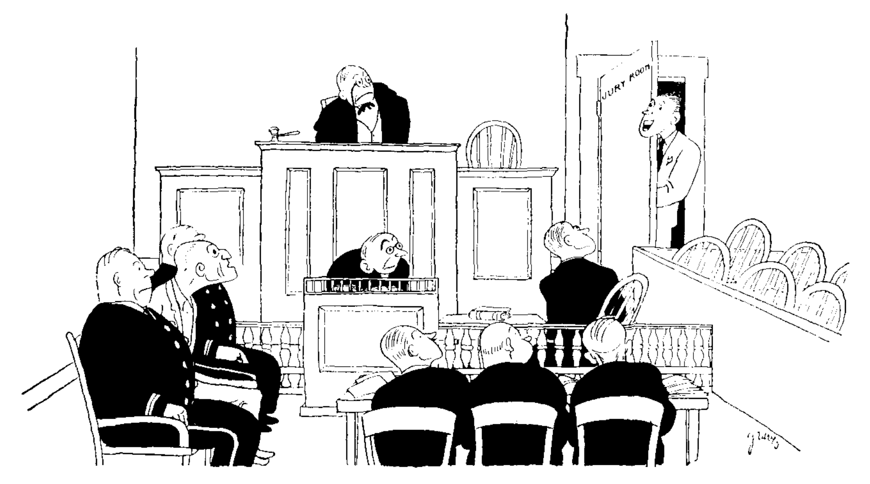
The ex-dragoon was developing into a farmer, learning his lessons at night from Brother Joe, and by day putting them into practice. He worked hard and had a genius for getting work out of others, for handling men without humiliating them. Day after day he burned cane, hacked down forests, and built log cabins on either side of a wide street. His tall slim figure was seen everywhere, directing the Negroes, always with the thought of making an independence for the gentle lady who would be waiting for him on the porch at Hurricane when he went home.

During the languid summer afternoons Florida often peeped in at the music-room door where "Miss Orry" sat at the piano, her fingers straying dreamily over the keys. Sometimes two or three Negro housegirls would stand there at the door listening to the soft, low music until Miss Orry glanced up with a beckoning smile and changed her tune to a merry jig, when the young Negresses would catch up their skirts and dance about the music room to make her laugh.

"Robert," one night Florida confided to her husband, "dat po' chile is so sick she can't skacely hold up her head. Den when Marse Jeff comes home she runs out laughin' same as ef nothin' ails her. It sho' is pitiful to see how hard she tries not to discourage him in de chill an' fever season."

The "chill and fever season," as people then spoke of it, was a very definite menace to settlers along the Mississippi River. Their low swampy lands were intersected by sluggish bayous and stagnant sloughs where vegetation rotted and mosquitoes bred. The master of Hurricane provided many luxuries for his family but could not screen the house to keep out deadly insects, drive an artesian well for pure water, nor drain his marshes. Whenever possible, the planter would send his family to the hills until winter killed disease germs.

Jefferson Davis and his bride were fresh from the North and neither of them was inured to these conditions. So Florida correctly diagnosed the lassitude of



"Anybody got a coin?"

H. TEMPEST GRAVES

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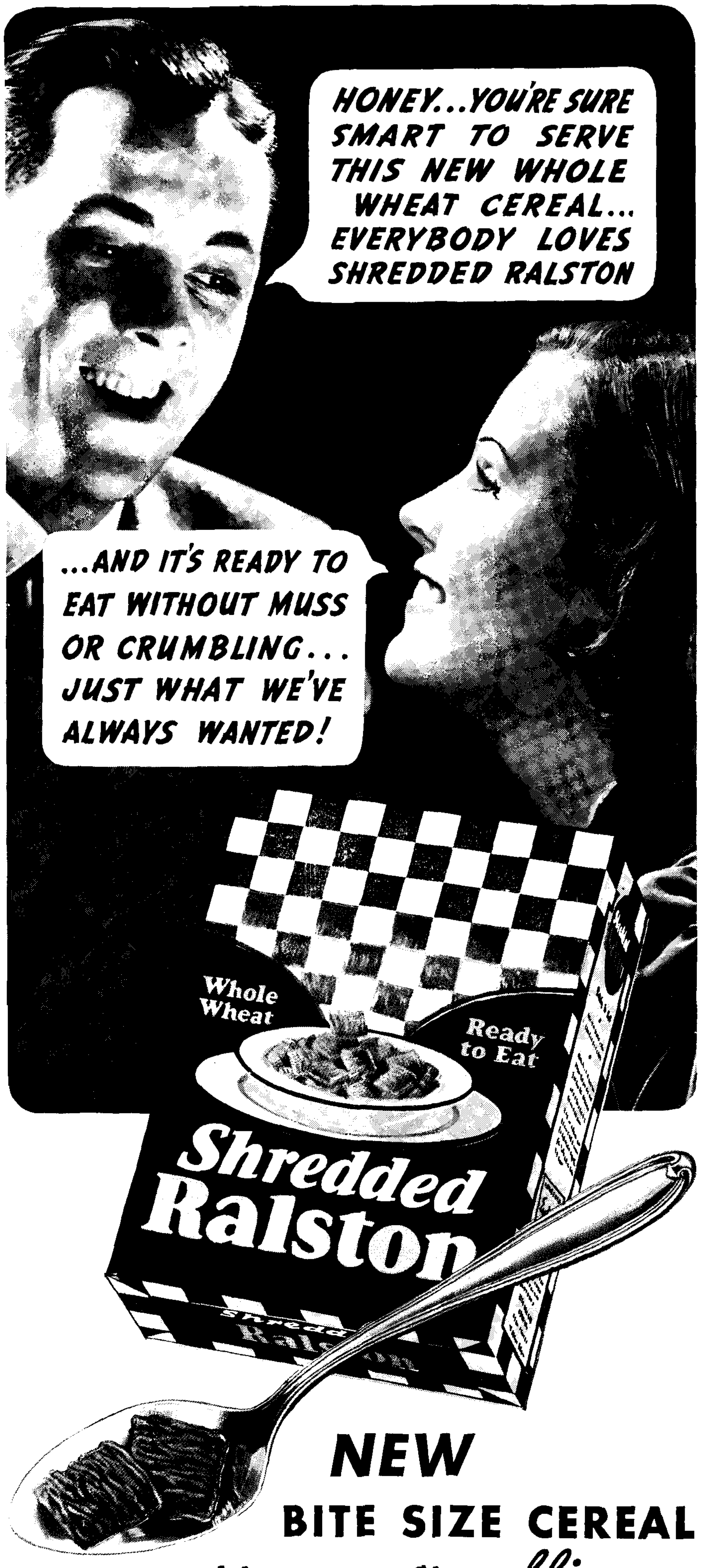
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NEW

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The only other place you've seen a blade like the Rolls is in the hands of a master barber. Fine Sheffield steel with a nice heft, hollow-ground to surgical sharpness. You hold it like a barber's razor—flat against the face. The Rolls Razor has three big advantages over a barber's razor: (1) It's a smaller, easier-to-handle size, (2) it's got a safety guard so you can't cut yourself and (3) it comes with a semi-automatic strop and hone. You can't strop it wrong if you try!

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Or, write for Folder 42
Rolls Razor, Inc., 305 E. 45th St., New York

Left: Case containing razor, strop and hone. *Bottom:* Blade ready for stropping.

Rolls Shaving Soap in permanent bowl or Shaving Stick, $1. Refills, 60¢.

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Miss Orry. "Robert, she's so sick she don't hardly notice me. Jes catches hold o' my han' an' rubs it. Den Marse Jeff come in today lookin' powerful bad."

Both of them had contracted malaria and must get out of the country. Their best chance seemed to be at Locust Grove Plantation, which lay among healthful hills near Bayou Sara, Louisiana, and belonged to Jeff's sister, Mrs. Luther Smith.

About the first week in September a tragic little procession moved slowly away from Hurricane House to a packet that waited at the landing. Four stout Negro men bore the wasted lady on a stretcher while her husband walked beside, shading her with an umbrella and trying to smile though his cheeks were flushed with fever and the hot blood scorched his veins.

On a Cash Basis

Sarah Knox reached Locust Grove unconscious and on September 15th, less than three months after her wedding day, she turned her weary face to the wall and died singing "Fairy Bells." The fairies called her and she went. If she had lived a few years longer this lovely woman might have said, "My father, President of the United States; my husband, President of the Confederate States."

In another room of the cool plantation house, with high ceilings and windows open to the breeze, Jefferson Davis lay delirious. The tireless devotion and nursing of his sister saved him, but he was so weak, so wretched over his loss, that they sent him to Havana for recuperation. Being annoyed there by military suspicion as an American officer, he sailed for New York and Washington, then returned to take up again his task at Brierfield.

During the next decade we have no written record of Jefferson Davis. Family tradition is almost silent and Aunt Florida is the only creature now alive who remembers by scraps and fragments what he did. Work, work, work, building up the plantation. Arduous labor gave employment to his mind and the forgetfulness that he craved. At night he was too weary for brooding, and there was always Brother Joe, an ever-present help in time of trouble.

Brierfield made a fair crop in 1836, and each successive year from wider acres more money came in, not pouring in as it did on Hurricane but sufficient to pay as he went and to make improvements.

He abhorred the idea of going into debt and kept his business on a cash basis. New acres were cleared, new labor bought to cultivate them, and more cabins added to his growing quarters. Hard work and applied intelligence made him an excellent farmer, so successful as to surprise Brother Joe, who did not believe that a military training could fit him for producing cotton. Perhaps at the start Joe Davis helped with money or credit but Jefferson soon became quite independent and hoed his own row. They were constantly together, for while Jefferson had built a modest residence on Brierfield he didn't stay there, preferring to spend the evenings with his brother.

For ten long years of secluded widowerhood he stuck steadily to his farm work as Brierfield grew and grew into a profitable plantation.

About 1845 a lovely young woman, Miss Varina Howell of Natchez, came to visit at Diamond Point, fourteen miles away, a plantation that Joseph Davis had given to his adopted daughter, Mrs. David McCaleb. As Brother Joe delighted to have his house full of gaiety he sent a note to Miss Howell urging her to spend part of her time at Hurricane. It happened that the younger brother was riding to Diamond Point, so Jefferson Davis carried the note and personally delivered it.

The former dragoon was then thirty-six, but looked about thirty, and was pleasant for any woman's eye to rest upon. He moved as actively as a boy, rode up to the house at Diamond Point with the grace of a Bedouin, and it seemed impossible for any horse to weary or unseat him. Nevertheless, at first sight, Miss Howell didn't altogether like him, for she wrote her mother: "Today Uncle Joe sent his younger brother (did you know he had one?) with an urgent invitation for me to come down to the Hurricane. I do not know whether this Mr. Jefferson Davis is young or old. He impresses me as a remarkable kind of man but of uncertain temper, and has a way of taking for granted that everybody agrees with him when he expresses an opinion, which offends me; yet he is most agreeable and has a peculiarly sweet voice and a winning manner of asserting himself—I don't think I shall ever like him as I do his brother Joe. Would you believe it, he is refined and cultured, yet he is a Democrat?"

His sweet voice and winning manner must have won her over, for they were married that same year at The Briers, a charming mansion near Natchez, which still stands unchanged.

Although Miss Howell did not know that Joe Davis had a younger brother, other people must have heard of him as a man of ability, for the Democrats of Warren County drafted him to make a campaign for the state legislature against the matchless and eloquent Sergeant S. Prentiss. The Democrats were so hopelessly outnumbered that Jefferson Davis was defeated.

He never wanted to enter politics, for plantation life had taken firm hold. He loved his horses, loved his dogs, and found the keenest pleasure in watching his cotton grow. The care of slaves in ever-increasing numbers gave him plenty to do, for those great black children required constant attention. His second wife also preferred to stay at Brierfield, and during their protracted absences while he was a congressman, senator and Cabinet officer or during his term as President at Richmond, she always longed for the sweet obscurity of home.

The Splendid Idle Forties

The splendid idle forties were now upon them, bringing a high tide of prosperity to the Mississippi Valley. The river glittered with gorgeous packets plying from plantation to plantation, their bands playing and flags a-flutter. Brierfield was now a well-ordered property, so for Mr. Davis to enter politics and leave it under a manager, even the faithful and competent James Pemberton, meant a considerable financial loss.

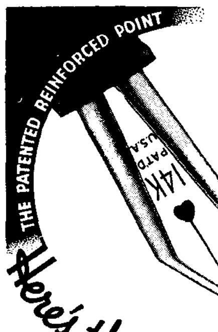
The public career of Jefferson Davis belongs to history, as we do not attempt to write a political biography but mention only the high lights. December, 1845, Mr. Davis took his seat in Congress.

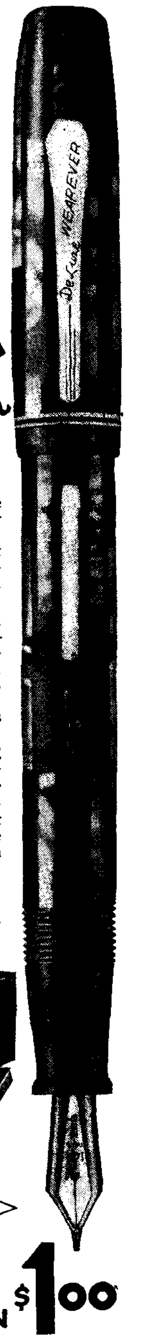
Troubles in Texas next year led to the Mexican War and Congressman Davis resigned to become colonel of the First Mississippi Regiment.

While this command, which became so famous, was being organized, Colonel Davis remained on the plantation shaping its affairs. James Pemberton, who had been the dragoon's body servant during the Black Hawk War, naturally expected that he again would go to battle with his master. But Colonel Davis called him up and said, to Pemberton's intense disgust:

"James, you are the only man that can handle this property while I'm gone. So you must stay here in charge of the plantation."

"Yes, sir," the Negro's lip quivered





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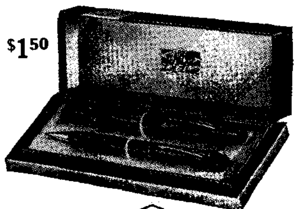

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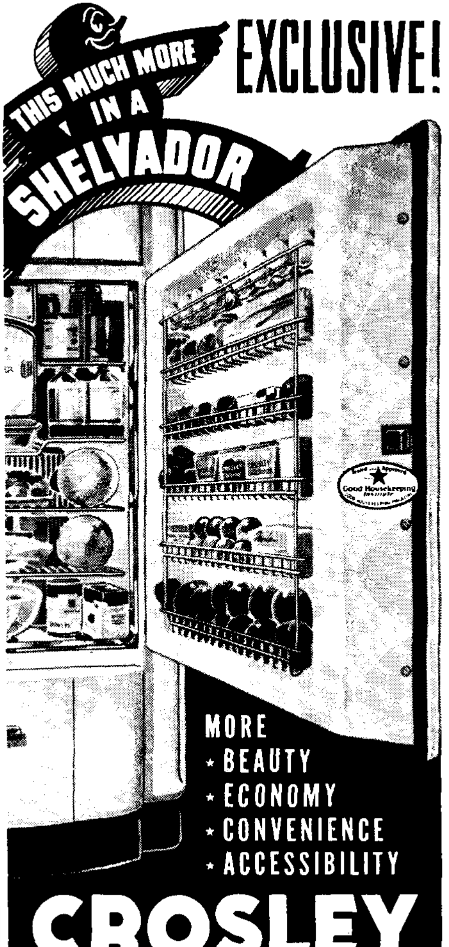

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ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

with disappointment. "But who goin' to wait on you, sir?"

"I shall take James Green. He'll serve me quite well."

"Yes, sir. And your horse, sir?"

"Tartar."

"He's the best, sir."

The Negro, like his master, knew a good mount, and his eyes lighted at the colonel's choice of this noble black stallion. For weeks in advance Pemberton and Green groomed the ebon charger, and Colonel Davis walked beside him across the stageplank to the boat, and saw that Tartar was comfortably stalled for New Orleans. A few months afterward the whole cheering United States heard of the splendid Tartar that helped to make history at Buena Vista. That brilliant bloody victory set Colonel Davis on a pinnacle and the Republic acclaimed his First Mississippians as national heroes. They suffered terrible losses and after peace was declared their decimated ranks sailed for home to receive a series of ovations along the river as their steamboat moved upstream. A rumor had reached the plantation that Colonel Davis was badly wounded, maybe killed, so when the packet tied up at Hurricane every living creature assembled to welcome him, all the Negroes rejoicing while happy black Robin tooted his enormous brass horn.

Remodeling Hurricane

Because of a wound in the foot Colonel Davis hobbled around for two years on crutches, under intense pain from splinters of bone, yet resumed his place in Congress.

While its absent master dabbled in war and politics, Brierfield Plantation under James Pemberton must have done pretty well, for soon after he returned from Mexico Jefferson Davis felt able to build a new residence. Before that time he and his wife had occupied a small house not far from the slave quarters.

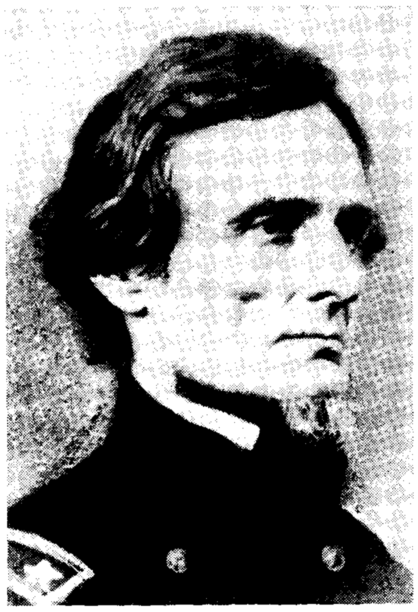
At the same moment an impulse struck Joe Davis to remodel Hurricane. The brothers employed the same builders, Marcy and Ziegler, who worked first on one house then on the other. Apparently they used no architect but drew their own plans. The main structure at Brierfield contained eight rooms, with two additional rooms on a back gallery. Four big galleries gave them shade and summer comfort.

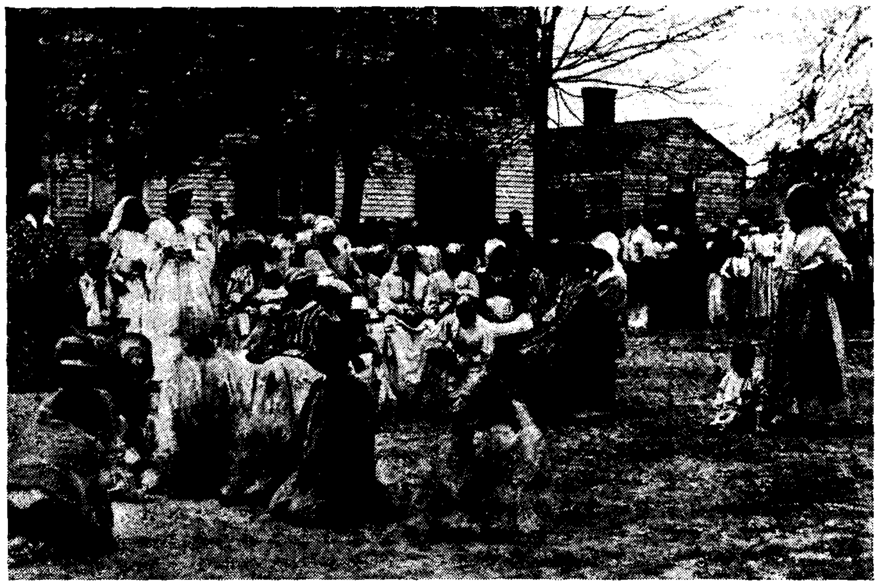
Heavy timbers were cut on the property, while neater woodwork, mahogany doors and trim came from mills at Cincinnati or Vicksburg. Marble mantels were brought from Baltimore and Italy, no expense being spared in adornment of the house, or in beautifying the grounds with forest trees from many countries.

Joe Davis disapproved of such "absurd extravagance," not because he grudged any luxury to his brother, but for the reason that Jefferson now practically lived at Washington, D. C., and had no leisure to enjoy such a home. When completed Brierfield House was of one story, long and low with broad galleries, not a show place and not to be compared with many ante-bellum mansions that may yet be seen in the vicinity of Natchez.

As part of the hero worship that followed him from Mexico, Colonel Davis was soon appointed to fill an unexpired term in the United States Senate just when the anti-slavery agitation flared up most virulently. Almost at once the new senator from Mississippi stepped into first rank, being recognized as the ablest apostle of Southern ideas since the leadership of John C. Calhoun.

In 1853 President Franklin Pierce proffered him the post of Secretary of War, which Senator Davis declined but subsequently accepted upon urgent insistence from the President. Military critics seem to agree that the U. S. Army was then in a run-down condition and largely by the genius of Jefferson Davis was built up again to a far higher standard of effectiveness. His reports as Secretary of War show what was accomplished toward increasing the numerical strength and morale of the Army. Soldiers were better paid, better equipped, with greater chances of promotion. Secretary Davis sent intelligent officers abroad to follow campaigns and gather information. At the time he re-





A group of slaves on Brierfield Plantation in 1863. Above, a photograph of Jefferson Davis made during the Civil War

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Smoothness
makes it
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In fine American homes since 1870, Fleischmann's Gin has been part of treasured family recipes for making smooth mixed drinks.

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DRY GIN

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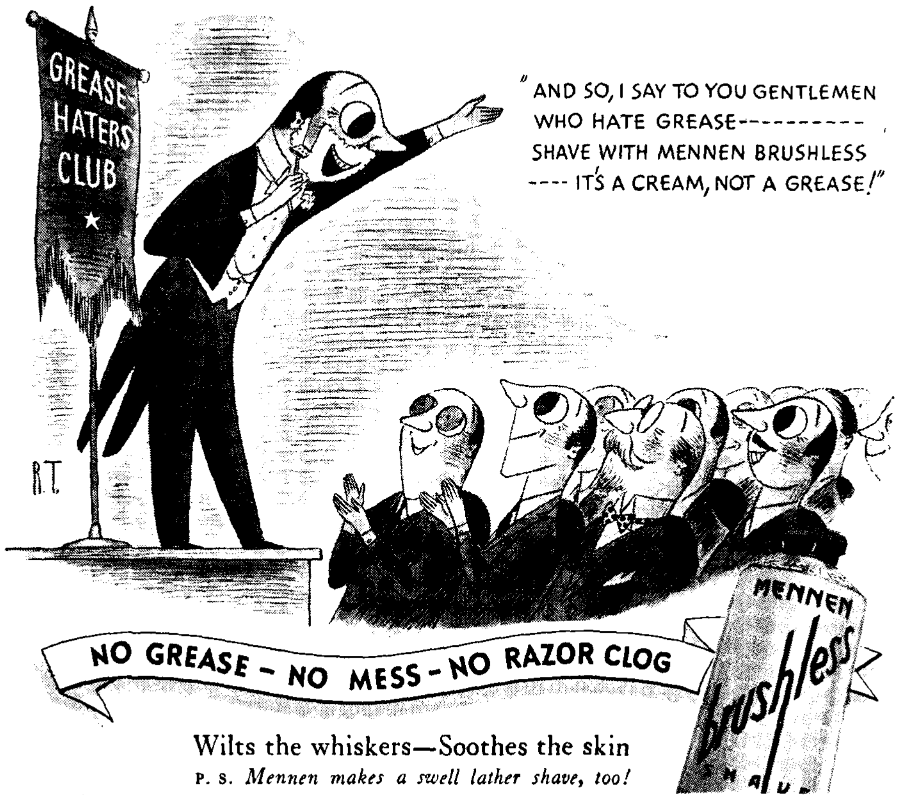
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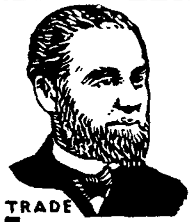
ETIQUETTE

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CORNS COME BACK
BIGGER-UGLIER

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* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

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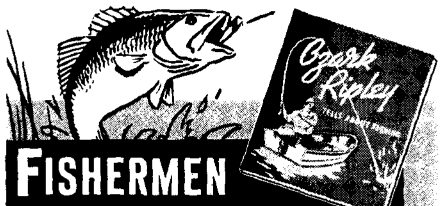

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signed, an influential journal of the North said: "He revised the Army regulations; he introduced light infantry, or the rifle system of tactics; he caused the manufacture of rifles, muskets and pistols, and the use of the Minié ball; he induced the addition of four regiments to the Army, and organized a cavalry service peculiarly fitted to the wants of the country; he augmented the seacoast and frontier defenses, and had the western part of the continent explored for scientific, geographical and railroad purposes."

Incidentally it was Secretary Davis who appointed Major Robert E. Lee as commandant to train hundreds of future federal officers at the U. S. Military Academy. In fact, Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee did much to create the war machine that four years later would march South and destroy them.

Early in 1857 Davis resigned his Cabinet post and returned to the United States Senate, where he again proved his statesmanship by measuring steel among such gladiators as Webster, Clay, Benton, Sumner and Seward. There the nation saw him fighting, fighting, fighting against the passion of the times. Jefferson Davis did not deal in passion, never became a rabble-rouser, never appealed to the hoorah mob, and believed that hot temper accomplished no permanent results. His political mind was that of a mathematician to whom two plus two made four, and any other result was wrong. He regarded the federal Constitution as an agreement among the states that clearly defined their reciprocal duties and rights. A set of political facts can reason out to only one conclusion, just as a column of figures can give only one sum. Having footed up the column and proved the result, Mr. Davis was of the fixed opinion that any other conclusion must be wrong and not open to compromise.

Rumbles of War

His exact mind refused to split the difference with a political adversary and agree that two plus two should be accepted as three or five. He figured out things as they should be and often refused to accept the fact of human pettiness, human interest and human hate. He consistently believed that intelligent men North and South could get together and adjust their differences within the Union. Consequently Jefferson Davis did not advocate secession. Had he been more open to compromise it might have been that certain dissensions leading to disaster in the Confederate government could have been avoided by a little diplomacy and soft soap. But he never learned to apply soft soap, and only once made a public exhibition of his emotions—when Mississippi withdrew from the Union. Senator Davis delivered his farewell address to the august body in which he no longer had a place, and sat down weeping.

Rumbles of approaching war had not yet jarred upon the serenity of Brierfield. Great blue cranes stood motionless and unafraid in melancholy sloughs where lily pads covered the stagnant water and lemon-colored lotus bloomed. Peace. Peace. Negroes sang as they chopped the rows of green young cotton, and flowers of every hue flaunted their brilliance in the garden where Jefferson Davis had placed his rocking chair. Mrs. Davis puttered about with a trowel, wearing a wide-brimmed sun hat while her husband made cuttings from his favorite yellow rose, the Glory of France. Far from the contentions of men the tall ascetic figure sat there quietly, his fingers busy with the clippers and the tactful wife did not disturb his thoughts. Clip, clip, clip, think, think, think.

Hotheads all around him were bragging that one Southerner could lick twenty Yankees, and at every assemblage, after the Ladies Committee had presented their battle flags, fiery young officers arose in new uniforms, with epaulets of yellow cotton fringe, and pledged their sacred honor to return victorious after a campaign of six weeks. All over the South with a whoop and hoorah they organized enthusiastic companies, ready to march, and nobody doubted the brief and brilliant end.

A Message from Montgomery

But Jefferson Davis, sitting among his roses at Brierfield, knew better. As Secretary of War he had become familiar with our military resources, which were concentrated in the North. The South had no munitions, no raw materials, nor any factories that might convert them into arms. Since the South was without a navy, an alert enemy would promptly blockade the ports so that cotton, the South's sole asset, could not be shipped abroad in exchange for the necessities of war.

The proposed Confederacy would be surrounded by fleets of fighting vessels and forced to live within itself. More than that, Northern man power greatly exceeded that of the sparsely settled South. These seemed to be the facts, and a practical tactician like Jefferson Davis could not ride roughshod over such an array. So while optimists predicted a short and decisive campaign, he looked forward to a long struggle with its outcome more than doubtful.

Though he had cut a commanding figure in the United States Senate, Mr. Davis did not regard himself as a statesman, nor even as a good politician. Therefore he sought no political post and kept away from the provisional government, which was then being set up at Montgomery, Alabama. As a soldier by training and inclination he wanted a command in the field and rested content with his election as Major General of Mississippi Volunteers.

For years Jefferson Davis had suffered intensely from neuralgia, his failing eyes gave him great anxiety, and the slightest misstep caused agony in the foot that was injured at Buena Vista. Mental apprehension combined to make him ill and feeble as he sat there clipping at the roses when from far off came the sound of rushing hoofbeats. A lathered horse galloped up to the garden fence where an excited rider flung himself from the saddle and ran in shouting to Mr. Davis in his chair.

"I have ridden down from Vicksburg, sir, to bring great news, glorious news from Montgomery."

"Thank you, sir." Mr. Davis rose with a military bow and took the telegram held out to him, feeling as a woman feels the premonition of trouble.

That message from Montgomery, Alabama, announced his unanimous election as President of the Confederate States.

Incredulously he read those fatal words that struck him like a blow. President of the Confederate States! Mrs. Davis stood apart, not intruding. The rose cuttings lay in a basket at his feet. A mockingbird sang joyously from the hedge. Sweet flowers breathed their perfume upon the peace of that lovely garden, yet this message meant war. War didn't seem real, fire and sword and sudden death. Mr. Davis rose, handed the telegram to his wife and said, "My dear, please look after this gentleman."

Then he walked painfully to the house, his head bowed low beneath the weight of an awful responsibility.

The fifth article of this series will appear next week

Yellow Jasmine

Continued from page 20

how the other was vastly better off manufacturing or selling alluring perfumes. If, she thought, there were some way of making these two men just one, it would be very marvelous. Companionship wasn't enough, nor kindness. Was the other?

She heard Smithson say lightly, "Expect any trouble in the Orient?"

"Not for a long time," Jerry Haskins said.

"I hope you're right. In the interior, where I'm going, the war lords can raise the devil. However, I think you're wrong. If I didn't think so, I wouldn't be here. I've done my stint in the Orient."

"The Chinks," Haskins said, "won't fight. They aren't prepared. The Japs are afraid of Russia. No question about it. Anyhow, if the Japanese really intended to start something in China, they'd have demanded immediate deliveries of our stuff instead of fooling around about the formulas and designs."

Smithson glanced at the other man, and then put his pipe into his pocket. He said nothing. Persis thought that there was an amused gleam in his eyes; and she had a strong idea it had to do with the things he'd told her about Japanese imitations of Occidental products.

THE shore haze hadn't broken. North and east, the sky was clear, blue-white, and very bright.

"Don't worry," Haskins said to Persis. "We'll have plenty of time to look Shanghai over. We'll see the town."

Persis said suddenly, perhaps a little fearfully, "Bill, can't you stay? Just a day? I wish you could."

The quietness with which he said, "So do I," gave a new force to the hours they had watched a blank sea and blank sky; Persis found herself curiously unsteadied. He said, "It's not my job to come here any more. But a fellow I know, in the interior, advised it. So I came."

"You mean some Chinaman thinks there'll be trouble?" Haskins asked. "My sources are so close to the top that I . . . say! . . . that must be a Clipper we're hearing! Can you see it?"

As the overtone hummed above the soft beating of the steamer's engines, it seemed a completely new pulsation, throbbing deeply into the ship.

"Transpacific planes," said Bill Smithson, "land at Macao. I wish I'd flown, to save time." He, like everyone else, was trying to make out what was approaching in the pale northeastern sky. Without looking down, Smithson added, "I don't mean that. This has been my best crossing."

The way he said it turned politeness into something with more meaning, and Persis knew it.

Then Smithson said, "There they are. Japanese. In formation. See the circular insignia? Combat planes and bombers. Shanghai bound?"

"Some air game," Haskins snapped.

The planes were clearly visible now, in flights of nine. Persis felt a little fearful, a little thrilled, a great deal curious, as she watched. The planes made her feel insignificant, made her job appear infinitesimal. She wondered if any girl had ever watched such a thing with a munitions salesman on one side, a man who had to do with perfumes on the other.

The planes were high and vanishing in the haze; the men were close by. She had been attracted to each of them. Well, that was shipboard, she supposed. She mustn't let it become important.

"They're returning," Jerry Haskins said. "Anyhow, we can't see 'em. It's just some fancy flight, that's all. Why, the undersecretary said—"

Somewhere in the haze there was a roar, loud, explosive; a second, a third. Bill Smithson said, "It doesn't make much difference what he said, now. They're attacking Shanghai. I wonder if the captain's going to trust to his flag and go up the river. I'll bet he does."

Passengers were asking alarmed, excited questions. Involuntarily, Persis glanced at her two companions. Neither was in the least afraid.

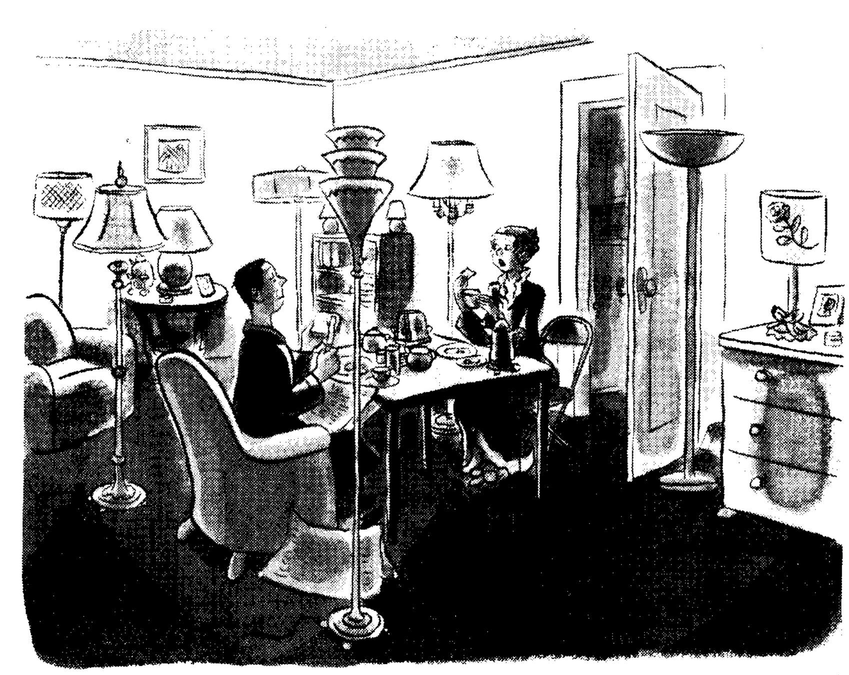
"I'll steer you around," promised Haskins. "I know people. Want to go up to Nanking? Headquarters? Or maybe see a couple of war lords out of the north? It'll be easy to arrange. We'll go together."

"Of course I want to." She turned to Smithson. "After I get a raid story here, take me out into the country, Bill, and I'll do a feature."

"Not me," Smithson said.

"Why not?"

"Two reasons. First one: I've got to



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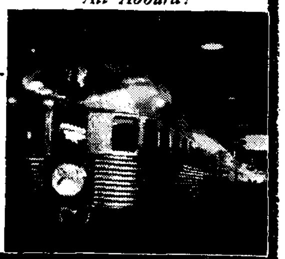

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get going as fast as I can. Second: neither you, nor any other young woman, should leave the Settlement."

Haskins began to laugh. "Nonsense, old man. She'll be perfectly safe. The Japanese won't trouble anyone except the enemy, and if you waved a gun at a Chinaman, he would run a mile."

"I won't have a gun to wave," Smithson said. "A man doesn't need one. Not when he's buying jasmine."

Haskins said, "A good gat comes in handy. However, I can see where you wouldn't need one. Not in your line."

Persis broke in, "Please, Bill." Smithson's face, she saw, had whitened. "Wait a day, and take me out to the villages. Your company won't expect you to go far into the interior now. It isn't as if perfumes were like food, or oil, or—"

"Poison gas."

Smithson bit his lip; Haskins, now, was frowning, and about to speak. But it was Bill who said swiftly, "Sorry. That popped out. You don't approve of my job, Haskins, and I don't care about *yours. Let's forget it. It's a crazy world.*" He grinned honestly. "And nowhere in it could you find a crazier combination sailing into a bombed city. The girl who is going to tell what happens. The man who helps make war. And myself, as far removed from fighting as a person can be."

They could see spires of flame where a portion of the native city was afire, and the heavy smoke. Could they land?

Persis was thinking in terms of her first story as the steamer crept up the river. She knew that Bill Smithson was talking, and forced herself to listen: "I'm getting out as fast as possible," he was saying. "You won't care about places to eat now, will you? Don't leave Shanghai. Missionaries are as brave as anyone in the Orient; and they'll be forced here for protection, if this's war." What he said next astonished Persis so that she forgot her lead sentence. "Moonlight on deck," Smithson said. "It plays the devil, doesn't it?"

Why had he said that?

Smithson had made that his goodby, and although Haskins assured Persis that he would see to it that they'd land at once, it was the other man who was the first passenger ashore. How he'd managed it no one knew. Haskins was uneasy about it, for although Smithson's Chemical Industries was a research organization that manufactured only peacetime materials and products, a fellow had no way of knowing if a change in policy had taken place. C. I. might be going after a more profitable trade; this perfume business could be a smoke screen.

PERSIS filed her first story with the radio officer. Like Bill had said, it wasn't making sense. Where today she'd walked past a temple with a long wall covered with plaques of porcelain, on each of which a dragon writhed in high relief, green and gold, there would be ruins tomorrow, and the porcelain again only clay. Death would be there also, priests, men, women. But on another tomorrow, if she passed along the same street, there might be a wedding procession, with banners, and musicians tootling double flutes, and the bride's red carrying-chair.

Then, as tomorrow became a week, and a second, and the defenders' situation became desperate, these incongruities disappeared, and there was only the monotonous performance of war to send back to the newspaper. Persis was forced to search for material. The story of an advance, a retreat, was not enough.

When Jerry Haskins informed her that he was to pass through the lines and visit a northern war lord, who bought his own materials and had little connection with the Nanking government, she jumped at the chance to go along. . . .

A star shell flashed overhead the following night, in an outskirt village called Ts'i-tsan, and a plane roared overhead. The released bomb sent up dust in which Chinese blood was mixed. Portions of the village were in ruins; houses and shops had been sacked, and telegraph poles chopped down. Wires lay in tangled masses. Brigands harried the enemy's advance; men who, lacking ammunition, had taken to the "big knife" and, ferocious, raging, half-naked, went down before machine guns.

The east room of the village inn, one instant, was brilliant; when light no longer came through the barred window, the taper on the stand seemed dimmer than before. And that was just as well, for the man and woman in the room, both bound, were unable to stare at the hacked body propped against a wall. The dead man was the innkeeper, who had been so foolish as to protest the soldiers' intrusion.

THE two living people were as silent as the body.

A dog howled outside, and it was the sort of thing any good newspaper person would have included in a horror story. Somewhere a man screamed.

Then, the two, man and woman, heard voices, and the shuff-shuff of feet. Someone spoke in Chinese, sharply, and there was a reply, in different tone, shrill and nasal. The door opened, and a man, indistinguishable as to features, but very tall, stepped inside; his arms were bound about him, and, as he squatted down, two Chinese soldiers carefully tied his legs. The bound man said something, and the North China soldiers crackled with laughter. One of them reached into his sleeve and took out a cigarette, placing it between the white man's lips.

Not until a soldier went to the stand and picked up the taper, and, after holding it a moment before the girl's face, and commenting, returned and brought the flame against the cigarette's end, was the newcomer recognizable.

Haskins said, when the soldiers left, and he was staring at the red end of the newcomer's cigarette, "So they got you too, Smithson!"

"I walked right into them," Bill Smithson said. "This general is no rose." He blew out smoke. "What's this story I'm told about how you tried to poison the general?"

Haskins said uneasily, "It was this way: I came here to see if I could sell an order to this general, who does his own buying. It was all arranged. We had quite an argument regarding price, and, according to the interpreter, the rascal decided to keep me here until I agreed to what he wanted. He . . . I take it that he's had a better idea. He'll keep me here until we make delivery at his price. He—"

"It's the poison part I'd like to hear."

"Oh. That. The general wanted to know about Persis. I thought he'd kick up a fuss if he knew what she was doing, so I told him that she was writing about how food was prepared all over the world. I don't think he believed me. Anyhow, he told her to fix him up with dinner, and had a lot of food brought—"

"Old duck eggs," Persis broke in. "And slugs. Dried shrimp. Big pink chunks of pork. Lots of bottles with sauces and things. I . . . I put a lot of it together, like I'd make a stew, hoping it wouldn't be too bad. And . . . and . . ."

Smithson was laughing.

"It isn't funny," Persis snapped. "If you'd seen the way he looked at me!"

"Because he thought you were trying to poison him?"

Persis said, "No. Get us out of here, Bill."

"Right now," Smithson said, "I couldn't be a hero if I wished. These ropes are too tight." His voice changed. "I thought, Haskins, that I said leaving

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Shanghai was dangerous for a woman."

"If you could go for perfume, I didn't see why we shouldn't chance it."

"So they took your gun away? My perfume's just as much use as your weapon now."

Smithson had been successful, although the two heavy cases containing the bottles had been taken from his coolies and were somewhere in the village. In the bottles were not only the jasmine essences so far finer than could be obtained from the common European jasmine, but also the medical tincture, which Smithson hoped might redistill and become again fragrant. Essence and tincture both came from the starlike pink jasmine found only in China.

He didn't explain that there had been no real reason to have come to this village, except that he'd been told that a white man and woman had gone to see the war lord there, and that the man was one who sold those things that might drive the attackers out of the district. A something that poisoned the air.

"The next thing," Haskins said, "is what to do."

"I'd say it's what the general'll do to us."

Persis asked. "Couldn't you tell him that I'll write his story, showing what a great man he is? Sometimes that goes over."

"He might fall for it," Smithson admitted. "It's worth trying. The trouble is that having been told one tale, he's apt to doubt the second." He continued, "It all depends on how terrible the stew was."

When soldiers, the general's own hill irregulars, came for them, the men were curious about the girl, kicked Haskins to his feet without ceremony, and cackled friendly enough with Smithson. As the three started walking when the bonds were severed, Smithson said, "The general, I gather, is in what's known as a state of mind. His dinner was rotten. He's started drinking, although he makes his staff remain sober. Tea for them. And now the old boy wants opium. Let me do the talking. Better not reply to a direct question."

The larger room, on the far side of the inn, was the same to which Persis had carried the smoking bowl of food. Now it was filled with officers, tobacco fumes, the scent of strong brick tea, and the new, heady fragrance of jasmine. Smithson's case had been opened, together with a few of the bottles inside; there was cotton wadding all over the floor, the stuff that had protected the bottles.

THE general sat on a pile of looted rugs, and if he was paunched, and had been drinking, he did not appear mellow. He stared at Persis, filled a bowl full of stolen Scotch, and held it out to her. Persis' hands closed around the bowl, and as she raised it, it seemed that the general's eyes stripped her until she was naked.

If the general's eyes were on the girl, his words were to Smithson. "I desire rest. I wish to smoke. All foreign doctors have opium."

Smithson shrugged. "I have none. Despite the bottles, I am no doctor."

"Do not lie," the general growled. "You use the odor to make jasmine tea, such as should only come from Formosa. It is another of your foreign tricks. I am tired of lies and tricks. This woman, whom I was told was the finest cook in the world! Bah! And this liar who wishes to sell me equipment and that-which-kills-at-a-breath, but who will take my money and never send it to me."

"The woman is what she says," Smithson said, deciding that anything else would make matters worse. "However, she does not understand that Chinese food, being of great delicacy, does not need the application of many sauces to enhance the flavor." It was important to veer the general from his continued staring at Persis; talk was the best way to do it. "A man as important as you, General," went on Bill, "would have nothing to do with cooks, eh?"

The general blinked. He said, "She is no cook," and then, "Give me opium. I am tired. My men are rested, for, from my generosity, I have permitted the staff to scent their tea with a few drops of refreshing jasmine. But I am more exhausted than they; I need opium. Well?"

Smithson glanced hastily, almost in alarm, at the opened bottles, and then seemed to sigh with relief. "I have no opium," he said, and waited. There was no hurry. Everything depended on calmness now. He wondered which of the men in the room understood English, and who would report whatever unwary word might be said. This was a favorite Oriental trick. The general must be figuring that even buyers, and principally Japanese buyers, made gifts of opium. The general therefore suspected that he, also, might have a hidden supply of the drug.

The general said, "I am a gentle man when I have visited the gods after a few pipes. I would reward you by permitting you, and your goods, to depart. So . . . where is it? Talk! I am not patient this night."

"If I had what you ask, you would permit us to go?"

"You, yes. The man, no. What he says he can deliver may be useful. The woman, no. She is not a cook. She was made for pleasure, and she is not the wife of the man, for I have asked. If she goes about with a man who is not her husband, am I not a better man than he?"

IT WAS then that Haskins said, "Work on him, Smithson! Tell him Persis'll take his picture. The big number-one general. China's hot shot. Probably going to be commander in chief. Get started!"

A Chinese, squatted near the general, began to cackle a garbled interpretation, and, as Smithson heard it, his throat tightened. It couldn't have been worse. And it would do no good to plead that the interpreter, catching some of the words, was wide of the truth.

"So," the general said, "you will tell about this to the number-one general, and I will be shot by the commander in chief? Bah! I will shoot you both and take the girl. I have had enough. Take them away."

"Where," Smithson asked, "will you obtain opium, if not from me?"

The scent of jasmine grew, as a terrified inn-servant went about the officers, pouring the dark hill-country tea, and dropping jasmine essence into each bowl.

The general ordered, "Give the opium to me."

Persis saw decision in Smithson's face, as if his mind were made up. If only she were able to understand what was said!

"I have learned a way," said Smithson, "to turn much opium into a small amount of liquid." He bent, selected a bottle by its label, twisted off the wired stopper, wet his finger with the contents, and licked it. "The bitterness of true opium."

The general grunted, took the bottle, and allowed the slightest trace of liquid to moisten his own finger. When he sucked it, his lips worked until they were as pouted as a carp's in the village temple pool. "It might be as you say," he admitted, the thought of a night's pleasure almost too strong to resist; "and it might be poison. How can I tell?"

"When you smoke," Smithson said, "you see two visions; two maids. Everything is in twos, double. It is the same with this, when you drink a very small amount. However, it is no concern of mine. It is you who asked."

The general picked up the empty bowl. "It is too bitter to drink. Is it al-

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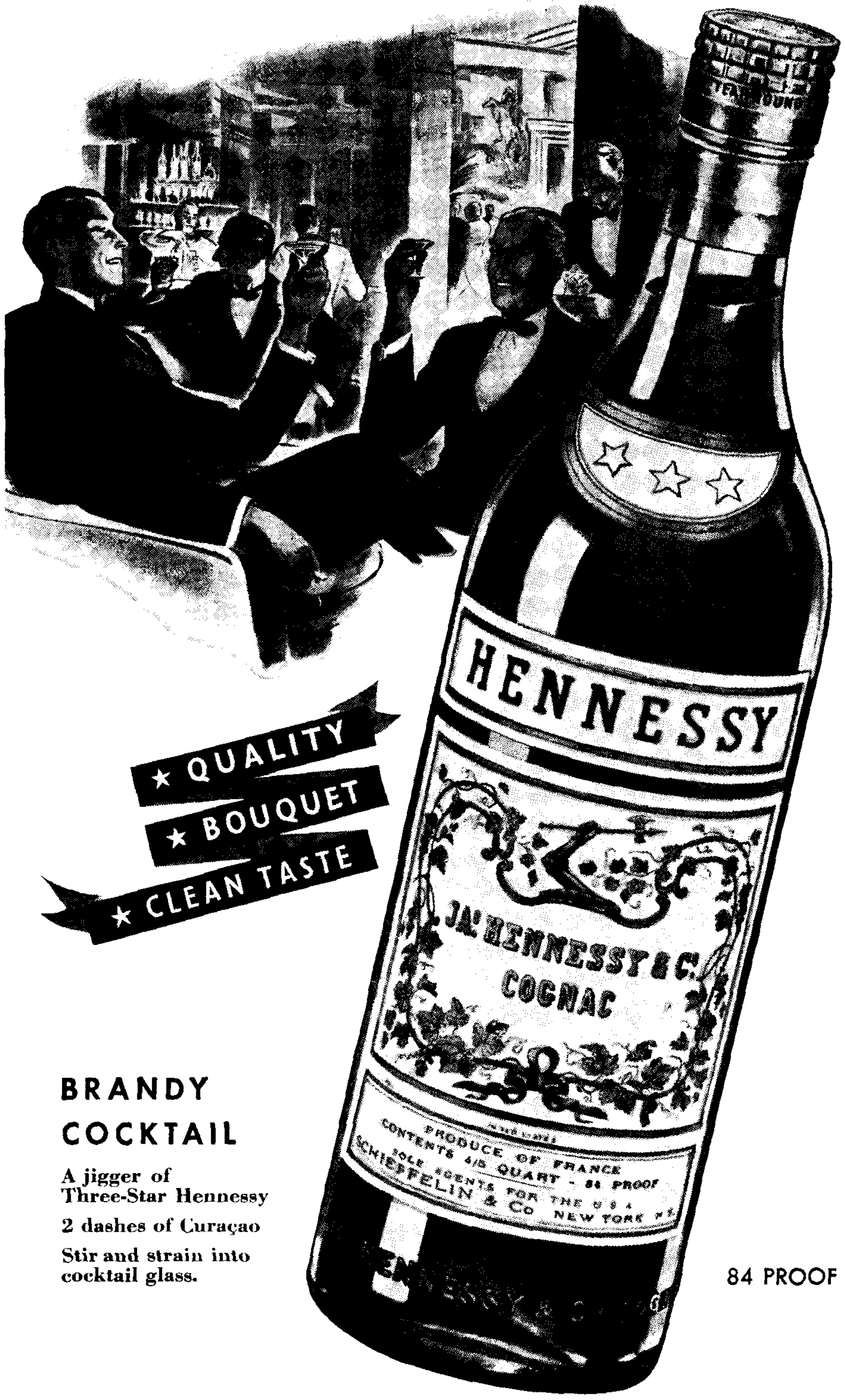
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lowed that it be taken in brandy?"

Smithson said, "As to that, it is a matter of taste."

He, and Persis, and perhaps Haskins, saw the calculating look in the general's eyes. Smithson had counted on just this: that the general would have the liquid tested, lest it be poisonous, and would select, for the experiment, whichever of the staff he feared might become his successor.

"Colonel Sung, I have always had great affection for you," said the general. "Have your bowl filled with tea, for this opium is bitter. I will permit you to enjoy dreams this night. I wish to reward your faithfulness."

When the colonel held out his bowl, Persis could see that there was sweat on his forehead.

"Drink, Colonel," ordered the general.

THE miserable officer, positive that he was about to be poisoned, looked down at the tea. Here was something connected with eating, drinking, which Persis had never seen, never read about. Here was not the frothily whipped green tea of Japan, which Smithson had ordered for her, nor the bright pekoe nor pale gunpowder, nor tea with jam stirred in it à la Russe . . . here, from the way the colonel's lips were moving in prayer, was something deadly. Food! It was more important than enjoyment. Without it, there was starvation in China. "Around the World in Eighty Meals" . . . and, with all her reading on board ship, plus what Bill had told her, she'd been unable to please a Chinese with what she'd cooked, and now all of them were suffering for it.

All this passed through Persis' head as she watched the colonel. Then, suddenly, he drained the bowl. In amazement, after a moment, he said, "I am drowsy. I am filled with sleep indeed. I see two generals. Two maids."

The commander was satisfied. Sung was not acting. He was smiling, not dying in agony. Greedily, the general put whisky in his own bowl. Again Smithson let the drops fall, while the general counted, making certain that neither more nor less was put in the bowl.

Noisily, he drank.

"I am not sleepy," he declared. "But I am a man, and it takes time for opium to overcome me." He glanced at the colonel, who was staggering about, and laughed. "Ho! When *I* awake, I will be not weak, but very strong. Have the maid ready." Next he bellowed, "I do not see as well as I did. There are too many of you within my sight. Get out. I am ready for sleep and dreams."

The foreigners were hurried away. Alone in the original room again, Smithson said, "They won't disturb him. He'll quit yelling soon. He'll lose his voice." He sat beside Persis. "In an hour he should be dead. Maybe we will, too. It depends on how good my memory is, and what happens to the colonel."

"Why didn't you work on his pride, like I said?" Haskins demanded.

"Jasmine in tea is what made me remember," Smithson said to Persis. "I gave 'em both equal amounts of the tincture. It's deadly poison. Alcohol aids its action, strong tea's the antidote. If that's all there is to it, the general should die, and the colonel merely be sick. I fussed with the drug back in the lab once. It causes double vision, drowsiness, lost voice, muscular relaxation. If this doesn't work," he told Persis, "you might as well know that the hardest thing I ever did was to leave ship, leave you."

Persis sat a long time without speaking. She wondered what jasmine looked like, Chinese jasmine.

"I didn't mind when you left," she found herself saying. "It was only after you were gone that I minded."

Smithson put his hand over the girl's. "Once upon a time," he said, "there was an idiot who thought that what a woman said, on deck, in moonlight, was real. Now, I'd believe it again, if you said it. I'd believe anything you said, anywhere."

The three sat in silence. The hand on her own, for Persis, made waiting easier. She whispered, "It would be worse if you hadn't told me," and meant it.

Haskins demanded nervously, "What are you talking about, you two?"

"Ourselves," Smithson said.

"Quit it. I'm getting the jitters. Don't you realize what we're up against?"

Bill Smithson said, "That's just it. I do." He drew Persis closer. "And I believed, on shipboard, that the situation was curious. This is more strange. The munitions salesman, without his gun, and who can't do a thing. The reporter who may never write the story. And, again, me, the fellow who plays around in a lab now, and who knows about such a feminine thing as perfume. D'you know, I'd been wishing that I could lead a regiment of cavalry over the hills and rescue the maiden held by the Indians . . . and all the time perfume was the only way of escape."

He was speaking, Persis knew, to keep Haskins and herself from breaking. She said sharply, "I hear them coming. Oh, Bill, Bill . . ."

"Hold tight," Smithson said.

The door was unbarred and opened. Lights showed a red-eyed, shaking Sung at the threshold. Other officers were with him.

"I am glad to see you, Colonel," Smithson said.

"General, now," Sung said, and bowed. "All of us are agreed that what our former leader drank was not poison. He was a stronger man than I; I am not dead. So you are held blameless. Your goods are ready, packed. Will you depart in peace?"

"If I were you, General," said Smithson, "I would drink more tea. Very strong tea. Many bowls of it."

Sung blinked; then he said, "I have a fondness for tea, younger brother. I will do as you suggest. I admit I considered dashing *that* bowl to the floor; then I was willing to die, provided an unworthy leader died with me. Yes, I was sure there was poison in both bowls." He bowed again. "Our former chief became a glutton, as he did with brandy and maids. He ordered us away that he might drink much of the liquid. We all know that too much opium causes death."

"It must have happened so," Smithson said. He turned slowly to Persis. "Everything's all right," he said.

SOMETHING seemed to have happened to the village, with the tyrant gone. A soldier sang, mystically, with faith. There was the laughter of unafraid men. One of them called to the three as they walked away, and Smithson shouted back cheerfully, wishing them luck. Haskins was disgusted with the new general; how could a man win a war by just buying masks, instead of gas as well?

Persis thought, "Moonlight did it to me, too. Moonlight and perfume. Only I was lucky. I wasn't hurt. If you love someone, as Bill says, it doesn't need moonlight." She slipped her hand into Smithson's. She wasn't angry at Jerry; why should she be?

It was overcast now. A southern-flying flight of wild ducks, singularly like planes in formation, dropped into the village pool with silver splashes; mist, and then rain, followed the birds. Red and purple leaves shone with moisture until they appeared like fine lacquer. A kingfisher skimmed past and the rain slanted down. Oh, there was no moonlight now.

Persis turned to William Smithson, showing him her wet, shining face. "Yes," she said, "everything's all right. Oh, everything's wonderful, darling."

Sunset Voyage

Continued from page 17

rush of wind singing in his ears. Suddenly his scalp tightened. A spot of cold crawled down the back of his neck. Above the sound of wind and sea came a single, piercing note, a brief ascending cry. The high-pitched resonance was that of a woman—or of a shrill-voiced man, like Jeremy Hood. The tone was hysterical, a half-mad shriek that might be either unreasoning laughter or blind fear. Larkin just had time to see the man back rapidly out of the green glow of the running light before he himself started across the deck.

Larkin had to detour. The base of a mast stood in his way; and a winch, a hatch cover, ventilator cowls. He hurried through the darkness, tripped over a deck cleat, chafed his knees. He got up, swearing to himself. When he reached the lifeboat, his man was gone again. He approached the lifeboat for a closer look. The canvas cover had been unfastened on one side. He pulled; the canvas lifted back easily. Then something crashed against the base of his skull.

THE dull, heavy impact shook Larkin to his heel, surged upward again in nauseous rebound. Radiant comets flashed painfully before his eyes and spun away into sickening darkness. His knees dissolved. Instinctively he hooked his elbows over the gunwales of the lifeboat to keep from slipping to the deck. At a great, unreal distance he heard the receding tattoo of footsteps on the deck behind him. He breathed deeply, fought off a throbbing, impelling desire to drop off into a friendly void. Then, summoning all the strength he could, he walked to his cabin. As he entered, a subtle, half-familiar fragrance rose to his nostrils. He switched on the light.

Dorothy Bonner was sitting rigidly on the edge of the berth. One hand clutched the overlapping folds of her golden negligee so tightly that her knuckles were almost transparent. She was breathing rapidly and the rhythm of her breath sent delicious little ripples shimmering over the filmy silk that molded her tense body. She was pale—but then she was always pale. And her long, gray eyes were calm—desperately calm.

"Close the door!" she said in a whisper. "And put out that light. Quick!"

Larkin shut the door but he did not snap the switch. He was reluctant to obliterate the impression of disturbing loveliness that had burst upon him with dazzling suddenness. Breathless, he leaned back against the door. The provocative curve of her throat was very white where it lifted from the flaming silk. There was unadorned perfection in the clean young lines of her body, in the frank, impatient contours of her full lips.

He had known all that before, of course. He had long since decided that Dorothy Bonner was beautiful, but his appraisal had been detached, impersonal. Now he seemed to be looking at her for the first time as a woman, very much of a woman. Now the sweep of her wavy hair into long rolls behind her ears, like dark, glossy scrolls of carved mahogany, was no longer a matter of abstract grace; it was a challenge to Larkin to run his fingers through the curls in a frenzy of affectionate destruction. And there was a tingling warmth expanding inside him, as his gaze caressed the exciting smoothness of her cheek.

"The light—please!" The girl's murmur was not a plea; it was a command; so Larkin ignored it. He ignored it because his brief expansive mood died quickly at the chill, throaty undertones in the girl's voice, undertones warning him that her tranquil self-assurance was only a brave pretense. Her calm was unreal, like the brooding, eloquent hush of a sultry sky big with havoc. Uncertainty burned deep within her sea-gray eyes.

And out of the tense unreality of the girl's pose there came to Larkin a contradictory sense of reality. This girl was not merely a glamorous female who happened to be the object of a news story; she was the daughter of Pongee Bonner, who had shot himself after a Senate inquiry, and she was running away, crossing the ocean to a continent aflame with war, toward Chinese cities being blasted to death by Japanese bombs. And the carnival of killing seemed suddenly very near because Larkin was on a Japanese ship loaded with nitrates that would make gunpowder for more killing, and Dorothy Bonner must be somehow involved in the Japanese war machine. The aching welt on the back of Larkin's head was a throbbing symbol that he, too, was involved—personally as well as professionally. He had an uncomfortable feeling about the whole business, yet it wouldn't do to show his distrust at this moment. So he took refuge in flippancy.

"You don't really want the light out," he said. "Either you underrate your own charms or you overrate my self-control. Probably the latter. I'm not to be trusted in the dark. Besides, I enjoy looking at you."

Without a word Dorothy got up and turned the switch. She was standing very close to Larkin, so close he could breathe the fragrance of her hair in the darkness. He took her arm. He could feel her muscles tighten beneath her firm, smooth skin. He knew her whole body was taut, rigid.

"All right," he said. "What's it all about?"

"You want to make five thousand dollars, don't you?" she said.

"What makes you think I do?"

"You're not rolling in wealth or you wouldn't be traveling on a cut-rate scow like the Kumo-maru. Unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you're going to try to bring me back from Honolulu. Are you going to serve me with a Senate subpoena if I step on American territory again?"

"No, of course not." Larkin laughed. "Why should I?"

"Are you from Naval Intelligence?"

"Another wrong guess."

"All right. Sit down."

"I'm sitting down."

THERE was a pause. Then: "There's a faster ship of this same line due in Honolulu the day after we get there. It's the Toyo-maru. It reaches Yokohama a week before we do. You're to lay over twenty-four hours in Honolulu and take the Toyo-maru."

"Is that all?"

"Practically."

"What am I supposed to do aboard the Toyo-maru — aside from playing shuffleboard and losing my shirt in the contract tournament?"

"Are you taking the job?"

"I'm still a little hazy on what kind of a job it is. Do I have to make my decision on the basis of what you've already told me?"

"Yes."

Larkin hesitated. There was obviously something completely cockeyed about all this. But there was plenty that was cockeyed about the girl's whole story, and it was the girl's story he was

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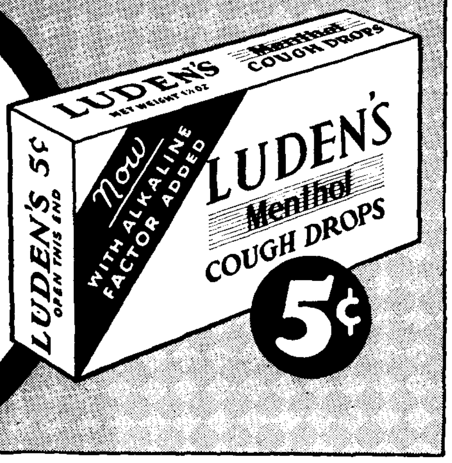
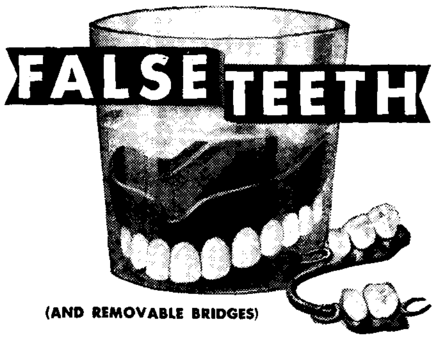


FALSE TEETH



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after—before the Department of Justice agents got it.

"I'd do anything for five thousand bucks," he said. "Let's have the details."

This time the girl hesitated. After a moment, she said: "You said this morning that you knew Grover Pendenning."

"Did I?"

"You gave that impression. Is he a friend of yours?"

"Yes," said Larkin. That was a lie. Grover Pendenning hated him. They had known each other for years, however, and Larkin had a sudden inspiration. He said: "Moreover, I can prove it. I have a letter from him in my brief case."

"May I see it?"

"Certainly," Larkin fumbled in the dark for his brief case. The letter was a sarcastic rejoinder to a cable Larkin had sent Pendenning from Paris, but the sarcasm was not apparent to anyone who did not know what had gone before it. And Dorothy could not know that Pendenning had asked Larkin to suppress the news of a client's divorce, nor that Larkin, having received no co-operation from his colleagues, had been forced to refuse. Pendenning had written him: "Thanks no end for your gracious favor. I knew I could count on you. I only hope I'll be able to do the same for you some day."

"HERE it is. You want some light, of course."

"Strike a match."

Larkin snapped a flame from his cigarette lighter. He watched the girl's face as she read the note. She blew out the light.

"My instincts were right," she said. "Here—take this." There was a rustle of paper. Larkin felt an envelope thrust into his hands. "Take this and hang on to it."

Larkin pinched the envelope with curious fingers. "What's in it?" he asked. "Or am I unduly inquisitive?"

"It's a written agreement," the girl said, "between General Juan Rodriguez and the Pan-American Vanadium Corporation."

"I see." Larkin pursed his lips in the darkness. He wished he could see the girl's face. He could make out only her profile, a striking silhouette against the dim gray medallion of the porthole.

"Why didn't you tell me this morning," he pursued, "that you knew who tried to slit the general's throat?"

"I didn't know this morning."

"But you know now?"

"I'm not sure."

"Skip it, then," said Larkin. "Would it be presuming too much to ask what I'm to do with Vanadium Corporation's agreement after I change ships?"

"First of all," Dorothy replied, "you'd better take all precautions—against losing it."

"Is there someone who might be anxious to help me lose it?"

"There might be."

"Who?"

"I don't know who."

"All right, go on. Then what?"

"When you get through the customs at Yokohama, go right to the Sakuragicho station and take the electric interurban for Tokyo. Get off at Shimbashi station, jump into a taxi, and have him take you to the Kaigunshō. You'll be expected."

"You'd better write those names down for me," said Larkin. "What's the Kaigunshō? A hotel?"

"No. The Naval Ministry."

Naval Ministry! For once Larkin was at a loss for a wisecrack. He had certainly stepped in something this time. The envelope in his hands was heavy with consequence.

"I know what you're thinking," said Dorothy after a moment of silence. "But you're wrong. This has nothing to do with the American Navy."

"Or your father?"

There was a pause. Then: "It concerns my father indirectly, yes. But not Senator Chauvin, if that's what you mean."

"There's nothing in this envelope but the Vanadium agreement?"

"That's all."

"There aren't any invisible drawings on the back—bathing girls, or Peter Arno cartoons, for instance—in sympathetic ink that will turn purple when exposed to the temperature of a trousers pocket?"

"There aren't," the girl said. "But if you're afraid there are, the deal's not yet closed."

"Nonsense. Who wants to back out? I was just looking at it from your angle. How did you happen to pick on me? You still don't know but what I'm a sinister and disreputable person."

"I'll know before we get to Honolulu," the girl replied.

"How?"

"If you get a correction on your garbled radiograms, you're not a sinister person."

"So you think that Japan being in a state of undeclared war, the officers of a Japanese ship carrying potential munitions go to the trouble of checking up on passengers who might give aid and comfort to the undeclared enemy?"

"Think it? I know it!" Dorothy asserted. "I understand Japanese and I sometimes overhear conversations, even without meaning to."

"In that case, why didn't you wait until the 'all-clear' report came through on me?" Larkin asked. Then: "Never mind. I know the answer to that one. The Vanadium agreement is too hot for comfort. You had to get rid of it in a hurry and you picked on me because I've already been searched and am therefore out of the picture temporarily. Is that it?"

"Glen, you're positively clairvoyant," she said.

"Will you be changing to the Toyomaru in Honolulu?"

"I don't know. I may not be able to. Something might happen."

"What, for instance?"

"I don't know what. But things do happen. They happened to General Rodriguez."

"Dorothy, will you answer me one question—frankly and truthfully?"

"I will—if it's not about my purely hypothetical brother. I'm a little tired of that one."

"THIS is about the man named Charles Frayle. Do you know him?"

"Yes, I know him."

"Who is he?"

"He's my fiancé."

"Oh." A brief silence. Then, "Is that why you're giving the envelope to me, rather than to Frayle—because you're afraid the same thing that happened to Rodriguez might happen to your fiancé?"

"I didn't say that." The girl's voice was scarcely audible. "Would you care?"

Care? Larkin didn't know. He knew only that he was experiencing a queer swelling at the base of his throat. He said:

"Why should I care? Let's close the deal. Shake on it?"

"Very well."

He stood up. His hand closed about the girl's fingers. They felt very small and cold against his palm. He tightened his grasp, drew her toward him, slowly at first, then rapidly with a brusque movement that swept her into his arms. She made no resistance. She hung relaxed and motionless within the crushing circle of his embrace, as though she belonged there. He was aware of the rhythm of her heartbeat beneath his

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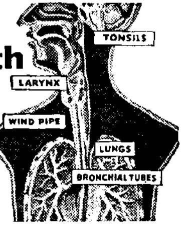

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fingers, of her upturned face, a pale blur in the gloom. Points of starlight glinted in her eyes and on her lower lip. He kissed her.

He bent to the yielding pressure of her lips. For one clinging instant he thought he sensed a brief responsive tremor. Or did he? Because she immediately stiffened, drew her head quickly back.

"Was that absolutely necessary?" she gasped.

"Absolutely. I'm a creature of impulse."

"I can't say I like your impulses."

"No? You have a nice cozy way of registering dislike."

"Glen, this is strictly business."

"Is it, Dorothy?"

"Emphatically. You'll remember that?"

"I'll remember that we sealed the bargain very pleasantly."

"Let's strike that from the record. Shall we, Glen?"

"If you say so, Dorothy. I'll still be the trusted and faithful courier. I'll guard the envelope with my life. Seriously. I think I have the complete picture."

"Good night, Glen."

"Good night."

THE girl opened the door, stepped through the bulkhead, and crossed hurriedly to the passageway directly opposite, ducked in.

Larkin closed the door.

He snapped on the light, examined the envelope the girl had given him. She had not made him promise not to look inside, and it seemed only logical that he should know something of the terms of the agreement between General Juan Rodriguez and the Pan-American Vanadium Corporation—the agreement that was apparently the subject of bloody disagreement. He slipped the barrel of his fountain pen under one end of the flap, and carefully rolled up the gummed edge. He was startled when a sheaf of photographs slid out into his lap.

He snatched them up. They were not actually photographs, although they were printed on glossy, photographic paper. Black rectangles covered with a maze of fine white lines, precise, draftsmanlike lines.

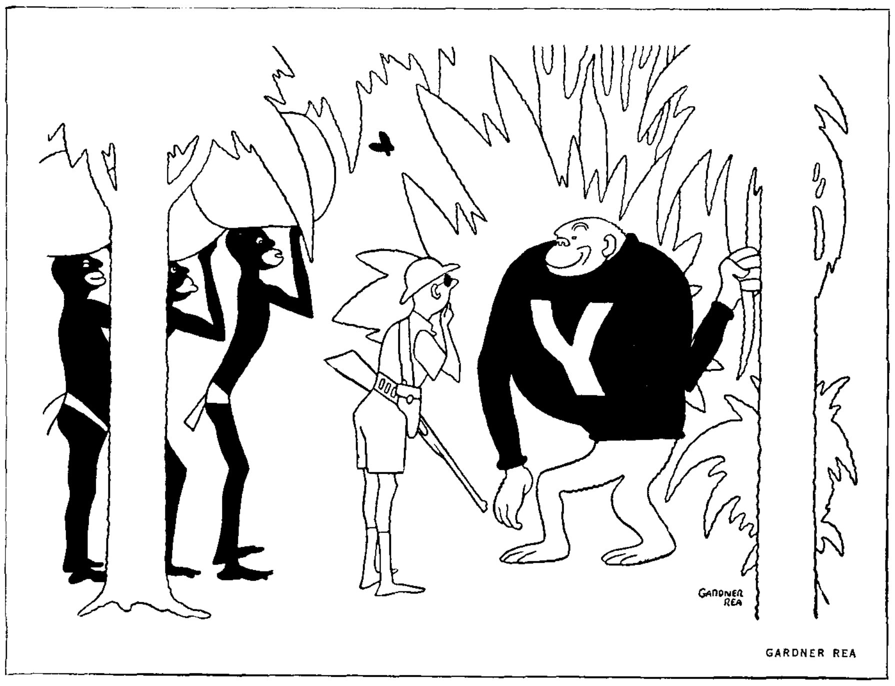
Larkin's finger tips tingled as he shuffled rapidly through the glossy pages. From the geometric labyrinth of lines and figures, his astounded gaze picked out neatly-lettered, familiar words: "Gas-check . . . breech-lock . . . extractor . . . firing pin . . ." Larkin knew very little about ordnance, but even a layman could recognize photostatic copies of a blueprinted design for an antiaircraft gun, even if he couldn't be sure that it embodied the latest advance in breech-block construction.

The lingering sensation of Dorothy Bonner's kiss suddenly lost its fragrance on his lips. It seemed to have a rather acrid flavor.

Dorothy Bonner paused outside her own stateroom. She looked down at the hand that reached for the brass knob. She was surprised to see that her hand was not trembling. She had expected it would be, because she was trembling inside. She didn't know why, exactly. It was not because Glen Larkin had kissed her. It couldn't be. She had been kissed by dozens of men and she always knew in advance what her reaction would be. She had been kissed on shipboard before, and in taxicabs and in the pine-scented moonlight of the Adirondacks. She had been kissed by awkward young men from the stag line at dances, by old hands with technique and a philosophy of life, by furtive and slightly bald married men at cocktail parties. She accepted the process as part of the price a girl paid for twentieth-century freedom. She had been flattered a few times, revolted once, mildly amused frequently, but mostly she had been tolerant and a little bored.

Only with men who said they loved her had she been intolerant. She detested insincerity and she knew that most of her serious suitors had been in love with the Pongee Bonner fortune. She could almost see the gleam of dollar signs in both eyes when they tried to kiss her. All except Charlie Frayle, that is. When Charlie said he loved her, she believed him. He seemed genuine, because he was otherwise contemptuous of everything she stood for. He could bolster her ego without fawning and he was protective without belittling. He was a real person and he made her feel like a real person. When he kissed her she experienced complete, serene contentment—not the delightfully terrifying few seconds from which she had just emerged. Those few seconds had shaken her deeply, as deeply as anything she had ever felt—except the death of her father. Well, she would put all that out of her mind. It was just a brief upset, the culmination of a series of emotional climaxes that had followed one another in too rapid succession—that was all. She opened the door.

The cabin was empty. Thank heavens Millicent Greeve wasn't there. She didn't feel like talking to Mrs. Greeve tonight. She slipped her negligee back from her white shoulders, let it fall to the floor, kicked off her slippers. As she stooped to roll down her stockings, she saw a square of paper lying near



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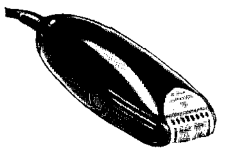

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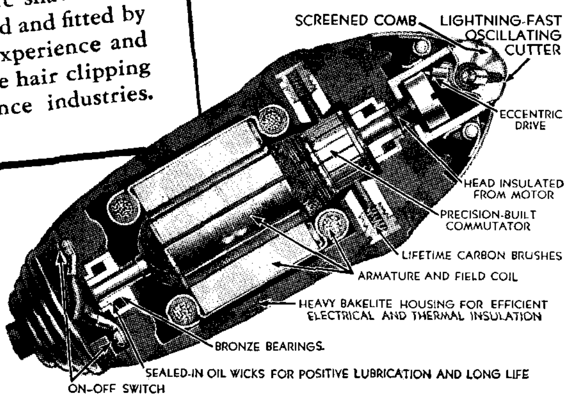
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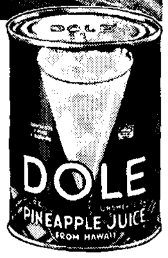
• *Lithograph by* Robert Riggs

Truly Hawaiian



The glorious flavor Hawaii gives Dole Pineapple Juice is ideally protected by the exclusive Dole Fast-Seal Vacuum-Packing Process.

Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., also packers of "Dole Pineapple Gems," Sliced, Crushed, Tidbits, and the new "Royal Spears." Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A. Sales Offices: San Francisco, California.

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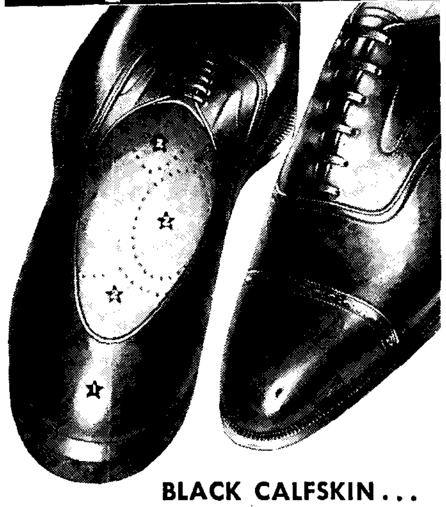
FREEMOLD
Shoes



BLACK CALFSKIN... CONSERVATIVE AND COMFORTABLE

Here's a smart, conservative shoe that is certain to fit perfectly. Why? It's an Uptown Shoe with the exclusive Freemold construction which means (1) *Seamlessly smooth heels to eliminate ridges* (2) Resilient shock absorbers to eliminate pressure. These features *alone* make Uptown Freemolds remarkable ... yet they cost *no more than ordinary* shoes.

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the threshold, as though it had been pushed under the door. She picked it up. On it a cramped, immature hand had written:

"Dot: Waiting for you near lifeboats farthest astern. It's urgent. Don't fail me."

There was no signature, but she knew the handwriting—how well she knew it!

Her knuckles showed white as she crumpled the paper into a ball, grasped it tightly. Something inside her breast was tight, too—tight and cold with dull fear. She had been expecting this, dreading this, all day. Now it had come she had better face it. After all, she had brought it on herself. Perhaps it wouldn't be as bad as Charlie thought.

She stepped back into her shoes, opened the door of the narrow closet, yanked out a blue jersey dress. The wire hangers jangled furiously. . . .

THE stern of the ship shuddered as the Kumo-maru's ancient propeller shaft spun and wobbled in its worn bearings. The vibration shook Dorothy from the soles of her small feet to her tightly clenched teeth. She walked quickly across the small, half-round afterdeck. There had been nobody by the lifeboats at one side. There was nobody in the stern—only the mechanical log, jigging and chattering on the taffrail. When she swung toward the leeward side, a cold gust tore at her skirts, a chill drizzle stung her cheeks. She lowered her chin behind a protecting shoulder, walked a few steps backward as she pulled her cape more tightly around her. A hand reached out to clamp itself on her arm.

Her heart stopped. She whirled about. Instinctively she held back as the hand drew her insistently toward the stern of a lifeboat. She raised her forearm protectively across her face.

"Hello, Dot," said the slow, sleepy voice she knew so well. "I was afraid you wouldn't come."

Dorothy laughed inwardly at her own nervousness. Gradually her breath was coming back, but she could not speak at once.

"What's the matter, Dot? You don't act like you were glad to see your kid brother."

For several seconds Dorothy stared at the man standing in front of her. He slouched against the davit like an embarrassed youngster. He was always a youngster to her. Although she couldn't see his face clearly in the darkness, she knew he must be smiling with that shy, bloodless, ineffectual smile of his—to make her feel sorry for him.

"How did you get here?" she demanded at last.

"If I don't tell you," replied the drowsy voice, "then you can swear truthfully you don't know—in case anybody asks you."

"All right, then why are you here, Arthur?"

"Business," said Arthur. "I'm following my chosen career."

"And I'm still your career. Is that it? You can't bear the thought of having your meal ticket get away?"

"No, Dot." Arthur chuckled languidly. "No, I'm going to give you a well-deserved rest. I'm going in for bigger things. I'm going to climb on the battlewagon with the rest of the smart mugs. I'm going to be a war profiteer. War has raised its ugly head again in the Immemorial East, Dot. The turmoil of war, which unleashes the best and worst of human emotions. It ought to be rich pickings for a young and coming blackmailer."

"Arthur, listen to me. Let's talk sense. I understand why you want to get away from the States, and I'm willing to help you turn over a new leaf. If I help you get ashore in Yokohama, will you promise that you'll try to lead a decent—"

"No, Dot. None of that. My life's all twisted out of shape, and none of your moral osteopathy can twist it back. What's more, I don't want it twisted back. I'm satisfied the way it is, and I'm going to make the most of it—for as long as it lasts. But I didn't bring you here to listen to my warped and evil philosophy. . . ."

"Did you leave that note at my cabin yourself?" Dorothy asked.

"Yes. I get around a little."

"They'll find you and put you ashore at Honolulu. They're going to stage a big man hunt tomorrow morning."

"Good old Dot." Arthur patted the girl's cheek. "Still looking out for her wayward brother. Always ready with a friendly warning. . . ."

Dorothy bit her lip. She wished she had not said that.

"But you won't have to worry," Arthur continued. "They won't put me ashore. I'm not afraid. I'll have plenty of cooperation. That's the beauty of my new career. I can always find a blacker blackguard than I am—and ask favors. This tub is rich in prospects. I've already turned up a few rare specimens."

"Well, what did you want to see me about?" Dorothy interrupted. She tried to be curt. Charlie Frayle was right about Arthur's being able to get around her. She must try to curb her sentimental nature.

"I wanted to give you some sound advice," Arthur said. "Dot, you're not actually going to marry that turkey-buzzard Frayle?"

"Is that any business of yours?"

"Yes. You're the only friend I have, Dot. You've always treated me like a human being, even when I didn't act like one. I'm a misanthrope. That's a word I learned at Harvard—the only thing I did learn there. I have a profound indifference for whatever happens to any member of the species, including myself—but not including you. That's why I can't let you get tangled up with a skunk like Frayle."

"You don't know what you're talking about." Dorothy was indignant. "Charles Frayle is a perfectly grand person."

"I do know what I'm talking about. And your friend Charlie is a perfectly grand chiseler . . . an oily . . ." His voice trailed off.

"Arthur, you're full of dope."

"Oh, no, not full." Arthur seemed to rouse. "The supply aboard isn't that plentiful. But I'm staking out claims, and I'll have enough in a day or two. I even think your friend Charlie is going to help. Now, about Charlie Frayle: Did he ever give you all the details concerning the death of your father?"

"Our father!"

"Yours. He disowned me years ago. Well, the old man would probably be alive today if it weren't for Frayle."

"That's ridiculous!"

"No, not ridiculous. Say, fantastic. But it's true. You see I was in Washington when it happened. I was even in the apartment the day it happened. I was there waiting for you—when the old man came in. So I saw and overheard more than I should have. Your friend Charlie knows that. He also knows that I've become a dealer in secondhand silence. That's why he'll probably insist on your marrying him before Honolulu, if he hasn't already. He knows how I feel about you, and he thinks if he's married to you, I won't dare touch him."

"But what can you do to him?" The girl's exclamation was almost a cry.

ARTHUR seized his sister's arms just above the elbows. His voice was hoarse, but not sleepy as he said: "Dot, you can't marry Frayle. You can't possibly!"

His face was very close to hers, and she could see that the somnolent, faraway look had gone out of his eyes. The expression there frightened her, because it made her feel that what he said was the truth, and not the distorted imaginings of a drugged mind. Her voice was almost a whisper as she said:

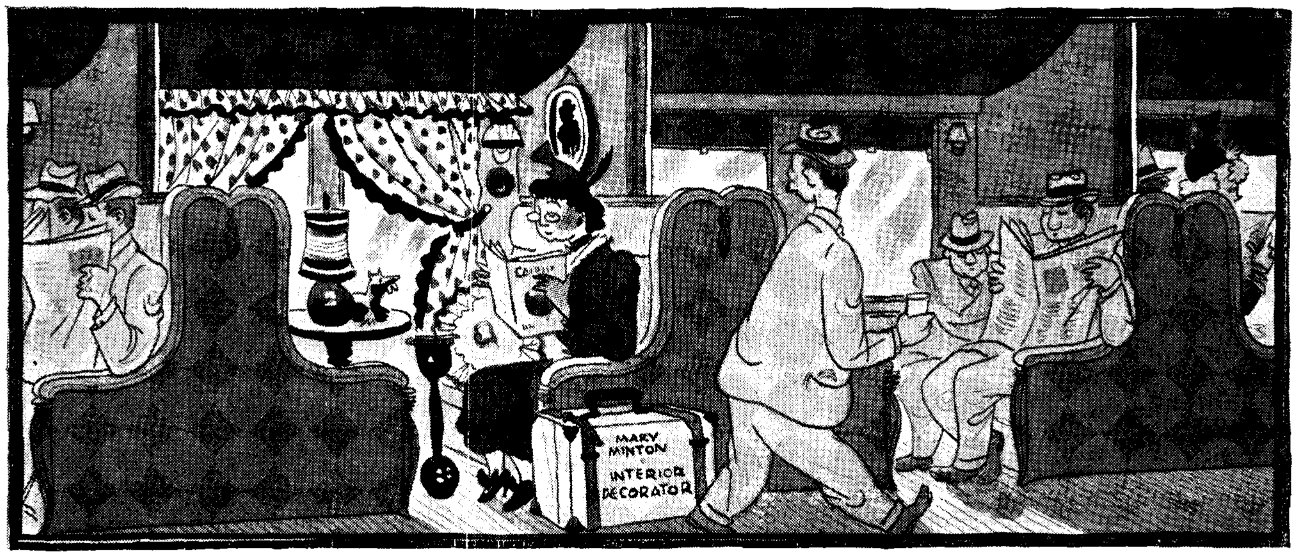
"Suppose I love him, Arthur."

Arthur dropped his hands limply, hopelessly.

"Then God help you!" he said.

Suddenly he backed away, crouched down by the stern of the lifeboat. Someone was approaching—footsteps sounded on the deck, heavy, deliberate, masculine steps. Then, outlined against the far rail they saw in the imperfect light the bulk of a man's body.

(To be continued next week)



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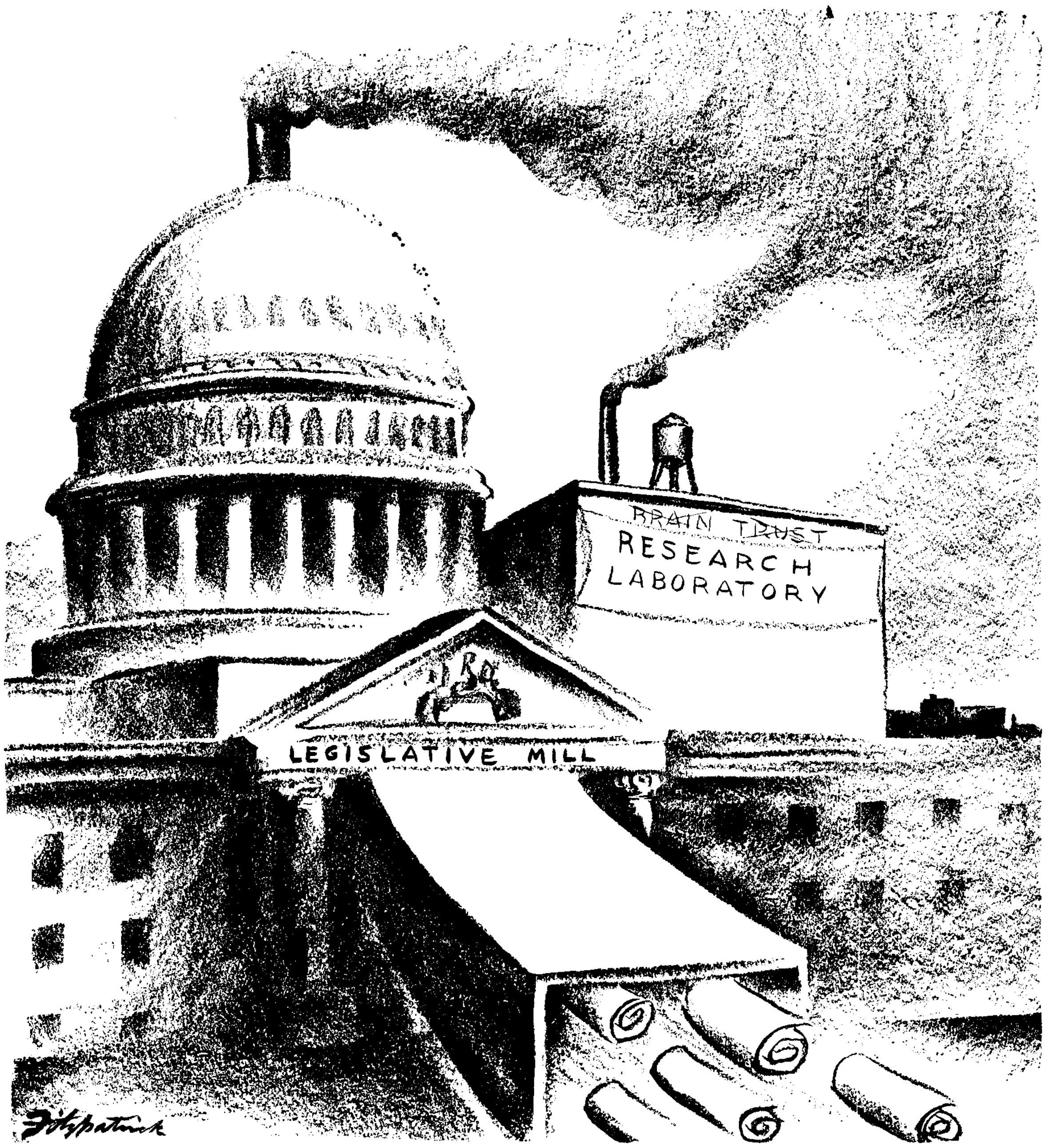
We Still Need Experts



THE Brain Trust has faded out of the Washington picture. One by one the bright young men of science have departed. Only a few politically scarred veterans are left of the crew who volunteered so boldly in the tumult of 1933.

It was a promising experiment. Research and invention have been the seedbeds of our present civilization. Great industries have been created and nurtured in the laboratories of chemists and physicists. The electrical industry, in all its far-flung ramifications, the chemical industries, transportation industries, in fact every industry characteristic of these swiftly changing times is the result of the investigations and inventions of laboratory scientists. Practical men make, sell and use the commodities thought out by the students.

The notion of a Brain Trust was only the government's natural application of an idea long ago demonstrated to be of incalculable worth to industry. Somehow government has not been able to use the skill of well-trained scientists in the solution of its problems. So when the Brain Trust was assembled it seemed to meet a long-felt want. Government, too, it seemed, was abandoning "horse and buggy" methods for the more efficient ways of a competent modern world.

It has not worked out quite that way. Raymond Moley, brightest star of the first Brain Trust, was one of the first to seek other employment. Professor Moley is back at his teaching and in between times is an editor and a sharp critic of his one-time associates. Rexford Tugwell, another Columbia professor, who wore the mantle of chief of scholarly advisers after Moley retired, is now in business.

James Landis, the first of the Harvard-trained young lawyers sent to Washington by Professor Felix Frankfurter, is now back at Cambridge as dean of the law school.

The lawyers, however, showed greater sticking powers than the economists, sociologists and political scientists. Ben Cohen and Tommy Corcoran, another pair of young Frankfurter-inspired lawyers, remain busy but inconspicuous in the shadows.

The Brain Trusters met their decisive defeat during the heat of last summer's session of Congress. In the turmoil of a restless Congress the art of the practiced politician seemed more potent than plans of the scholars. The change in personnel was accomplished without drums or trumpets but when the session was ended the politicians were in command.

The experimental spokesmen of the Administration during recent months have been such political veterans as Secretary Ickes and Robert H. Jackson. The professors who linger have been relegated to less evident offices. Men who wear the marks of numerous political battles are now the storm troopers.

The explanation of the disappearance of the Brain Trust is simple enough. The academic experts too often abandoned the methods in which they were skilled and sought to become politicians. The professors were experts in their specialties but even in New Deal politics they were amateurs.

Politicians, especially those in Congress, are the whipping boys of a democracy. No voter is too mean or too lowly to despise and denounce officeholders, candidates or the managers of political campaigns. The experienced politician is craftily willing to take the abuse as long as he retains the power and votes.

But it is a mistake to hold politicians cheaply. Their actual skill is very great. They deal with intangibles. They appeal to the likes and dislikes, to the loyalties and prejudices that influence men and women to action.

In an emergency where instant or swift decision is imperiously required, the politician is invaluable. He knows how to improvise expedients. His sense of popular feeling informs him how far it is prudent to proceed in this direction or that. All politicians are not self-sacrificing, self-effacing patriots, but they have their practical qualities, and in the conflicts of recent months they completely outmaneuvered the professors.

Theirs was a bad blunder. A professor's opinion is just an opinion unless he uses his science. When the expert tries to play politician, he earns whatever he gets. Certainly he can't expect mercy in a rough scramble.

The tragedy is that the Brain Trusters were not able to put to the service of the government and the people the useful technique of unprejudiced inquiry and study. Certainly we want all of the information, analysis, invention and detachment that the scientific method provides if we are to achieve the right answers to many of our involved national problems.

We very greatly need the services of competent unprejudiced investigators in government. Congress is asked to pass laws without any comprehensive body of facts. Congress guesses and hopes that its guess will be right.

Modern doctors have made their awe-inspiring progress in combating disease and saving human life by the patient method of intelligent inquiry. Modern industry has created a new civilization by providing scientists with the material necessary for thorough research.

Nobody can anticipate what the investigator is going to learn. In fact, many of the most fruitful discoveries have been the chance by-products of quests for something quite different. The experience of Columbus, who found a new world while in search of a shorter passage to India, is endlessly repeated in the laboratories.

We can use such light on many of our national issues. The experts of the Brain Trust vanished because they neglected to use the one skill they possessed of worth to the republic. Sometime we shall have to begin where they left off.

COLLIER'S

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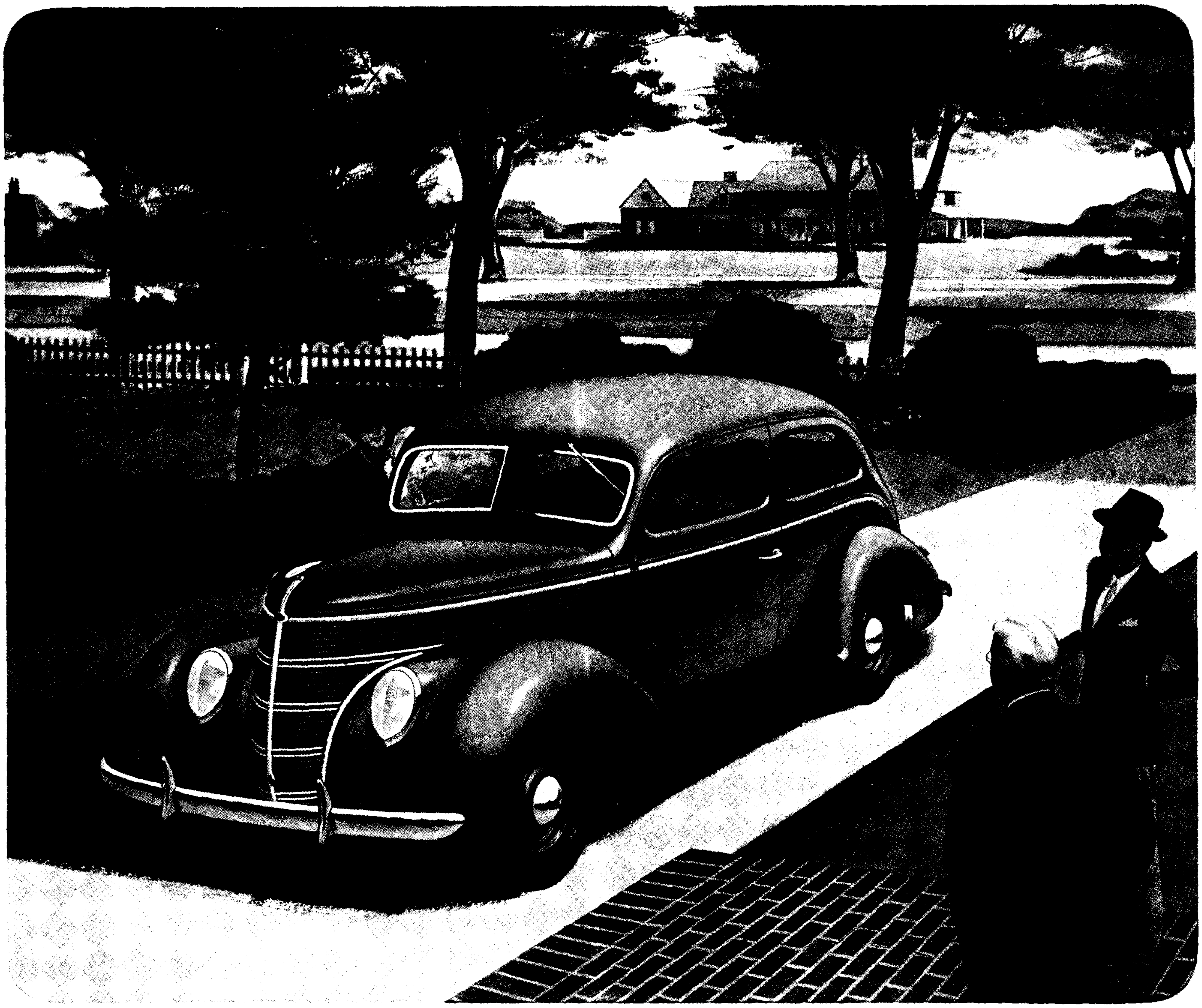

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YOU'LL like the 1938 Standard Ford V-8. It's a better car in many ways than the 1937 Ford V-8 which was bought by more people than any other make.

You'll like its clean, new curves . . . its neatly tailored interiors . . . the easy way it starts and steers and stops. You'll like the privilege of picking the V-8 engine size you need . . . 85 horsepower for unusually high performance . . . 60 horsepower for unusually low operating cost. (Hundreds of "thrifty 60" owners report averages of 22 to 27 miles a gallon—or even more.)

Best of all, your liking for the Standard Ford will include the price tag! It is priced low—even for 1938—and its prices cover equipment for which you have too often had to pay extra. . . . You'll save money the day you buy your Standard Ford V-8 and every mile you drive it. You can bank on that.

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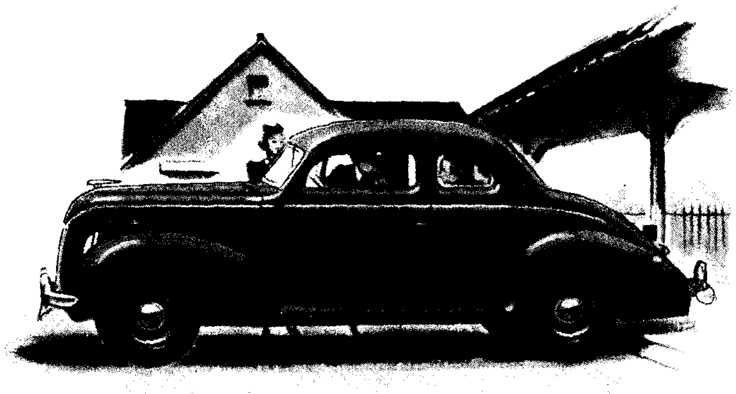

The De Luxe Ford V-8 is built on the same chassis as the Standard, with the same basic Ford features. It has richer appointments and a little more room in the sedans. Above is the Club Coupe, which seats five inside and leaves a very large luggage space.

SHE RISKS HER LIFE FOR THE *Movies*

"I've noticed that you are a steady Camel smoker, Miss Reed. Do you have definite reasons for preferring them to other cigarettes?"

"Yes, indeed, I certainly have. They are distinctly different in so many ways. In my nerve-wracking work, I appreciate real mildness, and Camels are so mild that I can smoke them all through the day, and my nerves don't feel the least bit frayed. And they are so gentle to my throat. After a meal, I enjoy a Camel 'for digestion's sake.' You see — in so many ways, Camels *agree* with me."

OFTEN WHEN WORKING "ON LOCATION" Miss Reed has to go through the same danger—the same strain—five or six times before the "take" is right. "I know what hard work is," she says. "Many a time I've been thankful for that cheery 'lift' that I get with a Camel."

MISS IONE REED, DARING MOVIE STUNT GIRL, ANSWERS A QUESTION ABOUT CIGARETTES...

SHE jumps off rushing trains. She changes from speeding car to train and back again. She is the girl stunt star of Hollywood. Laughs at danger — because she knows what she is doing. Is extra careful in her choice of a cigarette, because, as she says — but read below and let her tell her ideas in her own way.

ONE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHERS snapped this daring change just as Miss Reed leaped from a speeding car to a locomotive. While making pictures, Ione often has time for only quick snacks. "Smoking Camels always helps me to enjoy my meal so much more," she says. There are a lot of angles to smoking, and you'll find that those finer, more expensive tobaccos in Camels mean much to *your* smoking.

FOR HER HOURS OF RECREATION Miss Reed likes the same things most girls do...cooking...dancing...outdoor sports...and Camels! "Hollywood *seems* to have a decided preference for Camels," she says. "On almost every movie lot, I notice that so many of the stars prefer Camels."

Camel spends millions more for COSTLIER TOBACCOS. They are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic.

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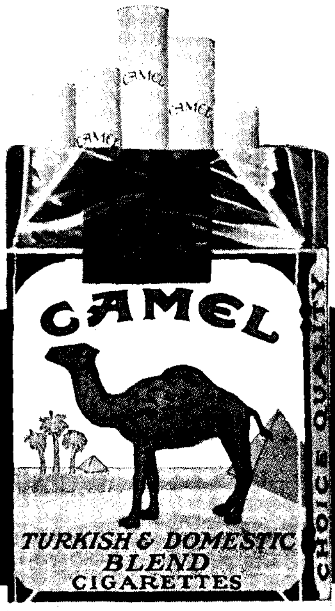

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ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER.. *"Camels agree with me!"*